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*, from the Author.  
Augusta from her Mother*

INDIVIDUALITY;  
OR  
THE CAUSES  
OF  
RECIPROCAL MISAPPREHENSION:  
IN SIX BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

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BY MARTHA ANN SELLON.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROBERT BALDWIN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1814.

C. Baldwin, Printer,  
New Bridge-street, London.

5249  
51570

## PREFACE.

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THE following pages are submitted to the Public with considerable anxiety and apprehension; but not uncheered with the hope, that the peculiar nature of the subject, and the difficulty and extent of the undertaking, will secure indulgence for all defects in the execution.

The general design of the Poem is founded upon that infinite variety of character which pervades the works of creation, and furnishes nature with credentials of her divine origin: but more especially as it characterizes MAN, by giving to *every one* a certain singularity, and peculiar tone of mind, temper, and disposition, so as to prevent that perfect harmony of soul, and that full and clear reciprocation of thinking, which might probably be expected to result from the ties of interest, friendship, and relative connection; for however strong the attractive influences upon any two minds may be, there is always some distinct principle which operates as an impediment to their complete union.

The investigation of these obstacles with their respective causes is the object of the present inquiry. They are multifarious in their kind, and different in their appearance,

magnitude, and effect. Some may be distinguished by the most common observer, whilst others evade the eye of the strictest scrutiny. The stream is not only broken and divided by the larger stones and projections that appear above the surface of the water, but is likely to be disturbed and disunited by the secret and smaller obstacles concealed in the bed of the river. As a circle is constituted of points, and each point possesses distinct qualities of its own, becoming the centre of another circle, and so on *ad infinitum*; so every Individual forming a part of the great circle of society is possessed of some especial point or principle constituting the *focus* of his own immediate sphere of action. Thus a division of interest is created, which in a great measure may account for that disunion and misapprehension which is the phænomenon to be explained; inasmuch as every man thereby becomes acted upon by a diversity of influences, and like a body propelled by two forces in contrary directions, he will adopt neither, but will take a line different from both.

To this individual peculiarity, which is thus subject to an almost indefinite combination of circumstances, arising from constitution, education, religious persuasion, relative connection, and the various interests and pursuits of life, the name of the Poem is to be attributed; no word suggesting itself so comprehensive and appropriate as that of INDIVIDUALITY.

Conscious that on a subject so intricate and infinite in its nature, she would soon be led beyond her depth, did she attempt to dive into the researches of philosophy, the Authoress has only presumed to bring forward some of the more leading and prominent arguments to explain the doctrine: but by way of illustration, she has selected the almost infinite variety of religious tenets which prevail in the world; whereby she has endeavoured not only to relieve the mind of the reader from the fatigue of dry and abstract reasoning, but to introduce subjects and occurrences, both foreign and domestic, which have of late arrested the attention of the public, and stamped so peculiar and sensible an impression upon the present æra.

This peculiarity indeed, arising from the awful signs of these latter days, has moreover induced her to indulge, by way of closing the work, in some observations upon the MILLENIUM. She is aware that this is venturing upon Holy Ground; but *there* with all humility she takes her stand; from thence, and thence only she extracts her materials; she has not dared to risk an observation upon this sacred topic, which, to the best of her judgment, is not fully warranted by the Scriptures.

The stupendous events that have recently taken place, and are still passing, upon the theatre of the world, and which mark the present times with an impressive solemnity,

would alone fully justify the opening of the prophetic page to the serious attention of the reader : but, independent of every other consideration, this part of the work seems peculiarly connected with its general design, as it leads the mind to the contemplation and the hope of that felicity, when universal peace, harmony, and faith will be established ; when all the members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church will fully and clearly comprehend each other's sentiments, views, motives, and objects ; and when, encircled by one bond of love, animated by one and the self-same spirit, and attracted by the same gracious and divine influence, man will converge to one and the same point, and GOD will be ALL IN ALL.

M. A. SELLON.

*April 25, 1814.*

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INDIVIDUALITY ;  
OR,  
CAUSES OF  
RECIPROCAL MISAPPREHENSION.

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BOOK I.

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**Argument.**

*The elementary Points of the Subject brought  
forward.*

The subject immediately opens—The blessing of being thoroughly understood—arises from reciprocation of character—The essentially-correspondent features for apprehension detailed as follows—An equally-attempered mood—Honour—Truth—An address from hence to Ingenuousness—Continued list of requisites—Fidelity—Attention—Interest—Physical congeniality—Equal and similar habits of education—Similar station and characters—Affection—Natural

affection—A recapitulation of them as a constellation of attraction—An ideal one alone, too complete to exist—The obstacles to its existence infinite and eternal—brought forward in their elementary causes—Man as a species—Man as social—as intellectual—as christian—The inconsistencies of philosophers—Pride poisons their attainments—Great powers too often extinctive cause of christian faith—Instances to the contrary in Bacon, Boyle, and Newton—Man as evangelised, what his desirable knowledge and possession—The finite capacity of man—Ardour for knowledge best satisfied in the range of christian pursuit—In the purity of its spring, and the sufficiency of its fruits—In the abundance of its passing peace, and in the fulness of its coming joy.

# INDIVIDUALITY,

&c. &c.

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OF blessings deemed superlative, refined,  
Peculiarly adapted to the mind,  
Behold how prominent the welcome good  
Of being accurately understood !  
Of pouring on the listening heedful ear  
The narrative conception renders clear ;  
Of finding that the thing you would explain  
Has almost, ere you willed it, reached the brain ;  
Has scarcely left your lips, ere full inhaled  
With all its matter lateral entailed ;  
Has on the nerve the subtile feeling pressed  
By quick perception instantly confessed ;  
Attracted morally by power its own,  
As that by northern magnetism shown ;

Of proving that the sentiment conveyed  
Carries its purposed and appropriate shade;  
Of seeing the articulating eye  
The nice deficiencies of speech supply,  
Giving its radiance eloquence so pure  
As confidence unclouded must ensure;  
Of meeting self, reflected—self, endeared,  
Sustained, conjoined, directed, soothed, and cheered!

Who can appretiate such a quickening glow?  
Who is so blest its genial worth to know?  
Who, qualities so rare can estimate  
This quickening glow essential to create,  
But those whose tried experiences sweet  
Have taught such grateful intercourse to meet?  
All social bliss depending in its kind  
On beaming reciprocity of mind.

To be throughout a subject understood  
Requires an equally attempered mood;

That atmospheric thing, which, not at hand,  
E'en willing suavity can ne'er command.  
It is not in volition, wisdom, worth,  
To call the stubborn tuneful urchin forth.  
Sometimes it floats upon the wintry blast  
Wild as the element on which 'tis cast;  
Sometimes in vapours thick it sits and lowers  
Till it relapses with descending showers.  
Now morbid hovers in November gloom  
(Of Autumn's lovely glowing tints the tomb;)  
Now fleecy wraps o'er ills rheumatic flings,  
And moans with evils, noxious east wind brings.  
Nor can soft vernal freshness give it peace;  
Nor Summer suns subdue its cold caprice;  
Dependant on external things it moves  
As element, or circumstance approves;  
Yet equally attempered it must be,  
To yield reciprocity effective, free.

Besides the mood agreeable, there must  
Be Honour for the voluntary trust;  
Assurance, the narrator to inspire  
Ingenuously to give what truths require.  
Forward in simple majesty of soul  
To bring the whole, and nothing but the whole.  
Without which, conference, how weak and vain!  
What hope advantage solid to obtain?  
Whene'er a heart o'erburdened with its freight,  
Would on its other heart impose some weight;  
When stranded, in distress, without a guide,  
It wants to be pushed off, and made to ride:  
Its destination, motives, strength, supplies,  
Are objects of inquiry with the wise,  
And tissued matter must be seen entire,  
Or separated, see the whole expire.

Ye! who have gained the prompt and ready ear  
The theme important to yourselves to hear,

Scorn dastard fear, which base born craft exacts;  
Which facts would render otherwise than facts;  
Which dares not to the point; but keeps aloof  
Shrinking from faithful merited reproof.

Scorn mental reservation's subtle snare,  
Whose root is self-acknowledgment to spare.

Scorn the notoriously deceptive art  
Of glossing over the corrupted part,  
Misleading judgment at the deadly pass,  
As travellers are misled by fell morass.

Too prevalent such meanness, e'en with those  
Who every other meanness would oppose;  
And charity inclines one to believe,  
They're not aware, how they themselves deceive.  
Yet if they have perception to observe  
In cases similar how others swerve—  
If they the tales of others can dissect  
And quickly incoherences detect—

If they have policy to know the strength  
Which rises from discussion free at length—  
Or knowledge that the wounded to be healed  
Must let the whole of evil be revealed—  
If they have sense the artless to admire,  
And candour's beauty in distinct attire—  
If wisdom to discover how they work,  
And see conviction in such frankness lurk—  
If ever openness of temper pleased—  
If cold dissimulation ever teased—  
If inconsistency they've ever stemmed—  
They're inexcusable—they stand condemned.

Whene'er the selfish coil suppresses facts,  
Or wish for sickly praise, such praise exacts,  
There rises a thick mist before the eye  
Which yields confusion, and which proves the lie.  
Embarrassment the shallow purpose thwarts;  
Neglected confidence from anchor starts;



Compassion, in such darkness, cannot give  
The meed of Christian sympathy to live;  
Judgment runs wild, without its compass lost,  
Co-operative aid is tempest tost;  
Censure not justly due, perception cheats;  
And credit where it is, itself defeats.

All hail Ingenuousness! of sylphic air,  
Of virtues deemed the fairest of the fair!  
Or could the ear the solecism endure  
Of virtues deemed the purest of the pure!  
Come with the cheek of tint so fixed and true  
It cannot take the tint of deeper hue.  
Fearless, but not undaunted—meeting blame  
But ignorant of sin-depressing shame;  
Patient of censure, wooing e'en the while  
Forbearance with a fascinating smile.  
Come with the eye that indicates the mind,  
With eloquence that language leaves behind,

That braves the steady gaze of other eye  
And can percipency itself defy.  
Come 'gainst tenacity to stand erect  
And strange perverseness in the mass detect;  
To hold in self-possession lasting sway,  
And beam a day-light radiance on the way.  
Come with thy footstep prompt, thine open arms,  
Thine healthful look, thine all-collected charms,  
That cannot adequately be expressed  
But as reflected from their native breast.  
Give us to see thee in thy genuine state!  
And dwell with those who can appreciate!

Who cannot? the poor idiot—Nature's scorn—  
Of chaos and subversion basely born!  
Who will not? he whose worse-than-idiot eyes  
Permit him not to calculate the prize;  
His multiplying powers engaged around  
With witcheries of shilling, pence, and pound.

Yet even on the principle of gain  
It might be wise its worth to ascertain;  
To try its qualities, to prove its source,  
To watch its highly advantageous course,  
To aid its currency, to give it trust,  
And to its artless promises be just.  
It might be wise suspicion to destroy  
That causes interchange so much annoy,  
And on the mind receive the full impress  
Of confidential safe Ingenuousness.

When this transparent good the sceptre holds  
What complicated turpitude unfolds!  
How are the secret principles disclosed  
And their distinct propensities exposed!  
See Reason hoodwinked: she has lost her sway;  
And Prejudice appears in full display.  
There scarcely visible, yet swollen wide  
By poisoned barbed arrows in its side,

And coated with a scaly consequence  
Is Pride: say, children of the dust, from whence?  
Closely integumented to conceal  
The hollowness it dares not to reveal,  
Behold that seeming thing, with leering eye,  
And brazen crested: 'tis Hypocrisy.  
Those airy elements, see how they shift,  
Now winged for service, and now turned adrift—  
Now phalanxed firm, a body of high merit—  
Now groveling in the dust lies Party Spirit.  
Seize on that atom dire of hideous shape  
And hydra-headed; let it not escape.  
Shrunk by act of its constituent parts,  
And shriveled by the breath of aching hearts;  
Writhing its sinuous texture wheresoe'er,  
At others' cost, it can advantage share;  
And puckered round itself at every voice  
That bids it mourn for others or rejoice.  
Place it within appropriate bounds—the tomb,  
There Selfishness will find sufficient room.

Lo ! where battalioned legions bear away  
In primogenial strength and ardent sway !  
An individual cause each bosom fires ;  
An impetus unbridled each inspires ;  
Which laughs at consciousness of high behest,  
And spurns the lesson of sweet interest ;  
The Passions—conquerors how sure, how fell,  
Let poor humanity their victim tell !

Now gladly turn from sickening survey,  
Seek the Ithuriel touch—detecting ray ;  
And hail again that analysing charm,  
That can defend against this troop of harm.  
Stand in thy singleness, thyself a host,  
Invincible, yet scorning empty boast.  
Assert thine own dominion ; pierce the haunts  
Where artifice with all her minions vaunts.  
Bring forth the traitors of whatever class :  
They're criminal ; condemn them in the mass.

Plant in their stead around the lucid throne  
Virtues that are especially thine own.  
Magnanimous, the fear of man despise,  
And let thy fear from God alone arise.  
What thou possessest, liberally impart,  
And bless the grace that made thee what thou art !

Though long delayed, yet bearing in our sight,  
The charm of being understood aright—  
It is of import high this end to gain,  
The subject regularly to explain ;  
And as each circumstance finds station true,  
To clothe it nicely with importance due ;  
To shun whatever may fatigue the ear,  
And interrupt progression brief and clear.  
Conciseness with coherence must unite,  
To place narration in effective light.  
Bear on your tongue precision—just, correct,  
And critically close in each respect.

Nor must the auditory nerve relax;  
Nor must Attention strict be felt a tax.  
Prompt it must be and braced, nor ductile less  
To yield unmutilated strong impress.  
With eye intent that seeing does not see,  
And ear absorbed in listening faculty,  
No useless retrogression will be made;  
No ostentatious question be displayed;  
The mind would startle at injected tone,  
Though voice interrogating were its own.  
Subject, through medium smooth, gains memory fair,  
And is indelibly imprinted there.

What wakes attention? Interest sincere:  
We speak not of that sordid interest here,  
That keeps in exercise each venal elf,  
And bears a constant goad within itself;  
That literally seeks it own, nor cares,  
That own secured, how every other fares:

But that which would its literal own resign  
If requisite at its appropriate shrine.  
Which speeds at friendship's penetrating call  
And threatening danger meets without appal;  
The faithful vigilance to given trust,  
The action to its parent feeling just.

What wakes this interest? what this friendship forms?  
What is it genially that lights and warms?  
What makes this embryo quicken, gives it birth,  
And ascertains its comprehensive worth?  
What gives its infant years the bias strong,  
Association to repeat, prolong,  
And fondly to regret successive close  
Till firm adherence every purpose shows?  
What, when attachment to this climax brought,  
Makes intellectual intercourse full fraught;  
Urges ideas prompt to coalesce;  
Nerves them with twofold energy and stress;



Proves the rebound of preference so dear,  
And wakes reciprocation's smile and tear?  
What bears such partners through the vale of years,  
With still-responding pleasures, hopes, and fears;  
Wills them alike to leave the things of time  
And view by faith a renovated prime;  
Impels the wish that sure approaching death  
Together would exhale their latest breath;  
And gives assurance that in realms of light  
In junction pure their souls will re-unite?  
Where is this widely influential cause?  
In nature's certain unpervverted laws;  
In sympathy of answerable part;  
In similar affections of the heart;  
In similar perceptions of the brain;  
Or fluid similar the nerves contain;  
In subtileness or denseness of the blood;  
In sources never to be understood;  
In sameness of our compound and degree;  
In physical congeniality.

This total union of perception, mind,  
Is then required in due degree and kind,  
To tune communication fitly high  
For consonance of warbling melody;  
And give it meet vibration for the sound,  
That bursting motive seeks to pour around.

Another article of import-worth  
To give the mental matter fitting birth,  
Is Education suitably exact;  
The bark which saplings for themselves contract,  
According to the rudiments prescribed,  
Or dispositions prevalent imbibed.  
The early mind, soft, succulent, and smooth,  
Which time will knot, indent, and roughly clothe;  
The superficies, which must henceforth bear  
The character internal, base or fair;  
Which has to stand against the summer's heat,  
Prone energies to slacken and defeat;

Which has to stand against the winter's storm,  
Whose northern blasts will more or less deform;  
Which bears perspective clear for youthful ken,  
Of proverb life—e'en threescore years and ten.  
In this green period, from the early dawn  
Of intellect, to life's diffusive morn,  
Those manners, habits, morals, are matured  
That henceforth never wholly are abjured.  
This second nature—superadded bent,  
Which reaches constitution's full extent,  
As often to alliance proves a claim,  
As sembling lineament, or classive name.  
Through the same medium objects they've beheld;  
By the same motives been restrained, impelled;  
Confederate for years the point to gain,  
The task to slip, the truancy explain;  
Well known the points where discord, concord strike,  
Their views, attachments, pleasures, pains, alike.  
No pressure subsequent can this efface;  
No habits violent can these displace;—

Changed may appear the foliage of the tree;  
Changed too the blossom, and the fruit may be :  
But 'tis by ingraft changed : the same the stock  
Whose pristine qualities no art can shock.  
These are sound premises for hope to tread  
When on full comprehension's business sped ;  
And far as fact from knowledge we believe,  
Can never in reality deceive.  
Season o'er which fond memory lingering dwells  
And with enthusiastic pleasure swells !

But be the ligament however strong  
That equal nurture may produce—e'er long  
It must uniting tendency subdue ;  
Disjunction formidable must ensue.  
Fostered and strengthened under parent sun,  
The spring of life's career men thoughtless run ;  
Ascend the point from which they must diverge,  
Tremble, recoil, reciprocally urge,

•

Attain new force, the warring world explore,  
And call the roof they leave their home no more.  
On the rough surface when at first upborne  
They each feel insulated and forlorn :  
But aiming still the chosen point to gain  
That talents, friends, and bias may maintain,  
Each settles, strives for necessary pelf,  
And soon becomes a CENTRE for himself ;  
Forms new connections, love and honour plights,  
And shines surrounded by his satellites.  
These are the ingrafts, which the change create  
Between his present and his former state ;  
The bearings, which draw largely from the stock,  
Though fibred faithful as the rooted rock.  
Life must proceed in generations fair ;  
And generations must be parents' care.  
But as to sorrow every one is born,  
And every sweet has its appropriate thorn,  
So in proportion as the mingled case  
With that of other men we clearly trace,

In social points, in moral, in degree,  
In circumstances, or what e'er may be,  
Such consonance, from characters their own  
Makes them to fellow-feeling instant prone;  
And needful words are few a case to state  
That knowledge parallel can penetrate.  
Or otherwise, when each of filial band,  
Through Providence obtains a different stand—  
Though by the tie of nature firmly knit;  
Though they in sentiment exactly fit;  
Though they in manners, morals, mind, accord,  
And veneration for the sacred word—  
Yet where their circumstances don't agree,  
They must of course through differing mediums see.  
From the same steady principle they start,  
And far as matter general never part:  
But as the subject softens off, they find  
That each has left the other far behind;  
Or rather by divergency supplied  
They see each other at a distance wide.

Each from the point confused began to veer,  
And each has gently entered his own sphere.  
Where there is love, volition is on wing,  
The shade of feeling's counterpart to bring:  
But strong arresting cares its own, prevent  
Performance of the delicate intent;  
And common daily duties of their sphere  
With tide of others' cares must interfere.  
Much by determined action may we do,  
The course of others so far to pursue,  
That sympathy and judgment may be just,  
And christian friendship faithful to its trust:  
But the sensorial faculty to teach  
The finest pungencies of woe to reach;  
To find a nice vibration for the string  
Attuned by long and various suffering;  
And bear its sound for ever on the nerve  
Bestowed an aggregate demand to serve,  
Is more than nature can—is wish too high—  
Is plainly Individuality.

We cannot then exactly be conceived,  
But where the heart from equal cause has grieved.

In thus determining, each separate part  
To form a compound rich, to bless the heart,  
The quality can ne'er forgotten be  
That gives the whole to be consistent, free.  
That gives illumination, ardour, zeal;  
That makes the mind to see, the heart to feel;  
Without which, every stimulant wants point;  
Perception, judgment, will, are out of joint;  
Taste sickens; relatives no pleasure give;  
Friendship is feeble, scarcely said to live;  
Interest is vapid; morals are but law;  
And life yields nothing but the breath we draw.  
Does this sweet power denomination claim?  
It needs it not—Affection is its name.

Affection has such comprehensive span,  
Is so congenial to the wants of man,



To “love our neighbour as ourselves” was given,  
A mandate from the righteous throne of Heaven.  
But this best passion of the human mind  
Distinctness has in its degree and kind,  
And when its tide is strong in **KINDRED VEINS**  
The height of its capacity sustains.  
It is not, that mere instinct can inform,—  
That blood of the same lineage can warm—  
It is not that the merely natural tie  
Can the defects of head and heart supply—  
Nor, that abstractedly in simple state  
It carries any but its simple weight:  
But weight it has; and added, must of course  
Give strength additional to other force.  
Nature exhibits her inherent right  
In current blood, as in the flowing light;  
And men may strangle feelings as they rise,  
And shut against meridian suns their eyes:  
But these are acts most violent of will  
Subversive of the love she would instil.

What hallowed voice with parent-mercy song  
In nature's figurative moving tongue  
Comes issuing from celestial realms to cheer,  
And prove high Providence eternal here?  
“Can woman e'er forget her sucking child?”\*  
What implication strong in question mild!  
Such monsters are! God, moved with kind regret,  
Acknowledges that mothers *may* forget.  
It is within the bounds of what “*may*” be;  
It is the verge of possibility.  
And when the prophet judgments sore predicts,  
Which, in due time, God awfully inflicts,  
Attempering mercy soothes where nature need,  
And styptic yields to arteries that bleed.  
“Leave thy dear orphan children—I will prove  
“Their great Preserver, their Resource of love;  
“In me your widows bid to put their trust,  
“And know that to my promises I'm just.”†

\* Is. c. xlix. v. 15.      † Jer. c. xlix. v. 11.

Nature in all her bearings, all her throws,  
The God of Nature feels as well as knows.  
This poor existence would be passing poor  
But for this strong elastick ligature;  
Although, alas! its great efficient power  
Is quickest valued in bereavement's hour.  
The bliss of early years is never taught,  
The knowledge by comparison unbought;  
And judgments juvenile as they advance  
Are too initiated to enhance.  
As birthright privileges they are known,  
And oft by discontent, as those alone.  
But birthright privileges are not small  
Which gives them of this temporal life the all—  
Protection, providence, cohesion pure,  
Ardour their several interests to insure,  
Instruction, vigilance, a guide to Heaven,  
The full forgiveness "seventy times and seven,"  
Immunity from care, and soft repose  
While parents' anxious eyelids never close;

Indulgencies which parents never knew ;  
Produced by strength of self-denial, too ;  
Importance, from this estimate well known,  
And conscious pleasure in it, all their own ;  
The prompt concedence when it can be made ;  
The fit refusal when of ill afraid ;  
The fond delight when ever they appear,  
Evinced in welcome smile, and starting tear ;  
Converse untainted with sarcastic gall ;  
Hilarity's conceits that never pall ;  
And high endeavours, efforts to repay  
Which sink the heart by threatening decay.  
Oh ! what a mass of virtues to deplore  
When death informs them—it is theirs no more !

Houseless, though heritage and wealth abound—  
Hopeless, while all is vacuum around—  
The anguished orphan proffered shelter takes,  
And soothed by kindness gradually awakes.

Who, in her houseless hopeless anguished state  
Flings open the wide hospitable gate?  
Who seeks her, offers the supporting arm,  
And bids her throbbing filaments be calm?  
Who but her relatives, alive to pay  
This needful tribute in affliction's day?  
Collateral sources now their bearings show,  
And hearts with kindness readily o'erflow.  
Freely the lineage parallel embrace,  
And blend the child fraternal with their race.  
Or should the generation be full grown,  
The orphan finds a brother of her own  
To shield her blooming years from evil tongues,  
Her hopes from subtlety, her right from wrongs,  
And in advancing stage, be what it may,  
To be her refuge, counsellor, and stay.

This then the whole—with life arose the tie,  
And till the close of life, it cannot die.

It differently affects from differing cause:  
But on humanity enacts its laws,  
With whose protecting genial influence  
Its subjects would not willingly dispense.  
As far then as this individual thing  
Which in primordial substance has its spring,  
Produces union properly so called,  
And confidence that cannot be appalled—  
So far, when happily, united view  
On tenets dear, stands spirited and true,  
It must congeniality transcend,  
That cannot with this vital current blend.  
Without it, mental concord may be high,  
But with it, two-fold is its harmony.  
Deduction plain, of power in kindred blood  
To aid the being nicely understood.

If such component parts essential are  
To form a whole so exquisitely fair;

And such a whole important is to gain,  
To cheer our travail, and to soothe our pain—  
Who would not estimate each separate strength,  
Draw up the close-enumerated length,  
Improve his social fitness where he can  
And give the wished-for meed to brother man?  
Behold the requisites in fair array—  
A MOOD of EQUALLY-ATTEMPERED sway;  
HONOUR—inducing plainness, firmness, trust;  
MATTER—conveyed by TRUTH AND METHOD JUST;  
ATTENTION—rivetted throughout detail;  
INTEREST—too lively and sincere to fail;  
TENDENCIES CONSTITUTIONAL the SAME;  
TUITION—which confederate habits frame;  
STATION and CHARACTER that well compare;  
AFFECTION—that vicissitudes can bear;  
AFFECTION KINDRED—of superior zest,  
To bind and to consolidate the rest.

Vast constellation! beautiful and bright!  
But shining only in rapt fancy's sight.  
Who does not at this period heave a sigh  
Which mortal incapacities supply—  
A heavy sigh arising from despair  
A blessing so superlative to share?  
And those who from this point the theme pursue  
Inclined to take a comprehensive view  
Of causes and effects—in short sojourn  
Will this plain cause and plain effect discern.

Man, as a species, it must be allowed  
Is with appropriate faculties endowed;  
Embodied link in the created chain;  
Distinguished, privileged, informed and sane.  
But taken separately from nature's whole,  
And seen from age to age, from pole to pole,  
Yields himself system copious and complete  
His proud investigations to defeat.



As individual man he stands alone,  
And calls surrounding objects all his own.  
Upon them his own character inscribes;  
From them the radius suitable imbibes;  
Is his own world; on his own axis turns;  
And with absorbent passions ardent burns.

As SOCIAL MAN he proper orbit makes,  
And others in consideration takes.  
Urged by philanthropy makes great resolves;  
Strengthened by it, unweariedly revolves;  
Gives to his course centrifugal a swing  
Strong as its spirit, ceaseless as its spring;  
Attracts the virtues cardinal, refined,  
Expands his worth for profit to his kind,  
And all, o'er whom emitting radiance shoots  
Is nerved by influence, or cheered by fruits.

As INTELLECTUAL MAN, he spurns a rein;  
Holds motion regular in high disdain;

Embraces ethicks, sciences, and arts;  
Additional discoveries imparts;  
Whate'er yields contact to his various sense,  
Excites inquiry and research intense;  
The inference to fix, his powers arrests;  
He tries, compares, investigates, digests,  
Issues attempt each object to define,  
And dares to reason upon acts divine.  
Skilled in philosophy of chymic lore,  
Accustomed o'er experiment to pore,  
To analyze the compound, and to reach  
The separate parts and properties of each—  
He sees all matter in its simple state,  
And pierces its contextural innate.  
Gives various rationale for earthquakes' cause,  
Volcanos' rage, and deep-emboweled wars;  
Describes the probable of mineral veins;  
The saturation metall'd ore obtains;  
For vegetable progress will account,  
And gives of animal the plain amount:

Separates the sanguine fluid of his kind,  
And from it judges of its owner's mind;  
Determines revolutions' constant sway  
Of just amelioration and decay;  
Proves the materiality of light  
By arguments perspicuous, erudite;  
Defines the parts constituent of heat,  
Exciting causes which to action beat;  
Pervading small interstices of things,  
The pores of all that from creation springs;  
Shows its expansion, and its bias lent  
To counteract the gravitating bent;  
Explains its general fructifying strife,  
And presses on the principle of life.  
Without demur, quick as the solar ray  
At midnight penetrates the hidden day;  
Beholds his own meridian radiant height,  
And gazes till he's blind with dazzling light.  
Then spreads his pinions, and without controul  
Reaches immediately the distant goal;

Wheels at his will through ether's ample course,  
Surveys each planet's magnitude and force,  
Decides its orbit, and by numerals' power  
Predicts eclipses' very day and hour.

With motion of velocity sublime  
He meets the comet at expected time,  
And settles, from the flight of its career,  
When 'twill revisit our terrestrial sphere.

Strains his keen optics to behold afar  
The properties of each resplendent star;  
As clustered in co-operation clear,  
Or as it may apart distinct appear.

Onward he wings to regions far remote  
The systems of infinity to note;  
Sees them their revolutions just, complete  
Around their central orbs of light and heat;  
At various angles intersect, and roll  
One complicate illimitable whole.

Thus as he seeks the universe to scan  
He carries with him all the pride of man;

Is bloated with the product of his pains,  
Although as nothing, all that he attains;  
And while to science he makes high pretence,  
Unskilled in wisdom seems, and common sense.

As CHRISTIAN MAN, he deems such knowledge loss  
That has not its foundation in the Cross;  
Considers useless, dangerous, absurd,  
Whate'er is not engrafted on the Word;  
Whatever is inimical to faith;  
Whatever militates against "HE SAITH."  
Respects high literature as he ought,  
Though as a gem that may be dearly bought.  
Regards it as the polish of the mind;  
As passport with society refined;  
As recreation for a leisure hour;  
As proof of manhood's intellectual power;  
As indication that his years of youth  
Were honourably exercised for truth;

As patronising every great pursuit  
That in the general welfare has its root:  
But in subordination justly due  
To that which has eternity in view.  
He estimates this union great and fair  
Perfection as the human state can bear;  
Reason the quick percipient of the soul,  
And Faith the clear resolvent of the whole.  
But when invading mysteries awful line,  
Disdainfully rejecting "the TRUE VINE,"  
Averting that it nothing can believe—  
No system reverence—principle receive,  
But what can yield to demonstration's fact—  
To measurement of line and rule exact—  
To reasoning's sophistries that truth despise—  
To blindfold strong impassioned subtleties—  
To education's bias—stubborn will—  
To what necessity and fate fulfil—  
When erudition springs from such a source  
As criminal, he scorns the thing of course.

Some minds well fitted are for great research,  
But pride obtrudes, and leaves them in the lurch.  
A large capacity their minds contain,  
And stimulant, extent required to gain :  
But failing in humility's due poise,  
The point inexplicable much annoys,  
Corrodes the whole attained, and keeps the thought  
Upon the unattainable full fraught ;  
Much disappoints them of the promised praise  
They strove upon creative skill to raise,  
And damps the charm of seeing what they see  
Because they cannot quite Omniscient be.  
Strange ! this presumption should embodied reign  
In beings of decided deathful wane !  
Who in their composition had no share—  
Who cannot bribe the mortal stroke to spare—  
Who, understanding as they may, the laws  
Of certain nature, cannot its First Cause—  
Who know not free volition to explain,  
Although they trace it to the nerveful brain ;

And while they bid to motion feet and hands,  
Are puzzled at their own impelled commands;  
Are puzzled at obedience instant shown  
Almost before impelled command had flown—  
Who now will argue with fallacious skill  
That over it they have a sovereign will,  
And now again, some blunder or defeat  
Hears them to sluggish fatalism retreat—  
Who full of contrariety's worse bane  
Will now annihilation drear maintain,  
By disquisition of unwearied length  
Mailed in rhetorical display and strength,  
And gradually to settled climax wrought  
Will prove themselves and talents things of nought;  
Whilst recently with equal flow of tongue  
And wit, they other tenets nimbly strung,  
Evince of the dignity and reach  
Of this same wit and eloquence of speech.  
What! is this ardent Babel-building mind  
To be at last devoted to the wind?



O'er the rude desert to disperse its form,  
The henbane cherish, and the viper warm?  
Was embryo quickened—into being brought,  
Trained up, improved, matured, to prove it nought?  
Born, various substance gradually to blend  
Merely for nature's chymistry to end?  
Is there no purpose for its summer's day  
But as chance wills, to labour or to play,  
To starve or pamper, be a slave or king,  
And die as well a knave as any thing?  
Are faculties of reason and of speech,  
By which we seek, obtain, enjoy, and teach,  
According to their bias and degree,  
No proof of plain responsibility?  
Does not full consciousness of right and wrong  
To proof of immortality belong?  
And does not every spark of mental light  
Reduce the hope of everlasting night?  
Is this the fond expectance of a soul  
Accustomed round creations self to roll—

Regions celestial to explore and range,  
And boast of doing so? How passing strange!  
How contradictory, degrading, weak!  
How drear, in shiftings such, defence to seek!  
Far happier the million who but read  
The plain professions of their faithful creed,  
Yet through it, their sure title can espy  
To future good, to immortality.

Ye ! who would elevate your proper race;  
Who in its faculties such wonders trace;  
Who jealous are its flight should know no bound;  
Should sedulous in knowledge still be found;  
Whose passion erudition is acute;  
Who surely something hope for as its fruit;  
Deem man immortal ! Leave him not in dust !  
Give him in renovated state to trust !  
To know this scene of pain, and care, and strife,  
Is but the prelude to eternal life;

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That there is compensation, and much more  
For those who here are doomed to travail sore,  
And carry with them an abiding sense  
Of mercy in the ways of Providence.  
Deem him immortal! Tell him 'twas for this  
Wisdom was given him—to accept of bliss;  
That God so privileged him, to discern  
His ardours waste their fires and barren burn  
Unless he look for good beyond the breath  
That finally delivers him to death.  
Howe'er from matter man his growth obtains,  
His individual soul distinct remains.  
Leave him primordial quality abstract  
Given by material vehicle to act;  
By this to feel its duties and fulfil;  
And be responsible for good and ill!  
Leave Self, which quits its tenement of clay  
Before its tenement can know decay;  
Through whose departure only, matter dies,  
Whilst Self revives afresh in other skies—

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In medium skies, between the pilgrim way  
And awful fiat of the judgment day!

Great intellectual powers too often prove  
Extinctive to the christian faith and love;  
Or raise a stubborn barrier between  
When these have never yet experienced been.  
The tumid honour man from man receives,  
The heart engrosses, and the eye believes;  
And He who well knew evil to detect,  
Makes question negative to this effect.\*  
Not so with all. Emblazoned on the page  
Where records will endure from age to age,  
Behold to clear the film from sceptic sight,  
A Bacon's, Boyle's, and Newton's shining light!  
These as they urged their scientific way  
Forgot not where to rest, nor how to pray.  
Defined the atoms in the solar beam,  
But glorified the solar ray supreme.

\* John v. 44.

Intent on knowledge, onward still would press,  
But hailed throughout the Sun of Righteousness.  
When years, infirmities, and sickness gave  
Them nearer insight of their mortal grave,  
Where deep investigation is no more,  
Nor mart for all its literary store;  
And deep futurity beyond, o'ercast  
By stamp indelible of actions past;  
When these presented—these plain certain things—  
Philosophy recoiled, and drooped her wings;  
Acknowledged her best labours weak and vain;  
Her end mistaken; and but loss her gain;  
And mourned her talents rare so misapplied,  
So unimproved her audit to abide.  
He the most eminent, whose classic hoard  
Intelligence sublime will long afford—  
When at the awful close of life, compared  
To pebbles, the researches he had dared,  
Which, gathering on the shore, his time beguiled,  
As shells and coral the delighted child,

Whilst unexplored and disregarded nigh,  
Stretched the vast ocean of eternity.

As man evangelised, his highest aim  
Is to unite his character and name.  
No knowledge dear—none his ambition wins  
But that which gives remission of his sins;  
Which yields him convoy, comfort, anchor, guide,  
And perseverance steadily to ride,  
And courage, time's rough tempests to endure,  
And confidence to reach the haven sure.  
No knowledge dear, but that the Spirit gives—  
But that in which life's essence clearly lives;  
Which can the depths of blackest darkness chace;  
Can make the infidel its light embrace;  
Can the impenetrable stoic move;  
Can force perverseness captious to approve;  
Can gladden the unlettered, the forlorn,  
The poor, the captive, all to misery born,

Or all who feel their misery and need,  
And choose to take so privileged a meed.  
No knowledge dear, but that salvation brings;  
Salvation finished by the King of kings;  
Salvation universal, free and great  
To every nation, number, change, and date.  
Salvation which it is in vain to know  
Unless we in its knowledge live and grow;  
Unless we bear consistent fruit and sense  
As general sanctifying evidence.  
This needs no genius, no scholastic toil,  
No telescopic aid, no midnight oil,  
No apparatus but the given Word,  
No arms defensive but the Spirit's sword,  
No title but the contrite heart sincere,  
No rank—the peasant welcome as the peer;  
He who but runs may read, who reads receive,  
And who receives, efficiently believe.  
And he who cannot read may love and fear  
If influenced to lend the listening ear.

With the desire this knowledge to pursue  
The christian has the needful virtue too.  
When science casually may engage  
He is not self-devoted to the page;  
He is content heaven's wonders to espy  
Without a lens to aid his open eye;  
And takes the opportunity to raise  
A tribute to his great Creator's praise.  
When he considers agency divine  
Bade them to be, to journey, and to shine;  
That each, especial purposes fulfils  
As the Artificer stupendous wills;  
And that Omniscience operates in all  
The concave glorious that surrounds our ball;  
From lowly mind his admiration breaks—  
By eloquent apostrophe he speaks—  
“ Lord what is man that he should be thy care;  
“ Or son of man, to visit and to spare! ” \*

\* Psalm viii. 4.



As man for intellectual reach, exalts  
His faculties, and palliates his faults,  
So man for spiritual attainment, knows  
His nature evil, and his talents foes;  
That knowledge puffeth up, and therefore wars  
With needful spirit for the christian cause.  
What saith the scripture? Listen and be dumb!  
“Except like little children ye become,”\*  
“Except ye’re born again,”† are docile, mild,  
And teachable as unassuming child,  
No place prepared—no entrance will be given  
To joys unspeakable of righteous heaven.  
The philosophic eye must be “plucked out,”  
If it excite in christian mind a doubt;  
The “hand cut off”—propensity resigned,  
However pleasant, specious, and refined,  
Which militates against the interest sure,  
That through perpetual ages will endure.

\* Matt. xviii. 8

† John iii. 3.

Would you be taught in revelations school?  
Make up your mind to be esteemed a fool.  
Would you salvation's work supremely prize?  
The world's broad ridicule in turn despise.  
Sheathed by enduring charity, the shaft  
By satire hurled, recoils, and proves its craft;  
And through this antidote, the stigma rude  
Can never be corrosively imbued.  
Peace will at all times be your staff and stay  
Which man can neither give nor take away.  
"Where is the wise, the noble, deeply-learned,\*  
And disputant" in science hardly earned?  
Not many in comparison, alas!  
Are found within the strictly faithful class.  
Omniscient God foreknew the world's applause  
Would be at enmity with christian laws.†  
And Apostolic verdict has decreed ‡  
Its friendship, holy progress would impede:

\* 1 Cor. i. 20—28.

† Rom. viii. 7.

‡ Jam. iv. 4.

Unlettered men were therefore called to prove  
The boundlessness of God's redeeming love.  
The foolish things were chosen to confound  
The men, for erudition deep renowned;  
The weak against the mighty were made strong;  
The poor despised obtained the gifts of tongue;  
Low artisans to scribes and priests preferred,  
To be the promulgators of the Word;  
That flesh might cease to glory in its own,  
And give it to the God of grace alone.

As christian man he deems all knowledge vain  
That mystery and miracle restrain;  
Deems impious, contradictory, absurd,  
By human skill to try th' Omniscient Word;  
Deems his best faculties as things of nought  
When before dread Omnipotency brought;  
And what abstractedly they may appear,  
Holds them with correspondent love and fear—

Holds them as articles of awful charge  
To use, improve, increase, and spread at large ;  
His praise, from whom they were derived to speak  
His honour in the whole they do, to seek.  
Determines finite man has finite mind,  
His powers to his appropriate state assigned.  
His reason he may stretch, his optics strain,  
But so far only can he e'er attain ;  
Beyond this point, no mental eye can see—  
'Tis region of sublime obscurity !  
Why else through ages multiplied of man  
Has not progressive knowledge been the plan ;  
Leading the student of the present age  
Forth from his predecessor's final page ?  
Why else do sages of superior fame  
Who each in turn our admiration claim,  
Hold adverse theories with so much power  
To teize the scholar's earnest-searching hour ?  
Why else are various systems early known  
In later days decidedly o'erthrown ?

Arts of importance lost; and lettered lands  
Captured and peopled by uncultured bands?  
Why, but to prove perfection cannot grow  
On imperfection? all things tell us so.  
Man from his first of being, was endowed  
With high perception—gratefully avowed.  
The act by which his perfect nature died  
Gave birth to knowledge, sense acute, and pride.  
He instantly discerned from evil good;  
And intermediate wiles were understood.  
Created blameless—judgment he had none;  
He knew—by disobedience when undone:  
But knowing—his capacity was keen  
As in his sons it can be—or has been.  
Our form and features our first parents wore;  
Ours too the intellect they also bore;  
And averaged man, through stages he has ran,  
In like proportions, the same averaged man.  
Knowledge like empires, has its rise and fall;  
It undulates around this earthly ball;

Now here struck deep and fibred far its root,  
Its branches bending with high flavoured fruit;  
Whilst there, where ages owned its boasted fires,  
The sap is spent, the tree decays, expires.  
Ages again by time not yet unfurled,  
May yield reversed narration for the world.  
Such its vicissitude, its climax true,  
And measure ever varying to the view:  
And will be so, till time fulfils the birth  
When heavenly knowledge shall o'erflow the earth.  
But why to empires was its rise and fall  
Compared—why not to all around our ball?  
Slow revolution is the certain fate  
Of matter animate, inanimate;  
Or, fitter terms perhaps for what is meant,  
Intelligent and unintelligent.  
All travels gently to its utmost strength,  
And then deteriorates till laid at length;  
Unless some stroke of Providence, or force,  
Should prematurely finish nature's course.

But in this constant act of wax and wane  
Proportion likewise does itself sustain;  
And limits, rarely high or low accrue  
To what determined our forefathers view.  
It may derive celebrity and praise  
From interval of dark illiterate days;  
At dawning period of reviving taste  
From literature's desolated waste:  
But soon emerging mind will bring to light  
The previous records of oblivious night—  
Soon will explore, digest, compare, embrace,  
Though not so easily surpass his race.  
Much controversy may be heard and weighed—  
Much erudition on all sides displayed:  
But yet how seldom has one point been found  
Newly acquired to philosophic ground?  
Tuition's fertile plans may give the good  
To be more generally understood;  
And wake the lower classes of our kind  
Their latent best capacities to find:

But man has long possessed his widest range,  
And all that follows is incessant change.  
What is it then but speculative boast?  
But proof of great capacity at most?  
But toiling for caprice of human breath?  
But seeking fame, that quickens not till death?

If things inexplicable have such charm—  
If theories of time the bosom warm—  
Let those of vast eternity engage—  
The theorem of revelation's page!  
Is knowledge pleasant?—Take it from this fount,  
And prove incalculable the amount.  
Possess the sight, that seeing can perceive;  
The hearing ears, that listen and believe;  
The understanding nerve for medium clear;  
The aspiration fervent; sigh sincere;  
The heart for gratitude; the voice for praise;  
The prayer which faith and love will ever raise.



Would'st thou that pleasant knowledge'er should cease—  
That it should forward go with large increase—  
That time, and toil, and talents, should be spent  
Where profit will be high and permanent?  
Would'st thou that when removed to other skies  
New intellectual sources should arise—  
New intellect appropriate be given—  
New stimulant, new intercourse, new heaven?  
Would'st thou that future promised joys should flow  
Congenial with thy present wish to know—  
And think illumination of the mind  
A portion of the bliss for man designed—  
Drink largely at the christian's sacred spring;  
It will fruition to thy wishes bring;  
It will allow this hope thy will to move,  
If governed by a faithful ardent love.  
The promise issues from the highest throne  
That "we shall know, as also we are known;"  
Know love creative, that first called us forth;  
Know love atoning, cause of second birth;

Know all our being's nature can endure  
Of happiness unchangeable as pure.  
Is there of medium-something still a need  
To cleanse and fit the mind for healthful seed?  
Doubt not 'tis honesty—its voice obey—  
And give it unresisted perfect sway.  
Uncase interior self; and let it be  
Exposed to grace, benignant, full and free!  
Quench not the Spirit! give it ample sway,  
And rise to radiance of the perfect day.  
Then speak the joys of christian man well known—  
Become by high experience all thine own!  
For thee no more the sun shall spread his beam,\*  
Nor moon emit its soft diffusing stream;  
The Lord shall be thine everlasting light,  
Thy God thy glory, knowledge, friend, and might.

\* Is. lx. 19, 20.

# INDIVIDUALITY.

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## BOOK II.

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### Argument.

#### *The Roman Catholic System in general.*

Elementary matter multiplied—Each radius point a centre for itself—This infinite variety must terminate in Individuality—Semblances of character, however strong, evincing to the eye of observation a distinct difference—Religion as a single source brought forward to illustrate the endless diversity of Man's acceptation of things—The Roman Catholics—Their superstitions—absurdities—bigotry—imposed and voluntary blindness—The Monk—Anchoret—Mendicant—Nun—This sacrifice of females worse than the sacrifice of old to Moloch—Parental love natural—The Novice—Andelia—Her sufferings—Apostrophe to men of science to define her symptoms—Derangement—resolved into melancholy

—Melancholy described—The passive state of such a victim—The effect of choral music—Andelia resigned—Takes the veil—Simile of the white heifer—What is life to liberty—Better for the Muse to wander when she is so inclined—Feels herself ardent in the cause of liberty—and is delighted to harmonise on the subject with the spirit and energies of Cowper—He well qualified to pourtray this high blessing with its attendant virtues—Tribute of the Muse to him in conclusion.

## BOOK II.

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THESE are some pristine points, though but a few,  
From which divergency around me view;  
While every line obtaining radius joint,  
Becomes in turn another central point,  
Divergent to its own extent of sphere,  
And intersecting every circle near:  
Thus offering to the philosophic eye  
A variation to infinity.  
An evidence of individual place  
Within the given amplitude of space;  
Of individual character and sight  
Imbued from medium of surrounding light;  
Of individual faculty and soul  
In training for a stimulating goal.

Semblance of persons sometimes is so strong  
In all they have of right, in all of wrong,  
In all of taste, perception, pleasure, pain,  
In what they now reject and now maintain,  
That passing observation would decide  
Them characters that nothing can divide:  
But close investigation will discern  
What probably themselves have yet to learn,  
That union full and faithful cannot be  
While each has Individuality.  
Self must, whate'er its wish, be prominent  
Though counteraction generous be spent.  
Such instances are notwithstanding rare,  
Complete too as humanity can bear;  
They yield as much of bliss as man can prove—  
The intercourse of harmony and love.  
The wonder then is none, the list is small,  
But that such instances exist at all.  
Give but a moment's liberty to thought  
And see it with unnumbered reasons fraught,

Of genus, species, order, and degree,  
To shew the hindrances to unity.

What is that veteran host that first appears  
And seems more vigorous for increasing years?  
Whose far perspective optics cannot reach;  
Whose appellations language scarce can teach;  
Whose features various—stubborn, lenient, sad,  
Gay, sanguine, lukewarm, vapid, ardent, mad,  
In all their finest shades, their nicest bent,  
No pencil-skill can justly represent?  
Which bears the standard whether false or true,  
Of conscience, having sworn allegiance due;  
And war-accoutred, musket, sword, or lance,  
Marshalled with just precedence for advance?  
Which waves at each division banners high  
Distinctive legions to identify,  
Whilst each that helps to form this phalanx grand  
Has abstract armies at his own command;

Is himself leader of a special host,  
Raised by his voice, and standing to its post,  
Though hair-breadth differences that thought deride,  
Seem to divide again and sub-divide.  
Summoned from every nation, every throne  
They come—Religion calls them all her own;  
Whate'er their colour, their profession, sect,  
Fanaticisms rank, or cold neglect.

See! where the mummeries of sound and show  
Communion unadulterate forego!  
Where full accerras yield a rich perfume,  
And priests in broidered robes such power assume  
That pardons and indulgences are sold  
As merchandise for prostituted gold;  
In bold contempt of scripture boon concise,  
“Free pardon without money, without price.” \*  
See where the symbols transubstantiate  
As high the cup and host they elevate!

\* Isaiah lv. 1.



Hear the bell tinkle, that beheld, adored,  
May be their new-formed, their incarnate Lord!  
Prostrate they fall before each sculptured saint,  
Governed by custom, habit, and constraint,  
Invoke their tutelage, implore their grace,  
For intercession in the Saviour's place;  
And seem to venerate the sinner's worth  
Beyond its sacrifice of godhead birth.  
See them the honoured shrine extatic kiss!  
Hug the blanched bone as mean of health and bliss!  
Or if such privilege be thought too much,  
Feel cured and blessed with transient sight and touch!  
Whilst folly to their superstition clings,  
Not once conceiving these famed sacred things  
May spurious be, as certain they have been  
In frenzied times that urged imposture keen.  
Borne in procession and on pilgrimage  
As amulet for sickness and for age,  
From catacombs the treasures vast behold!  
The actual dust of martyred men of old

Baptised at pontiff-pleasure and behest  
As legend or inscription might attest !  
Many to eastern provinces were led  
For remnants of the apostolic dead,  
To calm the conscience, cheer the drooping soul,  
Save sinking states, and other ills controul.  
See penanced variously as sin's degree  
Accords with affluence or poverty,  
The man-confessing, self-atoning throng,  
Acquitted, but again to practise wrong !  
Bare-headed, and bare-footed, and opprest,  
Their wearied wanderings can know no rest ;  
Distance incalculable they subdue,  
And hardship, suffering, and spirit too,  
The punishment inflicted to endure,  
And cleanse themselves from every lapse impure.  
Loretto's famous virgin form they reach,  
Her ornaments admire, her prayers beseech ;  
Are dazzled with the gew-gaw, love the lie,  
And shroud themselves in its absurdity.

See myriads of Croisaders on their way  
To Palestine, in hostile dread array !  
Giving the scourge with tenfold thong to sting  
Such resolute, such operative swing,  
It fixes in the flesh, and draws the gore,  
And leaves on back and loins indented score.  
Liveried in sackcloth, haircloth, some appear,  
Insignia of a service harsh and drear ;  
Insignia too of voluntary pain  
For voluntary and deliberate stain ;  
Witness the Gallic fabulist of fame !  
Who could not his immoral talent tame,  
So in the act did penance for the sin,  
By writing with a haircloth next his skin.  
Tasked by confessor with a tale of prayer,  
To iterate which, becomes their only care,  
See groupes with moving lips, and busy eyes,  
And fingers nimble at their rosaries ;  
Ave-marias numbering by their beads,  
And pater-nosters for their foul misdeeds.

In decades are the chaplet numbers strung;  
In decades therefore prayers are said or sung;  
As school-boys with their impositions sore,  
Labour to learn, repeat, and get them o'er.  
Wan, meagre, languid, children of long fast,  
Like spectres, make spectators all aghast!  
Embodied shadows with enveloped minds  
That priestcraft darkens, and in darkness binds;  
Withholding privilege to know and judge,  
And dealing out salvation with a grudge.  
Fell monsters! that for arrogance or wealth,  
Deprive their brother-man of joy and health!  
Oh! spare yourselves of trouble such expence—  
Tell your poor flocks to use their common sense;  
Teach them to read, in scripture to confide,  
And give the Bible as their rock and guide!  
With supplication be the requiem sung;  
Let prayers incessant exercise the tongue;  
Specific masses strictly be discharged  
For souls from earthly tenements enlarged;

Let contributions efficacious flow  
Religious houses to erect, endow;  
Munificence be showered on every side,  
And self in all respects be mortified;  
Continual war with gladdening comforts wage  
The pains of the departed to assuage,  
To gain from purgatory their release,  
And issue them to pardon and to peace!  
Is there a dubious state beyond the grave?  
From punishment can human offerings save?  
Break then the crucifix—reject the Word—  
Profession such is palpably absurd.

Of all distinctions, ages, orders, see  
Men who profess from temporal snares to flee!  
Associated some as garbs bespeak;  
Whilst others unfrequented places seek.  
Those in close structure for their purpose dwell;  
These in rude house, or excavated cell.

Those evidently with the world embued;  
These bearing characters of solitude.  
Those cunning, carnal, sordid, useful tools;  
These indolent, erroneous useless fools;  
Fools, from deficiency of reason's power,  
Or from perversion of so rich a dower.  
A narrow-minded, dim-discerning set,  
Whether monk, mendicant, or anchoret.  
Born to no purpose that makes man rejoice;  
Deaf to perceptive and sonorous voice,  
That bids faith prove itself by moral fruits—  
Thus giving motive high for such pursuits.  
Vagrants contemptible, who ask their bread  
Of labour that is poorly clothed and fed;  
Unblessed with spirit honestly to strive  
For means to keep their mortal part alive:  
Yet fancying the spirit they possess  
The souls of others can support and bless.  
Cowards! who shrink from real pilggrimage;  
From bearings which the human heart engage;

From self-denial for a parent's ease;  
From exercise fraternal ties to please;  
From care a rising offspring to maintain;  
From sympathy in others' care and pain;  
From slights, ingratitude, reproach, and scorn;  
From disappointments broad of promise born;  
Cowards! who dare not to the christian field,  
The sword of the church-militant to wield.

Hark! where harmonious whispers breathe around!  
Now fill the air with soft and even sound;  
Now swell upon the sense in sweetest tone;  
Now call seraphic melody their own.  
What is their cause? from whence do they proceed?  
What bliss do they await? what righteous deed?  
Wherefore arrest the ear—invite the eye?  
To witness the extent of cruelty.

When in due course a babe receives its birth,  
It instantly receives specific worth;

Moves the young limb, and rolls the eye on light,  
And has to given life peculiar right;  
Nature the second cause producing it,  
As God the great Original sees fit.  
On parents, nature makes her own demands;  
The same, whether of separated lands,  
Savage or civilised; the same her calls  
On the vast circuit of irrationals,  
Their progeny to nourish and protect,  
And in all difficulties to direct.  
To raise then o'er such innocents the knife,  
To prove the power of elements on life,  
To be the minister of agonies  
Tow'rds human, filial, and defenceless ties,  
Is highest treason against nature's laws,  
And heaviest odium upon manhood draws.  
The quadruped, who seeing danger near  
Will eat her young through agony of fear,  
Shows strong affection, in comparison  
With pagan barbarous rites to Moloch done:



Yet these are mercy, favour, tenderness—  
These bless the beings we're designed to bless,  
When viewed with miseries of lingering doom—  
With years of curse within the convent tomb.  
Say what is life upon such iron terms?  
Far better were the victim food for worms!  
Various the parent motive for the deed,  
But each arising from a worldly creed.  
The act ignoble of a noble name  
To shun the slur of rank-degraded shame.  
Some banished from their infancy, are taught  
To see profession as their sole resort;  
And some are offered a pretended choice,  
While every art is used to warp their voice.

Is the fair novice quite beyond our reach?  
A prey to all the artifice of speech?  
Flattered by close attention, won by smiles,  
Guarded by fear, and rivetted by wiles?

Is there no mean her mind to undeceive—

An object in such peril to retrieve?

Ye spirits! who her softest slumbers keep—

Who hover round her whilst her senses sleep—

Who to her mind command a free access—

On it, the sweetest imagery press!

Make her to feel the tear upon her cheek

Fallen, a father's sorrows to bespeak;

To see another trembling in his eye,

Started from conflict with weak policy.

Bid her to throw herself on his embrace;

To plead for restoration to her place;

To tell him all his care she would remove

By assiduities of filial love;

To plead for freedom of her native home

From which she never yet has wished to roam;

The soft adhesion of fraternal ties;

Her youthful hopes; her glowing sympathies.

Plant yourselves on the intellectual nerve;

Fixed there, from your position never swerve.

Heedfully, as realities recede,  
Infuse the powers of reasoning in their stead;  
Exhibit birthright blessings of our kind,  
Incalculable, weighty, broad, refined;  
Shew her the luxury of doing good,  
In abstract life so little understood;  
The high-toned pleasure, pleasure to dispense,  
And all the beauty of benevolence;  
Bid the insinuating vision give  
The life of those who rationally live;  
The close dependencies of man on man,  
Through every age and rank since time began;  
Rich literature's manifold delights;  
Wisdom's sound themes; imagination's flights;  
Encouragement of sciences and arts;  
Instruction which their principles imparts;  
Intelligence, by radiant interchange  
Wit each whose habits take a distant range;  
And pleasure, such as innocence can love,  
Taste can select, or virtue can approve;

Associate chosen far beyond the rest,  
The zealous faithful friend at length confessed.  
See how they work upon her raptured brain !  
See her warm wish, these blessings to obtain !  
She grasps them—the illusion is destroyed—  
Her eyes she opens on the frightful void !

Now she begins to think her prospects drear ;  
Insensibly she wipes away the tear !  
Insensibly her lovely bosom heaves !  
To solitude she oft escapes and grieves.  
Her usual avocations cease to please ;  
The assiduities of others teise ;  
The conscious something, dares not meet the eye  
Of the Superior's jealous scrutiny.  
Unhappy, listless, negligent, she deems  
Her only refuge and support, her dreams.  
Cheerless to her the sun's resplendent shine—  
She looks impatiently to its decline.

At length his fading glories leave the west;  
Vespers are o'er, and she retires to rest.  
Again full radiant in successive years  
The captivating phantasma appears!  
Midst generous hearts, and high illumined minds,  
And polished scenes, herself again she finds;  
Meets kindred welcome, takes congenial place,  
And fills it with inherent truth and grace.  
Thus shining in a constellation bright,  
Imbibing and emitting mental light,  
Attracting and attracted, she inspires  
And is inspired by animating fires;  
No obstacle impedes—no parent strife—  
She enters happily connubial life;  
Owns a new sun, in a new orbit moves,  
And with well-disciplined affections loves.  
Hours swiftly come and go; and weeks decrease  
In period of sweet intercourse and peace;  
Her cup with high felicity runs o'er,  
And she's too satisfied to think of more:

But seasons, as they buoyant circuit make,  
Fond expectations gradually awake,  
And yield perspective joys for future years,  
That every present blandishment endears.  
She sees herself a mother! tell the bliss  
Ye who have drank the first maternal kiss!  
Time gives a lovely race, with promise fair  
Of excellence, to cheer a parent's care.  
All nurtured, taught, beneath a mother's eye,  
Binding the filial and maternal tie.  
Her every character, her every deed,  
Becomes a testimonial of her creed.  
The ignorant are schooled, and idle hands  
Obedient to utility's commands.  
No more the cheek is wan—the hollow eye  
No more with tears its furrows can supply—  
Blessings reiterated charm her ears  
And warm her heart wherever she appears.  
“ Oh! we for social life were surely born!  
“ Reason to guide and knowledge to adorn;

“The talent unimproved my soul appalls—”

She said—and waked—and sighed to convent walls !

November's dawn makes drear the scene around;  
And hollow does the bell for *Matin's* sound;  
And disappointment dire o'er all is hung;  
And murmurs rise—and set upon her tongue.  
With quick reproach she lifts her eyes to Heaven—  
Then breathes a fervent prayer to be forgiven.  
From soothing visions, and serene repose,  
To frigid air, and rites austere she rose.  
Swift as she passes in that dismal hour,  
The screech-owl hoots from the adjacent tower;  
The raven inauspicious croaks his tale;  
And all ill-omened incidents prevail.  
The loop-hole windows give the twilight gloom  
In scanty rays across the galleried room;  
Walls of solidity those rays confine,  
And darkness takes its stand from line to line.

The casement with its clasp and hinges wars,  
And rattles 'gainst the grated prison bars.  
The storm beats heavily; the livid flash  
Gives warning of concussive sulphurous crash;  
Sublime it comes; loud and still louder rolls,  
And shakes the massive refuge of their souls.  
Horror gains entrance by each sense and pore;  
Aweful the sound of Ocean's deepening roar;  
Tempestuous winds, urged to a mighty sweep  
Convulse the waters of the wondrous deep,  
Scoop with wild impetus the dread profound,  
While walls of water the great power surround;  
The buttressed base, though founded on a rock,  
Receives from billows force continued shock.  
“ Bear me from hence ! ” imploringly she cried,  
“ Waft me in mercy on your turgid tide ! ”  
Desperate she wished, but could not reach the wave,  
That would have yielded passage to her grave.



But what avail her agonies acute?  
What strength the stubborn purpose can confute?  
Deaf is the ear perverse—mute is the tongue  
Suborned to crush the heart already wrung,  
The stratagem collusive to defend,  
And at all hazard to obtain its end.  
No parent's arms are open to protect;  
No sterling friend to listen and direct;  
No pastor whose disinterested zeal  
Would conscientiously promote her weal;  
No pity-beaming eye—no soothing breast  
In which to gladden, or on which to rest;  
Where'er she turns, her late companions fly  
Forbidden to afford her sympathy.

Abandoned, harassed, sad, her wandering feet  
Reach the square cloister's vaulted damp retreat.  
Dim is reflected light—the crescent aid  
Can scarce the noxious atmosphere pervade;

Just serves to shew the vapoured medium near,  
And make the dreary solitude more drear.  
Here she gives utterance to her just complaints,  
Invokes the spirits of departed saints,  
Prays to be disencumbered of her clay,  
And soar to heavenly liberty and day.  
The soft articulation finds its bound,  
And cheers her with reverberated sound.  
Echo! kind nymph, in energetic tone  
The same, makes the same moving prayer her own;  
Iterates her sorrows, holds the cadence wail,  
Gives it to gentle breeze, to murmuring gale,  
Sighs when she sighs, implores when she implores,  
And in resembling accents God adores.  
Soothed by responsive melody, absorpt,  
Her mind from pious meditations warpt,  
Time passed unheeded—the loud vesper bell  
Had given the humid eve its closing knell,  
Andelia's absence from the service, spread  
A general confusion, marked by dread.

Inquiry moved each lip; and every eye  
Poured the expression of keen scrutiny.  
In vain each sought from each intelligence,  
All was suspicion, terror, and suspense.  
Forth instantly from consecrated fane  
Their flight in all directions they maintain;  
Groupes disappointed at each angle meet;  
Each passage gives the patter of their feet;  
The chamber, closet, dormitory, cell,  
The cemetery, haunt she loved so well,  
The chapter-house, refectory, and school,  
The utmost limits of the convent rule,  
The various secret subterraneous ways,  
And sally-ports which anxious quest betrays—  
These as in different courses they explore,  
Are entered, and deserted, o'er and o'er.

Roused by the mingled and increasing hum,  
She listened, and perceived it nearer come.

Immersed her troubles in the strange surprise,  
And eager to obtain the cause, she flies.  
With sweet simplicity and earnest look  
Which their vindictive tempers nearly shook,  
The quick interrogation she pursues,  
While each seems information to refuse.  
Her innocence had put them all to shame,  
And paralysed the tongues full fraught with blame.

But venomous suspicion once awake  
What draught Lethean can her terrors slake?  
Where can narcotic property be found  
Sufficient to procure her sleep profound?  
She sleeps no more ! keen on her rigid post  
She watches, Argus-eyed, herself an host.  
No judgment has suspicion ; no clear view ;  
No nice discrimination false from true ;  
No sweet reliance on the promise given ;  
No confidence in the confession shriven ;

No trust in honour's more than moral nerve;  
No anchorage in honest will to serve;  
Dark jealousy's correlative—twin maid!  
That throws o'er all around, its jaundiced shade;  
Transmutes the deed, however great and fair,  
And stamps with treason, "trifles light as air."  
Andelia victim of her bane becomes,  
And every faculty her scowl benumbs.

Now shrewdly chosen from the veteran class,  
Behold where'er she is, at mess or mass,  
The nun, whose own vexations lost in years,  
Has oft been proof 'gainst youthful sighs and tears.  
Prohibited the solitary stroll,  
The privileged secession of the soul—  
Required all self-communion to forego  
The last poor solace of embittered woe—  
She's doomed to hard restraint in all she says  
And all she does, in all her looks and ways.

Struggles with hard inflictions—not because  
She militated 'gainst convent laws,  
But for the terror felt by every one  
Of what through urgency she might have done.  
Conscious of power usurped, they well may dread  
The act to which a captive might be led.  
Base subtlety is surely justified  
In fearing subtlety on every side;  
And surly despotism is well aware  
How far for liberty the slave will dare.

Did they of poor Andelia misconceive?  
Who would the strange affirmative believe?  
Who, short of marble apathy, could be  
Oppressed, restricted, schooled in misery,  
And not inventive faculty employ  
The fetters of coercion to destroy?  
As from the pallet while her keeper sleeps,  
Her nightly vigils painfully she keeps,

Sees through the gloomy richly-tinctured pane  
The silver orb's progressive wax and wane,  
She forms the various project for escape;  
Thinks of Imposture's dauntless air and shape;  
But looks around in vain for staunch good will,  
Conception quick, co-operative skill;  
Her best constructed schemes, keen foresight foils,  
Till all expedients parried, she recoils.  
At vespers is her heart engaged in prayer?  
What but compulsion would the question dare?  
Pure piety requires no massive wall  
Its aspiration's ardent to enthrall;  
Needs no alembic's fit mechanic arts  
The essence to retain with which it parts;  
Pure piety is simple, ardent, free,  
Unapprehensive of apostasy.

Alas! she does not animate that waste  
Of loveliness and delicacy chaste!

Some tincture of her character is seen—  
Some sweet remains to show she there has been,  
But nothing of essential spirit fair  
To prove the pure possession still is there.  
We see Andelia raise her speaking eyes—  
To heaven too raise them, but find no supplies.  
We see her head its fixed position hold—  
Her eyes with sculpture beauty still uprolled—  
But 'tis not the result of piety—  
It bears no consciousness of object high—  
It is the act of a bewildered brain;  
It bears expression daring of arraignment,  
Yet in the victim supplication shares;  
Long tale of woe and perjury it bears—  
Of morbid feeling sad from past distress  
And weight of present gloomy pensiveness.  
We hear Andelia heave the heavy sigh—  
It rises from a cold despondency.  
Collecting forces from her breaking heart  
We see the tear without emotion start,



Rush o'er the margin fringed with sorrow's charm,  
And fall upon the bosom strangely calm.  
Doubled her fragile figure—thus employed  
To press upon her stomach's sinking void;  
Nature the action urging, to sustain  
The frame insensible to wasting pain—  
That pain, for which no skill presents a cure,  
And only leaves the patient to endure.

Ye men of science! to whom mortals owe  
More than to those who tame their country's foe!  
Who heal the wounds inflicted by the brave,  
And strive, what life the sword has spared, to save!  
Ye that take charge of man's material state,  
And all the maladies that on him wait!  
Who theory have clothed with quicker sense  
Of observation and experience—  
Ye nice anatomists! who comprehend  
The whole of human structure's use and end;

Know how the wonderful machinery works;  
And where occasional obstruction lurks.  
The ailment complicate or simple prove;  
And all its terrors and its pains remove!  
Ye more especially who point your skill  
To trace the cause of intellectual ill—  
Its various operations on the brain,  
And all perverted judgments morbid train!  
Who strive to mitigate at least, or heal  
The worst of evils nature can reveal!  
Say whence Andelia's turbid fancy—whence  
For nothing her anxiety intense?  
Whence, from the eye, that upwards cast its lid  
Before the heart owned matter to be hid,  
To meet its brow erect, and forehead fair,  
Where shadow of a frown could never dare—  
Whence, far retreating from observance, now  
Behind a scowling, low-impending brow  
Dark fires erupt malign, from watchfulness  
And fell combustible of deep distress?

Whence does she seldom sleep? and when the dose  
Puts on the mockery of short repose,  
Whence constantly succeed terrific dreams—  
Muscles convulsed—and apprehensive screams—  
The agony in which she thus awakes—  
The strengthened fixure which such terror makes—  
The tremblings violent—the pallid cheek—  
The respiration difficult and weak?  
Whence is she stationary through the day,  
Her loco-motive faculty astray—  
Her bosom heaving oft the piercing sigh—  
Her swollen eyes still weeping bitterly—  
Her hands close clasped upon her suffering head—  
And all her gentle pure affections fled?  
Whence to a kind inquiry of her health  
Casts she a look of doubt, and fear, and stealth—  
A look of keen reproach—then droops anew  
Her lamentable wanderings to pursue?  
Alas! her reasoning powers are all estranged;  
Judgment runs wild; Andelia is deranged.

Infatuated on a case so clear;  
Or worse, to act resolved—these monks austere,  
Dreading the stigma on their undue power,  
And dreading more the loss of future dower,  
Deem her refractory alone, perverse,  
Determined prejudices strong to nurse;  
And persevere their wished-for point to gain  
By every method of the fertile brain.  
By turns they flatter, soothe, amuse and chide,  
The best professional advice provide,  
And watch the healthful progress of each draught  
With all solicitude of priestly craft.  
Her youth is in her favour; and her mind  
By nature to placidity inclined;  
And spring prevails, of hope's revival full;  
And bursting bud gives tint to forest dull;  
And imperceptibly the sunshine cheers;  
And soft its genial warmth exhales her tears;  
She feels its influence, while zephyrs fan  
Her face, still lovely, although sad and wan.

Her fearful turbulent emotions cease,  
And gradual piety, works gradual peace.

Peace seems of such a mind the native right,  
And nature vindicates her reason's light;  
Clear consciousness now operates—and taste  
Returns—and feeling, and resources chaste:  
But with them comes, immersed in Stygian dye  
Consuming Melancholy, vapid, shy,  
Complexion's her full mind, and o'er it throws  
The gloomy sensibility of woes.  
'Tis more than pensiveness—than madness less—  
Something that language cannot well express.  
It grants the intellectual eye a view  
Of the contour of imagery true;  
Allows it all its bearings, weight, and place,  
Its niceties, contingencies, and space;  
But tinctures it with equal sombre shade,  
For ever listless, hopeless, retrograde.

Vision is dimmed, by various passions teised;  
The mental retina is all diseased;  
Refracted rays through substances of gloom  
Make every subject their own hue assume;  
Resembling the effect upon the eye  
That lenses soothing verdure can supply;  
Or that too nearly to the case allied,  
The sable veil's effect—soon to be tried.

And let it be—solicitude is o'er—  
The poor Andelia seems to care no more.  
She who of late in misery was spent,  
Is now to all events indifferent.  
And let it be—quick premature decay  
Its subject hastens to the realms of day.  
Death is a liberation, no arrest  
Of art, or arm, can tear from the opprest.  
Disease usurps the season health should claim,  
And undermines her youthful lovely frame;

And sorrow has too much imbued her mind  
Enjoyment in the things of time to find.  
Of earthly hope bereft, monastic gloom  
Suits best the cheerlessness of fading bloom.  
Yes! the fell mischief is complete; and glad  
Barbarity has nothing more to add.

The day is fixed—arrangements made—the dress  
Of cost prepared, in which she's to profess.  
The white transparency to give her face  
If possible more interesting grace.  
Jewels maternal, precious, highly set  
Arrive, for her who never wore them yet—  
Arrive to deck her injured head in scoff—  
To deck it, for the act—to put them off;  
Next to adorn a titled sister's brow,  
Who, in the glare of fashion wears them now.  
Strange fact! at least 'tis still in England strange—  
May growing influence ne'er effect a change!

May systems of the scapular and hood,  
By Protestants be never understood !  
Friends are invited, evidence to bear  
'Tis with her own consent she's buried there ;  
That freely, of her own accord, she shuns  
The world, and all its many dazzling suns ;  
To hear her majesty supreme address,  
And pray the consecration pure to bless,  
Although her trembling lips the words profane,  
And vainly would inhale them back again.  
Irrevocably sped—and with their speed,  
The prelate fully ratifies the deed.

Mean while the quiet victim wanders round  
The narrow precincts of permitted bound ;  
Regains her chamber, views declining light  
Succeeded by the silver orb of night ;  
And calculates th' incalculable sum  
Of solitary evenings to come.



She sees, as though she did not see, the course  
Close prefatory to her blank divorce.  
Hearing she hears not, why they thus prepare;  
Or if she listens, does not seem to care.  
The chant appropriate would the truth reveal;  
But, sad to tell! she is not quick to feel.  
No objects terrify—no rays illumine—  
Encompassed by impenetrable gloom.  
Her eyes she raises at the well-known voice  
Which calls as in derision to rejoice;  
And all estranged from sound and sense so vain,  
With dread composure casts them down again.  
No ripple on her gentle bosom plays;  
No useless plaint in verbal utterance strays;  
No far fetched breath is audible in sigh;  
No tear distils from her soul piercing eye;  
No limb has impulse—not a muscle leaps;  
Susceptibility for ever sleeps.  
Not e'en the speaking flush of life-blood warm  
Impairs the strong expression of her form:

But all is beauty, interest, loveliness,  
Truth, gentleness, and eloquent distress.

Early, and promising, and grey the dawn.  
Andelia's pillow plucked of every thorn  
Affords her tranquil slumbers. He, on whom  
The altar calls with nuptials' happy doom  
Sleeps not—but minutes eagerly the night  
And hails the mere perceptible of light.  
He too, on whom the ministers of death  
Await, to take in judgment forfeit breath  
Sleeps not—but dreads the rays, by eastern skies  
Reflected, which proclaim Aurora's rise:  
But she who long has buffeted the throes  
Of feeling's pungencies, and hopeless woes,  
Sluggish and dull progressively becomes,  
Till torpor totally her powers benumbs;  
The current lingers in her flexile veins,  
And of its subtile fluid spirit drains.

Andelia therefore sleeps, till Phœbus' spread  
Of splendours reaches her devoted head.  
Yet why does Phœbus shine? ah! why exhale  
The dew-drop—tear of primrose in the vale?  
Why does he on a deed so full of guile  
Permit his beams to tarry, and to smile?  
Compulsion's irksome, rugged way to smooth—  
The sinking frame to prop, the soul to soothe.

Lo! mass begins—the tinkling bell is heard;  
And all arrested are towards the Word.  
The rites and ceremonies every whit  
Performed, in hair-breadth order nice and fit.  
The swelling sounds that from the organ flow  
Drown rigour's voice, and soothe the child of woe.  
The harmonies of congregated throats  
Which pour the sacred song in dulcet notes,  
Reach her chilled feelings—bid her gentle breast  
A sense of consecration to attest;

Creep imperceptibly throughout her frame,  
And kindle resignation's lambent flame;  
Tell her the highest sublunary things  
Have gross alloy, and bear capricious wings;  
That all are full of care, whate'er the lot,  
From luxury's palace to the peasant's cot;  
That life the longest—is a vapour, breath,  
The source of pain—the harbinger of death;  
That stations are not man's, but His who gave,  
Who died himself, the world to seek and save;  
And she, whose choice it is not to immure,  
May take it as of God's appointment sure.  
Omniscience, deeds of future ages sounds;  
And long has “marked our habitation's bounds;”  
Determined limits that we cannot pass; \*  
Selected duties for each separate class;  
For those ambitious, who to heights aspire,  
And those, who fearful from the world retire.

\* Job xiv. 5.

Sweet are the melodies of chanted praise!  
Devotion sweet, they're suited well to raise!  
They bear us planetary things above,  
And realize sublime celestial love.  
In such high seasons, no constraint there need—  
No priest to importune—no friend to plead—  
The soul appears to will its own release,  
And hail its mansion of eternal peace.

Andelia kneels—self dedication makes!  
Declares the world she willingly forsakes,  
Renounces all its vanities and toys,  
Its pomps, its pleasures, and its empty joys.  
Consistent principles of faith declares;  
And, to consistently maintain them, swears.  
Vows, from exact obedience ne'er to swerve;  
Vows, chastity unblemished to preserve;  
Vows to be poor—to give up every claim,  
And bless for ever God's most holy name.

The prelate hears her vows—cuts off her hair—  
Those beautiful voluted tresses fair !  
Puts on the ring, of Christian bond the sign ;  
Puts on the crown, which emblems chaste entwine ;  
Removes the white veil, to be worn no more ;  
Blesses the sable one, and throws it o'er !

Thus milk-white heifer of unblemished worth,  
Chosen and fed for sacrifice, is forth  
Conducted from his solitary stall,  
His horns with silken cordage held in thrall,  
Gay ribands hung, his forehead curled to deck,  
And roses wreathed around his stately neck,  
Patient and docile, through the crowded street  
Conducted to the altar, death to meet.

Peace to thy future years, sweet maid ! that peace  
Which worlds can neither give, nor make to cease !

Could we at Moloch's offerings appear,  
No Christian heart would sigh nor urge the tear—  
Horror stuns feeling—gives it dead surprise—  
Palsies our nature's sensibilities:  
Yet what is life to freedom? what without?  
No question this romantic—there's no doubt  
That life, without life's privileges high  
The vegetative tribe can well supply.  
Indeed, except the high prerogative  
That man is born eternally to live,  
The vegetative tribe may envied be  
By those, whose earnest wish is to be free,  
But whose solicitude is ever vain.  
Bondage! the very sound is grief and pain;  
Confirm it, patriot Britons! born to glow  
With feelings, none but patriot Britons know!  
And bondage, to a gentle female mind,  
Accustomed to fair habits unconfined,  
Banished from juvenile resource and sport  
To scenes where superstition holds her court—

Surely she better had been fortune's scorn—  
Or, as to temporals, better ne'er been born.

If warmed by influence of generous fires,  
The Muse here lingers—gratefully respire—  
As drawn insensibly toward the orb  
Whose glories might her purposes absorb;—  
If recollection, while her spirits burn,  
Solicits, and effects her due return,  
Brings her again to her appropriate theme,  
And bids her to pursue digested scheme;—  
Though judgment the remonstrance may approve,  
And application bid the numbers move,  
Yet will their want of energy soon show  
The spring but spiritless, from whence they flow;  
Soon show that flaccid is the feeling nerve,  
Or wandering other purposes to serve.  
Why then the Muse restrain? of sov'reign right  
Wherever fancy points to take her flight,



Why hold her back, who richly freighted home,  
Might well repay your suffrages to roam?  
Why fold her pinions when they're spread to fly  
In cause of English birthright liberty?  
But it is well—propriety requests,  
And who would slight her sheltering behests?

And it is well—and better far than well,  
That he \* whose magic numbers none can tell,  
Though if there be the one that cannot feel,  
To taste and genius ne'er his name reveal—  
He has long since the genuine blessing shown  
With nice discrimination all his own.  
Drawn her complexioned high, of stature length,  
Of elevated mien, of sinewy strength,  
With straightened knee that never abject kneeled;  
With upraised arm that never knew to yield;  
Bearing great Magna Charta in her hand,  
Promulgated o'er all our happy land;

\* Cowper.

With graceful attitude, and self-possessed,  
And countenance with radiant love impressed;  
And eye of intellect, and common sense;  
And dimpled smile of pure benevolence.  
He who from her own spirit took survey  
Might well indeed her lineaments pourtray;  
Stamped in the sterling specie of her mint,  
Was furnished with her colouring's purest tint;  
Her value bore, intrinsic beyond gold;  
And faithfully retained it, never sold.  
No patronage for him possessed a bribe—  
Indignantly he spurned the venal tribe;  
And never ceased to mourn the growing rust  
Corrosive, ruinous to public trust.  
Disdained the tumid eulogy to make  
On power ephemeral for lucre's sake;  
Though if it were deserving of his praise  
Poured forth spontaneously his nervous lays.  
Such did he for our Chatham—and for such  
What can compatriot poet do too much?

Neither could treacherous breath of fame allure—  
Nor profit sordid tempt the thought impure—  
Nor servile fear restrain—no, not the charge  
Of a tenacious erring world at large.  
That world was his great object—well content  
His talents and his energies were spent  
Its eyes to open, and its tongue to move  
To sense and song of pure redeeming love.  
As Liberty's own image thus he drew,  
So did he her attendant virtues too.  
Familiar with their influence, could trace  
Its bearings on his insulated race.  
Knowledge, throughout immeasurable aim,  
Which doubts and disappointments cannot tame—  
Which presses onward still without control,  
And proves at least the energies of soul.  
Genius, that infant apprehension fans  
Till bold inventions and their fruits it spans;  
Courage in arms, the enemy to meet;  
Glory, alike in victory or defeat;

Honour, that makes the hostage unrequired,  
That is the seal of covenant desired;  
And magnanimity, than bravery more,  
That o'er our nature's ill can greatly soar;  
And quick philanthropy, which unconfined  
Extends its sympathy to all mankind;  
Religion, cleansed from superstition's blot;  
The Bible open in each poor man's cot;  
All that exhilaration can impart,  
That sparkles in the eye, that lifts the heart,  
That sheds a comfort on our planet earth—  
From Freedom, gift divine! has second birth.  
And shall the classic bards of ancient times,  
Their foreign heroes' feats, in foreign climes,  
Their mass of feigned mythologies absurd,  
Of envious wanton deities, their herd—  
Shall they be ever gazed at from afar  
Bright constellated in the triple star?  
Did they attain Parnassus' spiry height  
To hold it ever by prescriptive right—

Chartered by Time that no successive deed  
Of poesy should ever supersede?  
Does not the spring Castalian freely rise  
For each whose earnest wish explores the skies?  
And are not exploits great as Iliad's boast  
The laurels of our continental host—  
Achilles' fierce and vengeful deeds outdone  
By patriot valour of our Wellington?  
Let prepossession die! call reason forth!  
Give to each action its specific worth!  
As far as fiction and as fancy fire,  
Let those who have congenial taste admire:  
But never let it by our age be said,  
That greater homage is to fable paid  
Than to the theorem of general good—  
The truths so luminous, so much withstood.

Prompt is the Muse this tribute to prolong—  
To grace with borrowed radiancy her song.

Proud is she thus before her little world  
To spread such kindred sentiments unfurled.  
'Tis a high pleasure ardent glow to feel—  
But higher still, such pleasure to reveal!  
Full is thy laurelled wreath, sweet bard! no space  
Whate'er the breathing wish, one leaf to place:  
But sweet employment it would be, to bed  
The knotted texture for thy honoured head  
With blue *Lunaria*'s emblematic flower,  
And silver pod of clear unfading power.

Ah! how does thy blest spirit look disdain  
Upon such honours, frivolous and vain!  
How far beyond all sublunary fame  
The soul released from its corporeal frame!  
That tunes to heavenly melodies his strings—  
And with the host redeemed, for ever sings!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

# INDIVIDUALITY.

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## BOOK III.

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### Argument.

#### *Inquisition.*

Lamentation of the Muse to be again called forth to enormous representation—St. Dominic the patriarch of the Inquisition—fancifully pourtrayed—his vile adherents—and attendants—Harpies—The then perspective centuries of intolerance—Inquisition's court of judicature—Its indescribable horrors—State of its victims—The corroding and certain poison of grief—Apostrophe to England—Its privileges and influence—To God the glory—The definitive denomination of The Holy Office—Satire on the term Holy as thus applied—Holiness what—Scriptural threatenings and promises—The treachery by which a candid happy groupe is often beguiled and separately conveyed to this miserable place, unknown to

each other—tortured and imprisoned till the act of Faith arrives—Benvolio, a tale to this effect founded on fact—An application of the closing part to the worldly characters deficient in feeling and delicacy—The arrangements of Horror for the ceremonies of the Auto de Fé—The order of procession—Degrees of criminals—significant habits—The last scene of this tragedy withdrawn from recital—Interrogatory resulting from this detail, if there does not exist for such barbarians a hell—Application of passages from Isaiah—Question on the nature of hell—View the heathen poets entertained of it—The Christian view of it—Question on its situation—variously determined by the heathens—The Christian's more enlightened judgment concerning it—Apostrophe to bigotry in conclusion.



### BOOK III.

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WOULD that the Muse had nothing more to do  
In bringing such enormities to view !  
Would she were liberated from the need  
Of branding with abhorrence further deed !  
That it were given her joyfully to close  
The catalogue of Superstition's woes,  
And hail the epoch—the fruition prove  
Of reason, unanimity, and love !  
Would she were favoured to behold the time  
When heresies of every class and clime  
Will be resolved to universal trust,  
And all will be harmonious—all be just ;—  
When antichristian principles will fail,  
And blest millenium's happiness prevail !

Would that it did not still remain to tell  
Transactions gendered in the womb of Hell,  
Born at full birth—and federate with the plan  
Infused into th' indurate heart of man !

See where he comes with all his dreadful train,  
Great Dominic the saint—fanatic vain !  
High Patriarch of barbarity extreme !  
Judge arrogant ! Inquisitor supreme !  
With wide and open ears of trumpet form,  
To gather lies while yet from malice warm ;  
And eagle-eyed, with rapid light to dart  
Into the deep profound of human heart ;  
And tongue of serpent coil, and forked wiles ;  
And muscles, never yet relaxed to smiles ;  
And caverned cheeks where maceration sits ;  
And brow, which care malign indented knits.  
'Tis said, his mother pregnant with him, dreamed  
She bore a thing unnatural—which screamed,

And in the paroxysms of its ire,  
Cast forth a cataract of liquid fire!  
Prefiguration in those days of night  
When superstition was obstructed light,  
Of future eminence in the career  
Of his peculiar and extensive sphere;  
Which seemed fulfilled, when in the church he wrought  
By furious zeal, such deeds as stagnate thought.

Skulking within his shade Suspicion peeps;  
Ignorance the harlot plays, and Virtue weeps.  
To Calumny he holds his outstretched hand,  
Who near him ever takes her pampered stand;  
Revenge, her deadly colleague, and her spur,  
With good too active to permit demur;  
And Passions subtle, though of influence less;  
Minions that wanton in her fond caress.  
By Envy she's preceded—on her right  
Is Perjury, Conspiracy, and Spite;

Hypocrisy and Fraud are on her left,  
And Subterfuge, the crutch of crippled theft.  
Behind her in a tattered garb and black,  
Her head in bitterness oft turning back  
As if she sought for truth and guilelessness  
To ask their sympathy in her distress,  
Is agonised Remorse—with pungent woe  
For havoc which she never can undo.  
Suffering intolerable—what the force!  
What Gilead balm can ever soothe remorse!  
Of vigorous faculties is Calumny,  
And animated is her sparkling eye,  
And all-insinuating is her voice  
That bids her trembling auditors rejoice  
As she narrates her fabrications base,  
And worth consigns to perilous disgrace.  
Her countenance but ill impatience brooks,  
While yet invariably askance she looks.  
Comely her mein, and flattering her address,  
And all of mischief carries strong impress.

Coadjutor of darkness ! stoutly bold  
At midnight hour the flaming torch to hold,  
Whilst fell Revenge performs the deed of death,  
Seizes the victim's throat, and stops his breath;  
Nor upraised hands, nor voice for mercy's pause,  
Can influence the wretch that nothing awes.

Cast in the same inhuman narrow mould,  
Behind this savage canonised, behold,  
Fitted to purposes that shrink from day,  
And fill e'en heroes with a just dismay,  
His creatures—to their various posts assigned,  
Impetuous, sordid, ostentatious, blind.  
Menials of infamy pre-eminent !  
Dread Inquisition's vast establishment !  
Fell ministers of information, blame,  
Mock trial, condemnation, taunt, and flame !  
An host, whose secret machinations, brave  
Wisdom and equity to bless and save;

Whose glance is menace; and whose poison such  
That full destruction hangs upon its touch;  
That fills the air with pestilence around,  
And gives its acts opprobrious to resound.  
An host to which the Harpies owe their birth,  
Of avarice and rapacity brought forth;  
Monsters disgusting of the feathered kind,  
Winged, to speed on every blasting wind.  
Bodies like vultures; human faces fair;  
Contorted tails of serpent; ears of bear;  
Feet hooked like talons of the birds of prey,  
To grasp the miserables in their way.  
Driven, for repeated deeds of outrage bold,  
Far from the country of their native hold;  
And left to flit at large, o'er desert, fen,  
The haunts of reptiles, and the haunts of men.

See centuries in character advance,  
With growing acts of wild intolerance!

See diabolic infamies matured;  
Veracity's consistent facts abjured;  
And tens of thousands complicated snare  
Of which no vigilance can be aware,  
By which e'en conduct inoffensive falls,  
And strict allegiance itself appals!

Lo! where their jurisdiction rears its dome—  
Iniquity's broad well-constructed loom!  
Weaving the finest filaments of wrong  
Into a tissue texture close and strong!  
Where criminals, by private pique, or aught  
Of zeal mistaken and deluded, brought—  
Aught frivolous, or fabricated—charge  
On mere suspicion, as on proof at large—  
Of deism, witchcraft, judaism accused,  
Magicians, sorcerers, of skill abused;  
All enter the great portal, in despair  
Of ever knowing a free exit there.

Projected in illiterate barbarous times  
When shades of thinking were as many crimes;  
When to be verbally misunderstood  
Was for fanaticism seasoned food;  
When plain investigation was not free  
But thought inquiring deemed a heresy;  
Reared on religion counterfeit—the base  
Whose hollowness must soon itself disgrace;  
And girt with arrogance—the rigid bond  
A hair-breadth must not fail, nor go beyond—  
The legislative system was of course  
Consigned to jealous judges to enforce,  
On whose stern sentence, dislocated bones  
And ligaments extended, wring out groans,  
Which to the countless cells for maddening woe  
Send their long echo through the vaults below;  
Cells opened but to give the meal, and see  
That life still pulses wasting misery.  
Oh! past conception by the happy throng  
Who sport unnumbered liberties among—



Can think, and speak, and act, without restraint,  
Fearless of accusation and attain—  
And past description e'en by those whose fate  
Has long obscurely viewed their window grate;  
Told oft the tale of prisoners, by the sound  
Of shotten lock repeated in the round,  
Till nice attention could precisely tell  
The glutted and evacuated cell,  
And measure the reverberated groan  
By scale exact of tone and semitone—  
Oh! past description, e'en by these inured  
With horror and suspense to be immured—  
Past aught but sorrowful experience  
In all its sufferings to obtain a sense—  
Past every other anguish that can ache  
The human head, or teach its heart to break!  
To be surprised by ministers of wrath—  
Unjustly apprehended—carried forth—  
At such a moment too when none is near  
With sweet impelling love to interfere—

To be nor more nor less than kidnapped—watched—  
And by the hand of power insidious snatched—  
Wrenched from life's full enjoyment, warm and high—  
From usefulness, possession, liberty—  
From objects of the fondest bliss and hope  
That yield a parent far-perspective scope—  
From choice Penates' worship, which no more  
Stretched arms will clasp, or rapid eye run o'er—  
To urge the interrogatory vain  
Such paralysing conduct to explain,  
And find cemented lips, a further shock.  
Anxiety's acute distress to mock—  
To feel by violence the sinews pinched—  
To see the ignominious fetter clinched—  
To know impracticable an escape—  
To image spectres of each size and shape—  
To be assured no equity is there;  
No sympathy; no treatment open, fair;  
That truth will be repelled; and evidence  
Suborned to overbear plain sense—

To mourn for bursting bosoms, weeping eyes  
And all dear home's distracted agonies,  
Yet have no chance of intercourse, by word,  
Or pen, or medium of the callous herd—  
To retrospective pleasures still to cling  
Though each review has power the soul to wring,  
And shudder with dismay at coming view  
Of sufferings, manliest fortitude subdue—  
How strong the vital spring that does not snap  
At stress of such a sudden thunder-clap!  
How tough the arteries that do not start  
At such a rush of life-blood to the heart!  
A pistol, or a poignard sends the soul  
Express, astonished, to its awful goal;  
These are poor cowards' instruments, who dread  
The accusations of a dying bed;  
Or sink beneath the sad vicissitude  
With which mortality is full-embued:  
But woe—depressing and abiding woe,  
Maintains a progress chymically slow;

Creeps through the nervous fluid's fibrous course;  
Distends susceptible nature's softest force;  
Separates the mingled well-concocted juice  
For general health, and spring's specific use;  
And leaves the mass thus decomposed, a prey  
To each corroding evil in its way;  
Genders the maladies of lingering breath,  
And gives its victims to a living death.  
How dare the wretched mortals of an hour  
Assume such undue arbitrary power!  
Let God's own righteous cause be left to God!  
Yield him the mace, the sceptre, and the rod—  
“Vengeance is mine” he saith “I will repay  
“In my own wisdom, clemency, and day.”

England! whate'er the theme—wherever strays  
The Muse, 'tis ultimately to thy praise!  
She rides Atlantic billows, but to prove  
How justly thou art other realms above!

Doubles the Cape, and reaches India's coast  
To stablish reason in her grateful boast!  
Visits old Goa's strange tyrannic things  
To prize more highly Toleration's springs,  
To love more warmly Christians, who can still  
Let differing Christians worship as they will!  
England! the very name can animate,  
As yielding every thing for temporal state,  
And for eternal too; the source of means—  
The speck from which each territory gleans;  
Her sons, the vineyard labourers—the race  
Chosen for purposes of special grace—  
Chosen as God's vice-gerents to the blind,  
To wake divine perceptions in the mind,  
O'er the wide world to give the sun to shine,  
And promulgate the truth—the word divine.  
To God be all the glory, all the song!  
To him alone the honour can belong!  
To him our full acknowledgments we lift  
From whom man's agency is all a gift.

He gives the statesman wisdom; churchman, zeal;  
The judge to punish, and the man to feel;  
Glow in the patriot's mental, moral health;  
Braces the sinews of the common wealth;  
Calls forth the warrior's skill and martial fires,  
And naval faith and bravery inspires;  
Feeds national attachment; draws the band  
Around the offspring of a parent land;  
Is to its commerce, convoy, strength, success,  
The pilot to direct, the port to bless,  
The compass, trackless seas to navigate,  
The sun and shield in every changeable state.  
But as it seems that sure corruption waits  
On highest excellence of temporal states,  
Be jealous, happy nation! of the height  
You now maintain in other nations' sight!  
Vaunt not your large advantages—your clime,  
Strength military, naval, maritime,  
Your constitution, legislation, spirit,  
And all the glories that your sons inherit;

Oh ! vaunt not in them—they are not your own—  
They issue from a favouring mercy throne—  
Favouring, while it remains for you to know  
And bless the source from whence such mercies flow.  
Vaunt not—but every victory disclaim;  
Give them, like Nelson, to th' Almighty name;  
And give your conquests, virtues, faith, renown,  
Humility's fit well-becoming crown.

THE HOLY OFFICE called, definitive;  
The only one implied for all who live;  
And holy officers of special note  
Appointed by the holy pontiff's vote,  
Rites holy to perform in word, and deed,  
And thought, according to their vow and creed.  
Derision's terms ! to mask UNHOLY thing  
That from the deadliest passion has its spring.  
Stablished in Christian territories, wide  
And populous, of papal see the pride—

Sanctioned by European potentates,  
On whose co-operation vigour waits—  
Whose issued edicts fitted to o'erwhelm  
With horror, thundered through the several realm—  
Who, sovereigns illustrious ! have thought fit  
Themselves and their dominions to submit,  
This bold tribunal's object to betroth,  
And bind themselves by coronation oath—  
Such institution from its large design  
Ought truly to be holy—e'en divine;  
But holiness, divinity, has nought  
To do with systems in corruption wrought;  
Whose agents strive, themselves to dupe and fool  
By elements of superstition's school;  
HOLY ! term most unsuitable and vain,  
From which convicted sinners would refrain;  
And priests, however the assertion shocks,  
Are sinners, heavy sinners—as their flocks.  
How opposite to holiness divine  
Who gives meridian sun on all to shine;



Who gives the sun of perfect righteousness  
His people to redeem, support, and bless;  
Who gives his spirit to illumine the blind,  
The herald of salvation to mankind!  
Whose throne broad equity and truth support,  
Whilst mercy gives the judgment of his court!  
HOLY! nor Christian either;—where's the love  
Enjoined so strictly by the voice above?  
Where is the humble mind, the motive pure,  
The “charity to hope, believe, endure;  
“That vaunteth not itself, that envieth not,  
“Seemly behaves, whate'er may be the lot,  
“Rejoiceth not in wisdom counterfeit,  
“Detraction base, and system of deceit,  
“But in the truth rejoiceth,”\* and the aim  
Philanthropic to soften deed of blame?  
Where is the genuine interest to befriend;  
The solid judgment to obtain the end;

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 4—7.

The "zeal of knowledge" that will teach, persuade,  
Exhort, direct, and gladden converts made?  
Where the quick pastoral eye benevolent,  
To watch the flock, its characters and bent;  
To heal the sick, to still the sceptic voice,  
Bind up and bid the broken heart rejoice;  
Restore the wanderer, seek the gone astray,  
And lead them gently back to Wisdom's way?

Not with these HOLY ones will they be found—  
Not thriving upon Inquisition's ground—  
There the poor flock becomes a prey to lust  
Starved by the shepherds who betray their trust;  
Who eat their fat, are vested with their wool,\*  
And warm, voluptuous, satisfied, and full,  
Forget the threatening of the Lord of Host  
To quench their fury, and destroy their boast;  
Still will that awful voice be one day heard  
That through his own authoritative word,

\* Ezekiel xxxiv.

Has issued long in vain—"For these neglects,  
"Abuses, rapines, contumelies, defects,  
"Behold I am against the shepherds base;  
"My flocks will I require to their disgrace.  
"No more to pleasant grazings shall they lead—  
"No more themselves with others' fruitage feed—  
"Trample the herbage, the clear stream defile,  
"And at their wanton mischiefs shout and smile—  
"No more abandon them in their distress,  
"To ravening horrors of the wilderness—  
"I will their shepherd be, distempers heal,  
"In majesty complete myself reveal,  
"Will exercise as due, th' Omniscient rod  
"And shew myself their just avenging God."

When in young confidence of treacherous smile,  
And winning manners worn but to beguile,  
A happy groupe in converse candid, gay,  
Gives to its reason rein, its spirits play,

And little fancy, that in doing so  
'Tis forging weapons for its deadliest foe—  
The skilled Familiars—officers so called  
Of whose mere name man justly stands appalled,  
Commanded are such cautious steps to take  
That e'en domestic eye should not awake—  
That each in a firm band correlative  
Who in one dwelling and one interest live,  
Should singly and within a given space  
Be taken to this miserable place,  
Pour on each other's ear the piercing shriek,  
Follow each others steps through turn and creek  
Pass to and fro 'tween cell and judgment hall,  
In perfect ignorance reciprocal.

BENVOLIO just, ingenuous, and true,  
Whom narrow principle could ne'er subdue—  
Whose wisdom, christian faith, and spotless name,  
Though often sounded by the voice of fame,

And claiming highest deference and respect—  
Could not from charge of heresy protect,  
Was guilty of *discernment*—deadly sin!  
And all his children were involved therein.  
Too honest to deny a charge in fact—  
Too faithful to his conscience to retract—  
His steady mind could look for no escape  
From punishment in exemplary shape.  
He, in a progeny superior blest,  
Of widowed fathers was the happiest.  
Fair beyond simile his daughters were,  
Though 'twas their least perfection they were fair,  
The virtues templed in their bosom pure,  
Gentle to comfort, steady to endure.  
His lore they loved, his purposes they braced,  
His head they pillowed, and his board they graced.  
His sons, the glory not of him alone,  
But boasted by a nation as its own.  
Brave in the field, susceptible at home,  
Prompt when required, but disinclined to roam,

Not yet a feeling stronger had betrayed  
Than those by nature's earliest ties conveyed.  
Though young, they had to tell of deeds renowned—  
Where Mars was furious—where Minerva frowned—  
Where valour radiated the defeat  
Till it was even victory to be beat—  
And where by tactic skill and prowess high  
Succeeded literal splendid victory.  
Veterans in martial as in moral truth  
They blazoned honour with the fire of youth,  
And ne'er returned their swords into their sheaths  
But with addition to their laurel wreaths.  
Their early years scholastic knowledge earned;  
Their later, intellectual things discerned;  
Nor were they wanting in the bulwark sense  
Of revelation, prayer, and providence.  
Benvolio loved, admired them,—could he less?  
Even beyond what parent could express;  
Benvolio loved, admired them,—could he more?  
Yet their lost mother he would oft deplore,

E'en when in fullest pride he looked around,  
Sorrow would press upon bereavement's wound—  
Sorrow—such pride and pleasure's highest zest  
Could ne'er be known by her who was at rest.  
Forgive the feeling, ye to whom 'tis given  
To live the bliss immutable of Heaven!  
In moments so afflicting, so acute,  
The eye and bosom speak—the tongue is mute;  
He checked the starting tear, suppressed the sigh,  
That filled and mounted from fond memory.  
In hours of solitude—in pensive eve,  
The groves have witnessed that he knew to grieve—  
Echo's vibration soft prolonged his tale  
And ring-dove's note given cadence to his wail:  
But when attuned to other harmonies,  
If pungent retrospection would surprise,  
Looks of quick sympathy—of quick distress,  
Recovered him to ease and cheerfulness.  
Such sweetness feminine—such manly worth,  
Brightened the Summer sun, and cheered the hearth!

When rulers bade the clarion call from far  
A nation's heroes to defensive war,  
Benvolio knew no selfish morbid care—  
Gave his uniting voice the foe to dare—  
Felt all his military glow revive—  
Grasped the tall lance, and with his years would strive—  
Yielded the ponderous weight, and shook his head,  
Thankful his sons could wield it in his stead.  
When peace—sweet peace! returned—and gave the arts  
To flourish, and made glad all human hearts—  
Then literature's doors were open thrown,  
And all her interesting hoards made known;  
And rational pursuits of various kind  
Resorted to, as suited various mind;  
And seasons their appropriate pleasures led,  
With love and elegance associated.

Delighting and delighted, thus was spent  
The early prime of kindred excellent.



How shall the Muse in narrative proceed?  
How bid the sympathising heart to bleed?  
Nor loved Benvolio—nor his lovely race  
Where known again within their native place.  
For them no more luxuriant myrtles bloomed—  
Nor was the air by spreading limes perfumed—  
Nor did the boughs with fruit of luscious weight  
For them bend heavily beneath their freight,  
Gild the wide shade with orbs of golden hue,  
And pour upon the smell their fragrance too—  
The deer no more for them the paddock grazed,  
Reared their broad antlers, and looked on amazed,  
Then light and graceful, timorous and fleet,  
Sprung to the fancied safety of retreat—  
Stupendous cataracts for them no more  
Afforded awful, deep, tumultuous roar,  
Their crags returning radiancy of spray  
Whose light refracted gave continual day,  
Their turgid waters foaming in their course,  
Sonorous still with majesty and force,

Till gradually composed, they sweetly sung  
And luminous meandered, plains among—  
The woods with beasts and birds for sport replete,  
For them possessed no more their varied treat,  
The cover yielded, and the game enclosed—  
Their fowling pieces with their dogs reposed.  
The stag no more invited to the chace,  
Nor mettled courser snorted to the race,  
Nor skill at cricket competition shewn,  
Nor coit by arm of manly sinew thrown,  
Nor strength applied to the laborious oar—  
Their patrimonial pleasures were no more.  
Dire confiscation followed tainted air,  
Blasted their joys, and gave them to despair.  
The heritage that bravery had won,  
And centuries given down from son to son,  
Was wrested by judiciary abuse,  
From which is no appeal, to public use.  
The castle soon confessed another lord,  
Whose name resounded from convivial board;

And good Benvolio's broad and fertile lands,  
Where cultivated by far different hands;  
Nor piety nor reason owned their rule;  
But all was vice, and brawl, and ridicule.  
One local charm remained—one bliss defied  
The tyrant lust of wealth, and power, and pride—  
Still flushed the vein, and lushed the stormy wind—  
The prayers of peasantry they left behind;  
The sweet remembrance that while yet they could,  
They exercised their influence for good,  
The aged cheered, informed the minds of youth,  
And sowed the seeds of wisdom and of truth.  
These blessings followed them where'er they went,  
And softened even base imprisonment.  
“Imprisonment! was this their destiny?”  
Oh yes; and this but infant misery.  
Not solitary was the barbarous act—  
'Twas sevenfold vengeance—'twas a mass compact;  
Not superficial was the dastard wound—  
'Twas gaping, jagged, barbed, and profound;

Not of duration short their hardened game—  
The victims' number, was their years of shame.  
Returning seasons seven times took their course  
Ere from their dungeons they received divorce;  
By act of faith 'twas then bestowed, to swell  
The triumphs of this institution fell.  
Nor did it for each gentle breast remain  
T' inhale the breeze and see the light again,  
Some of the injured band had been released  
By nature; some—by other means deceased.  
Ask not particulars—from question turn  
And in the scripture promises, discern  
That the last act of barbarism strange  
Gives to the faithful soul its blissful change;  
Is, though through medium sharp, a mercy high—  
The passport to a sure felicity:  
But for survivors still-surviving strife,  
With desolation's many blanks in life—  
For still-enduring, and for coming woe—  
For tears that flow, and must continued flow,

Nature's warm sympathies have steadier stream,  
And energies with useful service teem.  
Such are they for Benvolio's remnant line—  
Peeled, drained, wrung out at superstition's shrine;  
Without a comfort—yes! without a friend  
Who dared to shelter, solace, or commend;  
Without an advocate to heal their shame,  
Or chance of rescue for a father's name—  
A father's honoured name, whose virtues rare,  
Admired, imbibed, preserved them from despair.  
Poor, as they once were wealthy—and abased  
In due proportion with the rank they graced—  
Deserted as they once were sought, caressed—  
And as they gaily buoyant were, depressed—  
What did the gift of liberty, but wake  
To deprivation's sense and wearing ache?  
While each was yet a solitary—pent  
In silent uninformed imprisonment—  
Where no communication e'er removed  
Suspense, or knowledge gave of those they loved—

Each left in ignorance of other's fate,  
Hope still in a degree would cheer, dilate:  
But when repassed the massive plated door,  
Hope, stunned with baleful tidings, was no more;  
It breathed its last in certainty the worst;  
It sunk beneath accumulated burst.  
To learn that they were orphans—had been long—  
Were rendered so by means that shock the song—  
To learn the frater vacuum—how loosed  
Its cincturè—to a wretched half reduced—  
To learn that they had watched the rising day,  
Though dim and late was seen its cavern ray,  
And gazed upon its early-fading beam,  
Till blending darkness grew into extreme,  
And rolled the vacant eye-ball o'er and o'er,  
From floor to roof, and from the roof to floor—  
To learn that this, and more than this, they did  
Within the iron walls, where prison hid  
The dear ones of their soul had done the same,  
Till death released from Inquisition's shame—

To feel the probable that murmurs weight  
Had often entered their chill lattice grate,  
Warm from the fount, and laden with the smart  
Of father's, brother's, sister's breaking heart—  
To think upon the site—how small the space  
That stood between reciprocal embrace,  
Yet *that*, so blocked by art and rigid sway,  
Had distance greater than remotest way—  
To take in such a press of anguished sense  
Was sorrow's masterpiece—was woe intense;  
And yet if ignorance is ever bliss,  
It must have been in state of things like this;  
'Twas surely better in suspense to wear,  
Than such an aggregate of facts to bear.

Still were these lorn ones in their youthful prime!  
But change unlooked for by the hand of time,  
Care's canker had effected—had outrun  
What waning moons twice numbered would have done.

Long sickness oft had loathed the food prepared,  
Whilst no one knew the cause, and no one cared;  
And appetite comparative returned,  
But to be chidden by the heart that mourned;  
And habits sedentary given the ail  
From torpid thickened juices to prevail,  
Laying foundation for continual strife  
With ease and health, and energies of life;  
And cooped restraint had taught the feet to creep,  
The hands to idle, and the eyes to sleep,  
Had stamped on sense obtuse and printless seal  
Which hopeless apathy alone can feel;  
Rigours of oft successive wintry reigns,  
Had frozen the warm current in their veins;  
And languors of alternate dog-day heat  
Rendered the lingering ravages complete.  
No blaze had cheered their subterranean cell,  
Nor zephyr had refreshed with gentle swell.  
A seven years' intimacy with the press  
Of such accumulated deep distress,



Had sapped the blooming honours of the cheek,  
Chased the fine down of youth so soft and sleek,  
Faded the whole complexion, and removed  
The contour, taste distinctly had approved.  
Sunk were those orbs of blue, whose gladdening ray  
Had heretofore shed lustre on the day;  
And where the temple's own transparency  
Had given the vein with azure tint to vie,  
Dark cavities had spread their circles wide,  
And pressed upon the lagging vapid tide.  
The brow too had its furrow—and a hair  
Of reverend grey arising here and there,  
Streaked with its silver line the golden hue,  
And proved itself to nature's feelings true.  
Who knew not to bewail their pride of youth  
Thus frittered and consumed by savage tooth?  
Yet was it but exchanged for ripened thought;  
For rectitude from fiery ordeal brought;  
For charm of pensive character, displayed  
In features speaking strength, and softened shade.

Sad recollection reached the former face,  
But to compare it with superior grace;  
And beauty in her most attractive vest,  
Yielded her claim to tender interest.

Such were they, when they turned the eye aloof  
To gaze and shudder at the blasting roof  
O'er which dank mildew hovers, shedding wide  
Her acrimonious spoil from side to side;  
Where late immured they agonised and wept,  
For these remaining, and for those that slept.  
Such were they—thus affected—when in haste  
They wandered o'er the desolated waste—  
The peopled world this waste to them, whate'er  
For others it possessed of great and fair.  
They shrank from observation and restraint,  
From scorn's broad contumely, and pity's feint,  
And sought their all of sublunary good  
In haunts of sweet refreshing solitude.

Are there, who having reached this closing tale,  
The sad caprice of human things bewail?  
Who having harmonized in tenderness  
With this communication of distress,  
Make quick transition to existing woe  
And fix their feeling on the things they know?  
And have they the acquittals that proceed  
From honest sympathy with hearts that bleed?  
We hail their sense complacent—for alas!  
They claim alliance with a scanty class:  
Not scanty the benevolent—the boast  
Of Albion's sons—e'en from Northumbrian coast  
To southern pebbly shores, and whitened rocks  
Cleft by the power of elemental shocks—  
From east to west—and through their island's isles—  
Is, that benevolence for ever smiles:  
But there's a feeling, than benevolence  
More faithful to capacity's high sense;  
Quick as ear sensitive of virgin chaste;  
Polished as work improved of finest taste;

That is at once the agent and the end,  
And rescues from disgrace the name of friend:  
It is that delicacy, that pervades  
And gives to intercourse ethereal shades;  
Resolving dark depression's rugged strife  
Into the cheerfulness of light and life.  
Say do you know it—or does keen reproach  
In blush and hesitant word encroach?  
'Tis rarely recognised—vicissitude  
Is best acquainted with behaviour rude,  
The sarcasm, the neglect, the air of scorn,  
The pity of a sordid temper born;  
And she, who recently was all approved  
In orbit wide and various which she moved,  
Finds herself, with too many, giving way  
To wealthy vaunters of a yesterday.  
What! is she with her change of fortune changed?  
Is judgment too and mental worth deranged?  
Habits perverted, piety run wild,  
Because of plain bereavement she's the child?

Oh no ! it rested with bereavement's blight  
To give her virtues their full climax height :  
It came—her prospects withered in the hour  
Bereaved of conjugal support and power :  
It came with tenfold weight from tenfold cause :  
But it came gemmed with faith and moral laws,  
That poured a radiance from the leafless thorn  
Diffusive, vigorous, as the rays of morn.  
It came with its especial convoy, grace,  
To keep her steady in her better place,  
And prove the penury of affluence  
Without its worth intrinsic, common sense.  
As silver is refined, as gold is tried,\*  
Forth from affliction she came purified ;  
Called her full talents into exercise,  
And showed the fruits of virtuous energies.  
Be wise ye worldlings ! and with effort bold  
Wrest your eye jaundiced from ignoble gold ;

\* Zech. xii. 9.

“ Judge righteous judgment,” own the gifted few  
Whose whole of excellence wealth never knew.

Lo ! where the despot of the coming scene,  
HORROR ! stalks dauntless with a raging mien,  
Wielding a two-edged sword in her right hand,  
And grasping with her left a flaming brand.  
When prison-cells are full, and festival  
Of special kind for this regale doth call,  
To kettle drums and trumpets martial shame,  
Her heralds, they the Act of Faith proclaim ;  
While following crowds on backs that nearly break,  
Bear the full faggot to the iron stake.  
Upraised the iron stake on scaffold height,  
To give the gaping multitude the sight,  
And deep the pit beside it they complete  
And fill it with a glowing furnace heat,  
For different crimes of nature and degree  
For Romish, or Judaic heresy.

Impatiently she paces all around  
And views triumphantly Ribera \* ground.  
These fitments made—with long and bristled mane  
She flies to the appointed square or fane,  
Where criminals are brought their fate to hear,  
And curiosity expels the tear.  
Strange ! that the breast of sensibility  
Can e'er permit its inlet eye to see !  
Can e'er present itself to aid a show,  
That mocks the bitterness of shame and woe !  
Such contradictions are—and 'tis for these  
Horror invites, arranges, oversees ;  
Hangs the rich balconies for royal treat,  
Amphitheatrically mounts the seat,  
Stations the ignominious cage, where each,  
The victim placed for sentence there, can reach,  
Tells how he looks—supported, or depressed,`  
Distinctive fooleries in which he's dressed,

\* The square for execution.

When, paralyzed by sufferings undergone  
He represents a mere automaton—  
Or when, with eyes uplifted, feelings riven,  
He sues for justice at the court of heaven.

They come ! embodied in procession vast  
To make the gathered legions all aghast.  
They come, in bigotry's swollen pomp and pride  
To make the weak admire, the wise deride.  
In front are merchants, citizens, in arms;  
The standard next the zealot's bosom warms,  
Displaying in embroidery, the adored  
Saint Dominic, his olive-branch, and sword;  
Next, a white cross begemmed and richly wrought,  
With effigy of Him who ransom brought,  
Followed by priests Dominican a host,  
Who make this privilege their special boast.  
Nobles, grandees, and officers of state,  
And Inquisition officers elate,



Cross-bearers, visitors, and men a mass  
Of legal and judiciary class.  
And last, the grand Inquisitor august,  
To render up his prostituted trust.  
Behind his broad pontificals display  
Advance the prisoners in dread array;  
Barefooted and bareheaded are they, save  
Those whose devouring fate precludes a grave.  
In vile san benito's\* disgraceful trim,  
With each a godfather† and taper dim,  
The penitents and those of crimes the least,  
Yield their proportion to parading feast.  
Next comes a class, who having narrowly  
Escaped the sentence "by the death to die,"  
Have on their sables, painted flames reversed.  
Then follow the relapsed, to fate accursed;  
Their tunicks covered o'er by upward flames,  
With exhibition of their crimes and names,

\* A degrading vestment.

† An absurd formality used on this occasion.

Upon their broad carrochas \* three feet high,  
Adding to persecution, infamy.  
With lighter tread, and upraised open front,  
Braced from on high to stand barbarian brunt,  
Succeed the conscientious brave professed,  
With ignominious cap, and hideous vest;  
Each blazoned with himself, behind, before,  
With painted portrait, crimes, and race of yore;  
Their base samarras † all around bedeckt  
With devils, pitchforks, firebrands, flames erect,  
Serpents to hiss and sting, and dogs to tear—  
Devices coarse to mortify and scare!  
Whilst some, of whose professions they're in dread,  
Go iron-gagged to number with the dead;  
Thus cowardly denying them alone  
Articulation of a tortured groan!  
A train of fellow men upon the brink  
Of mortal throes, for venturing *to think!*

\* Pasteboard caps.

† A sort of coat.

Jesuits on either hand with canting lure  
Urging the harassed sufferings to abjure.  
Now men of pasteboard come, the size of life,  
Resembling those who through their prison strife  
Have died! or those more fortunate, abroad  
Escaped for safety, though by these outlawed;  
With trunks for the deceased, with such remains  
As flesh, whose spirit long has fled, retains.  
These, with appropriate images, are all  
Liveried with horrors that the soul appal;  
And these in order just, and solemn state,  
Will meet with their condemned igneous fate!  
Troops mounted of Familiars fill the rear,  
Followed by those of guard and halberdeer.  
Here drop the veil—let those inclined to see  
The last sad act of this sad tragedy,  
With all its inhumanities extreme—  
Elsewhere pursue the anguished, sickening theme.

Is there for Christians faithless, ravenous, fell,  
Proud, vengeful, fraudulent, is there a HELL?  
Is truth in Scripture? does there not await  
For them a worse than inquisition-state?  
Speak ye from Stygian darkness, whose high crimes  
During your pilgrimage in earlier times  
Have placed you there—given you to mental flame  
No Lethe can assuage, no period tame!  
Speak, if your sufferings have engendered throes  
Of charity tow'rds your disciples—those  
Who still administer with lies and ire,  
Imprisonment, bann, plunder, rack, and fire,  
To warn them of their risk, and bid them shun  
Enormities by which ye are undone!  
Dives, though lost himself, would have been glad  
To keep his brethren from a state so sad.  
Speak all ye know—that “Hades from beneath” \*  
Is moved for them to meet and to inwreathe;

\* Isaiah xiv.

That kings and canonized stand up to hail  
The chiefs, who over light and truth prevail;  
That question is prepared, and heralds wait  
Their inexperience to initiate—

“ Art thou also become as weak as we?

“ Art thou become like us? to misery

“ Is thy mock majesty and pomp brought down—

“ The grave the confine of thy bold renown?

“ The worm’s gorged cuticle for thee is spread,

“ And twists itself to shroud thy vacant head.

“ Thou that the nations weakened by thy strength

“ How art thou sapped, cut down, and laid at length!

“ Thy full abasement we the more deride

“ As end of thy ambition, lust, and pride;

“ As knowing in thine heart thou oft has said

“ I will ascend to heaven—on clouds will tread,

“ Exalt my throne above the stars of God,

“ Will snatch his sceptre, jurisdiction, rod,

“ Will sit upon the congregation mount,

“ And rule the whole;”—“ Now render thine account!

“ Now, thrust upon the margin of the pit,  
“ Tell, if amazement can, thy thoughts of it.  
“ View it in all its bearings—whilst on thee  
“ Its harassed inmates look as narrowly;  
“ Consider thee throughout; and question bear  
“ If thou art he that mocked at mercy’s prayer;  
“ Made earth to tremble; kingdoms to convulse;  
“ Cities to mourn; and victims yield their pulse;  
“ That opened not the prisoners’ heavy door,  
“ To give them life and liberty once more;  
“ But pleased beheld the world a wilderness—  
“ Thy bliss to sunder, terrify, oppress?  
“ Then, with a burst of triumph at thy fate  
“ Hail thee as object for malignant hate,  
“ And all the bold anathemas proclaim  
“ That heretofore gave thunder to thy name.”

And what is HELL?—Ah! who e’er came from thence  
To give the question its intelligence?

Who, having made the awful plunge, regains  
Probation space upon their mortal plains?  
Who are allowed, even for others' good,  
To make the literal statement understood?  
A gulf profound, immeasurably vast,  
That never can be fathomed, or repast,  
Lies between sons of earth, and such no more.  
The souls required, once liberated, soar  
To other worlds, and are too occupied  
In song or sorrow, to be here allied.  
Mortals must for themselves the Hell create  
Efficient to affright them from its state.  
That of the poets, various action boasts  
Descriptive of our passions' hard imposts.  
Prometheus, for imbuing men of clay  
With heavenly fire—for powers usurped display,  
Was bound to Caucasus—a vulture feast  
Supplied—his liver growing as decreased.  
Salmoneus daring too, unveiled his fate  
By striving works divine to imitate:

He bade the lightning flash, the thunder roll—  
When lo ! a genuine bolt conveyed his soul  
To realms of bitumen and raging flame ;  
Combustibles his art could never tame.  
Phlegyas on sacrilegious act presumed ;  
For which to endless apprehension doomed,  
Whate'er his station—wheresoe'er he sped  
A massive stone still floated o'er his head,  
Threatening at every breath to crush his form,  
And spend the utmost drop of life blood warm.  
To wild ambition Sisyphus a slave,  
Toiling for elevation to his grave,  
Was punished by respondent toil, replete  
With weariness, exertion, and defeat ;  
Even to urge against the mountain's steep  
A ponderous weight of huge unwieldy sweep  
Which ever as it seemed almost to attain  
The promised height, slid to the vale again.  
Ixion, for intemperate love, was hurled  
From Jove's high court to Pluto's hottest world ;



There fixed upon a wheel, whence never freed,  
He spun incessantly with maddening speed.  
And Tantalus, who sacrificed his son  
To feast the gods—by curious wish undone—  
Experienced for his savage impious fraud  
Of majesty insulted, the award:  
Gnawed by gaunt famine's ravening fangs acute,  
Yet ne'er devoured—amidst delicious fruit  
Of paradise, whose blooming beauties borne  
On pliant bough by Zephyrus, heaven-sworn  
To let it kiss his lips in frequent play,  
Then bear it instantly, and far away.  
And thirst consumed, though the translucent flow  
Of purest waters met to mock his woe.  
These are well-fancied images to prove  
Retaliative act from vengeful Jove.  
And Christians, as they more or less reflect,  
Remuneration similar expect;  
Remuneration for the several wrong  
That to appropriate character belong.

Christians acknowledge, and determine what  
The Scripture terms, "the worm that dieth not;"  
Determine it remorse with tenfold sting—  
Remorse for ever busy, on the wing  
To bring home pungencies of acrid smart  
To pierce, but not destroy the traitor heart;  
The canker that corrodes the sense acute,  
But ne'er deteriorates the bitter root.  
To reckon o'er and o'er the heavy cost  
Irremeable, of pleasures past and lost;  
To view their sickly nature as gone by,  
And see opposed a dread eternity;  
To be compelled to retrospective view  
Incessantly of deeds they would undo—  
Now self-deluded yielding to the snare,  
Now seeking vice, and basking in its glare;  
To see the human heart in naked wile—  
Its boast insidious, and its hollow smile;  
To struggle such an hideous thing to fly,  
Yet feel fast bound to its deformity;

To bear the consciousness of heavy guilt,  
Yet know in vain for them CHRIST'S blood was spilt—  
All this is Hell—'tis pain's most vigorous sense  
From observation and experience.

Christians determine, that to be intrenched  
By fire and brimstone never to be quenched,  
Displays in figure, to be ardent still  
The passion strong to gratify and fill;  
But being stripped by death of human power,  
Rendered the passion's victim to devour.  
It is the fevered impulse of the soul,  
Outrageous through the loss of self-control;  
It is mad effort ceaseless to attain,  
With light to certify, 'tis all in vain;  
It is comparison abiding, keen,  
Of what they are, with what they might have been;  
The beatific regions to behold  
Which faithful souls in multitudes unfold;

The song of praise and joy to hear and hate;  
To see the purity of truth too late;  
Their condemnation to acknowledge just,  
From choice determined, and fool-hardy trust;  
Annihilation as a good to crave  
Yet know that even this they cannot have—  
Oh! this is Hell! 'tis torment night and day  
To everlasting, and without allay.  
And this inquisitorial wrong will know  
When hailed within the world to which they go.

And where is HELL?—no matter; 'tis e'en where  
The sceptre shakes of furious black despair.  
Each people has of Hell its notion wild,  
Of man's perceptive varied powers the child.  
The cemeteries, shades, have borne its name,  
And places many of sound classic fame.  
Some Romans, far beneath the depths profound  
Of lake Avernus, which dark rocks surround—

Within the Lucrine bay, and on the coast  
Renowned, Lavora's far-extending boast  
Lodged it, to which idea they were led,  
By poisonous steams condensing o'er its head  
So deadly, that the bird whose wayward fate  
Impelled him o'er, widowed his faithful mate.  
In woven woods of darkest evergreen  
Around, where human foot has never been,  
Whose topmost spread the noxious vapour takes  
And ever gives it to the neighbouring brakes,  
Old superstition lingers, drinks the dew,  
And finds it still her baneful strength renew.  
Near it a cavern opens, slippery, steep,  
Dripping with tears of those who ever weep;  
Dark, as eternal windings shut the sight  
From every possible of acting light;  
And echoing to a din of jarring cries,  
That well proclaims the world of agonies.  
By this the Mantuan bard his hero brought  
To Tartarus, a Sybil his escort.

Others place Hell beneath Tenarus bold,  
A promontory in Laconia told,  
Whose brow impending, binds in awful fear  
The mariner, adversely driven near.  
Whose excavated sides are tenanted  
By finny monsters huge, of monsters bred;  
And o'er whose surface Erebus wide flings  
Her unrelenting and impervious wings.  
All, far as eye can see, the eye affrights,  
While still the dread sublime the eye invites.  
From hence kind Orpheus left the heaven of day  
And took his fearful subterranean way;  
Swept with his fascinating skill the lyre,  
And wrought the end 'twas suited to inspire.  
Others maintain these horrors are below  
The spring-head whence the Stygian waters flow;  
Its properties, e'en when they first arise  
To meet the medium air that greets and flies  
Fatal, as when to utmost verge they roam,  
And tumbling into darkness, hiss and foam.

Beneath the dreary waste, the barren sands  
That character Cimmeria's dusky lands,  
Where verdure never spreads her grateful hue,  
The Grecians fixed the black infernal crew.  
In Hinnom's valley, e'en in Palestine,  
And near the scene of sufferings divine  
Tophet—abomination! deep and large,  
Whose flame to feed was a continual charge,  
Yielded so much of terrible, as well  
Might through idea's links be deemed the Hell.  
'Tis the strong figure scriptural, whose fire  
The breath of God doth like a stream inspire.\*  
Depicted Hell in Alcoran appears.  
Narekha terrifies through Hindoo ears.  
Ere geometry had birth—or, ere it had  
Diffused its theorems in day-light clad—  
Ere bold astronomy had made appear  
The infinite of worlds beyond our sphere—

\* Isaiah xxx. 33.

Ere planets had found system, and the ball  
We own, proved so comparatively small—  
Its superfluous was deemed, or land or main,  
One comprehensive heaven-embracing plain,  
O'er-vaulted by a richly-spangled sky  
Beyond which man ne'er pushed his scrutiny;  
The far horizon whereso'er he went  
Still offering competency of extent.  
In this short view of things, 'twas natural  
To place in fathomless abyss, the Hell—  
To make the country of eternal night,  
Stand full opposed to radiancy of light.  
As time the film of ignorance dissolved,  
Interminable space sublime evolved,  
And earth presented to the mind, a sphere  
With motions regular, and orbit clear.  
Where then, gave they infernal regions place?  
Our planet centred them in her embrace:  
Poised nicely 'tween ourselves and antipodes,  
The furies and condemned had their abodes.



There, where the various elements at war  
Force their dread way with strong percussive jar—  
Where vapours in close viscera are pent,  
And exhalations seek in vain for vent,  
And gulfs immeasurable and profound,  
Spread their expanded waters all around—  
Where rarefaction gathering bulk and strength,  
Presses against confinement, till at length  
It does the ocean heave, the earth convulse,  
Accelerate the universal pulse,  
Flash in pale lightning, in deep thunder roll,  
And rive the upper mass to either pole;  
Or driving through the mountains utmost height,  
Yield to the gaping crowd a wond'rous sight—  
This strength of darkness now, and now of fire  
Raging amidst combustibles' fell ire,  
Might well in times of cold conception, yield  
The place for unrepentant sinners sealed.  
But this is fiction all—no local gloom  
The bitterness of conscience can entomb;

No horrors that the blood coagulate  
Can give idea of perdition state;  
No fleshly suffering, no specific pain  
Can e'er the anguish of remorse explain.  
Hell rises in that mediatorial eye  
From whose upbraidings 'tis in vain to fly—  
Which, or in heights, or depths, or in the sea,  
Flitting in space—whate'er the destiny—  
On the wild wanderer sheds his awful rays  
And bids him though abandoned, yield his praise!  
It is the world where judgment's curse controls—  
Which out of mercy's utmost precincts rolls!  
It is in hardened unrepented crime  
Sculptured on irrecoverable time,  
Pressing its characters upon the eye  
Indelible to all eternity!  
'Tis where the soul for ever is—'tis where  
The sceptre wields of furious black despair—  
'Tis in the savage hateful breasts we deem  
Of bigotry's *Inquisitors* supreme!

Oh Bigotry! couldst thou be well subdued  
What Pæans would awake from gratitude!  
Truth would o'erflow by virtue of the deed;  
And where the truth prevails, "we're free indeed."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



# INDIVIDUALITY.

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## BOOK IV.

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### Argument.

*The Mythology and Abominations of the Hindoos.*

Apostrophe of thankfulness that Britons can never understand nor bear oppression and tyranny—What the nature of genuine freedom—If liberally gifted, let it be proved by a spirited exertion in behalf of our fellow-subjects in India—Motives for having so long made the Romish Church the theme—The conscientious of all denominations to be respected—Christians would cease to be at variance, if each had at heart the good of the whole—The national wisdom of free toleration—The number and excellency of its fruits—Recurrence to the subject of the Poem—The endless sects and subdivisions of the Mohammedans—Of the Jews—Pagan darkness, idolatries, abominations—The Hindoos, their mythology

—Evident similitude of many of their first religious principles with those of the Christians—The various absurd and cruel self-imposed penances of their devotees—Their superstitions, credulity, and power of imagination—Amradda, a tale—Juggernaut, its wondrous narrative—What the period for the flowing in of Heathens—Not that, in which the mercantile interest prevails over the christian, and patronizes the greatest inconsistencies for the sake of gain—Its want of perception on this subject, equal in its effects to the blindness of the Hindoos—Their apparent zeal in their idolatrous worship, a lesson to Christians—Their inconsistent feelings—morbid towards the reptile and insect tribe, and barbarous towards their own species in a variety of circumstances—Female immolation the climax evil—Zeibnissa, a tale founded on fact—This, as a voluntary instance, bears no comparison with the multitudes produced by severe compulsion—The absurd incredulity of the English in respect to these, and other grossly superstitious acts—The evident cause of it—Not all narrow-minded—The philanthropy of Howard—The humanity of Wilberforce.

## BOOK IV.

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THANKS be to GOD! iniquity's broad flood  
Can never be by Briton understood!  
Thanks be to GOD! what we for others mourn  
Can never, never be by Briton borne!  
Oppressive act but springs his nerveful arm,  
Sends to his cheek the life-blood quick and warm,  
Sparkles his eye with just indignant fire,  
And wakes the spirit of his sainted sire.  
Yet why this vaunt? Wherefore this confidence?  
What is this freedom's nature and defence?  
Is it mere selfishness?—or does it rise  
Into unbounded bold capacities?  
Is it elastic passion tow'ards our kind  
Impulsive, generous, ardent, and refined—

Or is it tumid feeling, hollow thing,  
Corrupt, and wheeling round on local wing?  
Prove it compatriots! bring it to the test,  
And let it stand in sterling worth confest.  
See where an undue power on India's coast  
Derides our mother-country's ancient boast—  
Stretches her jurisdiction to our throne,  
And calls e'en British subjects there, her own!  
Strange! that dull Lusitania hugs her chain  
Though galled her flesh, and flaccid every vein!  
Strange! that her stern tribunal firmly stands  
And shakes its terrors o'er surrounding lands,  
Strong in Great Britain's countenance implied!  
And passing strange—and if a fact supplied  
Requiring publication solemn, full,  
Such fact unfit, unkindred to annul,  
That subjects to the Empire duly bound,  
Whose residence on British land is found,  
Claiming its high immunities, should be  
Amenable to such fell tyranny!



Oh! let the current buoyant from the heart  
Eject its health to every distant part—  
Give to each member vigour, pulse, employ,  
Appropriate filial sterling worth and joy!

If long the Romish Church has been the theme,  
Its superstitions, bigotries extreme,  
'Tis to display in what degree it can,  
Mediums of varied character of man.  
That systems some condemn, expose, detest,  
By others are accepted as the best;  
And that of these to subdivide again,  
Scarce two will at all points the whole maintain.  
An inference, that every one should move  
To universal tolerance and love.  
If in the ramble, facts are forward brought  
That pious Papists may think over-wrought,  
Let them their candour exercise, and sight—  
Spread and examine them by reason's light—

And should they still their natal views possess,  
Forgive the Protestants who theirs profess.  
The conduct conscientious motive feeds  
From whatsoever body it proceeds—  
Whatever difference of views connect—  
Claims from the conscientious prompt respect.  
'Tis evident, where men are not agreed  
Alike each differs from the other's creed;  
Alike each cherishes their own so dear,  
And shields it with a holy trust and fear.  
Let but the privilege to think, be found,  
And we shall stand upon more equal ground.  
England rejoiceth when her sons rejoice—  
Spreads her wide sails, and lifts inspiring voice,  
To guard green Erin's children generous, warm,  
From threatening foreign and domestic storm  
With the same zeal maternal, that explores  
Her own impenetrable laughing shores.  
But be these generous warm ones faithful, just,  
To government so faithful to her trust!

Or all is good subverted, overthrow,  
Excitement to the common watchful foe.  
If powers contending strive alone for rule,  
The people either way is made the tool.  
Her cause the eloquent no longer warms,  
Ambition every argument disarms,  
Corruption germinates within the heart,  
And shoots its vital strength through every part;  
And few, enough their public conduct probe  
To find the selfish separating lobe.  
Untainted singleness! what end so pure  
That can thy robe's transparency endure!  
What patriot energies however prized  
Would dare to be exactly analysed!  
Some few, of glowing ardour, transient span,  
Have shewn that *nearly*-patriot may be man—  
But these would have been first to bring to sight  
That 'tis not in his nature to be *quite*.  
What follows then but this—each for the whole  
His individual wishes should control;

Each should a comprehensive view command  
Of interests of the close-connected band;  
Then hold the balance high of judgment sound,  
And by its faithful counterpoise be bound.

Thus feeling, equity, and prudence teach.—  
But limits of the Muse can never reach  
The fulness of thy national decree,  
Blest Toleration! fearless, wise, and free!  
Security, beyond a myriad power;  
Wealth, by the means of an appropriate dower;  
Increase, by lorn ones fled from native coast;  
Attachment grateful, from this foreign host;  
Fidelity, internal confidence  
On the broad theorem of common sense;  
Beauty, from every source that beauty flows,  
And unanimity's serene repose.  
Laws for divine perception—how absurd!  
Each for himself must read and mark the word,

See it in all its bearings, and receive,  
Or for himself dissent, and disbelieve.  
Edicts may issue—bulls may thunder curse—  
Prisons be multiplied—and, what is worse,  
Engines of torture kept in exercise,  
And pressing on invention for supplies—  
Terror, base minion! to usurped command  
May shed paralysis throughout a land—  
May gag from fear of truth—or make to start  
The untruth from an aching timid heart—  
But never can that vital power destroy,  
That rises from a radicated joy.  
Each swelling impulse crushed, but aids at length  
Of swelling impulses again, the strength,  
As shoots are nipped, that other shoots ere long  
May shew themselves more promising and strong.  
Force can effect no more than force impels—  
But principle, which in the bosom dwells,  
Wakes with the dawn, soothes the sad twofold day,  
Counsels us healthfully upon our way,

Is present at the chilling midnight hour  
To lull us by its self-acquitting power,  
And even in the Inquisition court  
Awes by its dignity, and firm support.  
Whatever other knowledge men possess  
That feed their lusts by fellow-men's distress—  
Howe'er revered, or quoted in the schools—  
In science of their species, they are fools.  
They steer without a pilot or a chart—  
They may destroy, but cannot touch the heart.  
Though policy, by purposes is moved  
Distinct from those by charity approved,  
She yet, if comprehensive too as wise,  
Will hail those virtues as her rich allies;  
Work on their base, and candidly consult  
The soul's peculiar claim of each adult;  
Till bound together in one interest dear—  
Scattering the seeds of jealousy and fear—  
Each can in peace his faithful path pursue,  
Well pleased that every one should do so too.

Whilst thus religion grows, such aids await  
The necessary conduct of the state,  
As cannot fail in time our foe to tame,  
And make him tremble at Britannia's name.

Yet though the fruits of beauty and of worth  
At every bud of tolerance burst forth,  
The very term a difference implies,  
That calls for sweet enduring charities:  
A difference that estranges, and ne'er could  
By reciprocity be understood.  
Wide and distinct these christian orbs appear  
Each spreading its own light throughout its sphere,  
Whilst every ray from each embodied blaze,  
A character appropriate conveys—  
One, that long ere it gains its utmost point,  
Finds 'tis from every other ray disjoint—  
Proof of impossibility, for two  
By the same pass, objects the same to view.

Sects—(still the Muse all genuine faith respects)  
Gender so rapidly dissenting sects,  
That hair-breadth variations split and crost,  
The patriarchal name at length is lost,  
And other men start up, and take the lead,  
And their disciples by degrees secede,  
Who of their proper spirit uninformed,  
And with extravagant delusions warmed,  
Become inebriate with fumes of fame,  
While popularity still fans the flame.

And if the Christian whole, so small a mass  
Compared with that of other bonds, alas!  
Presents such various mind—how is the eye  
Wildered in infinite variety,  
As superficially it passes o'er  
The deities that distant lands adore!  
Hopeless on Asiatic ground to scan  
The branchings-out of the Mahomedan—



And equally at loss to bring to view  
The shades of thinking of the stubborn Jew—  
Their factions, separations, sects are known,  
To short dissent as fibrous as our own:  
They each distinctly have their radius given,  
Which points its way diversified to Heaven.  
O'er burning sands—o'er snows eternal drear—  
Throughout the eastern, western hemisphere,  
The pagan nations quenching nature's lights  
Perform their strange abominable rites,  
Various as senseless, many as absurd,  
The more impure and gross the more preferred;  
Each having form and cast and god their own,  
And to the strongest deviations prone.  
Idols of bestial and of human form  
Their worship animate, their bosoms warm.  
Objects uncouth and monstrous, stone and wood,  
Are sought as authors of the fair and good.  
Pantheon gods and goddesses, the growth  
Of chiseled art, rebound allegiate oath,

Mock the libation rich of blood or wine,  
And satirize the reverence divine.  
Singly to stray the Hindoo race among  
How wide and intricate would be the song!  
How past detail their deviating thought  
From genus into species fondly wrought!  
How infinite their ever-rising springs  
That schismatize from system head of things!  
Indeed of their mythology, the base  
So far its own apology can trace  
As evidencing, though obscure and crude  
With that of Christians, a similitude.  
A triad power of separate excellence  
Its blessings full, appropriate, to dispense—  
A God acknowledged perfect, One in Three—  
A God of indivisibility—  
The incarnation—the atonement thence  
Are seen—and Holy Spirit's influence:  
Giving those stumbling stones at once to shine  
Through medium vitious as that divine.

Men erudite, in general are agreed,  
That all the excellencies of their creed  
From sacred fount derive their devious course  
Though long distorted to complete divorce.  
The mind unprejudiced to trace, explore,  
And shed abroad the lustre of its lore,  
Finds in their Vedas, Shasters, Poorans high,  
Proofs multiplied of semblant theory.

And as their tenets form just as they please,  
So do the penances of devotees.  
In postures most grotesque, and to sustain  
Most difficult—astonishing and vain!  
Their self-inflicted sufferings they endure  
With perseverance, pardon to ensure—  
Purchase to make for an amended state  
When they are called upon to transmigrate.  
Arms constantly extended o'er the head  
With hands inclaspsd, till withered, fixed, and dead.

Hands tightly clenched in conscientious qualm  
Until the nails find way through sinewy palm.  
Arms closely crossed on penitential breast  
Till lost the power t' obey the will's behest.  
Faces disfigured by continual act  
Of coming roughly into earth's contact,  
When measuring with their proper length, the road  
Between great Juggernaut and their abode.  
Some never will lie down, but while they sleep  
Against a tree, position upright keep.  
Some beg from place to place, as wandering round  
Great Vishnou's incarnations to resound;  
Bells round their ancles herald them afar,  
And tabor's beat, and the percussive jar.  
Some vow eternal silence, and make known  
By signs familiar, hunger's wants alone;  
With plain rice satisfied, retire from sight  
Whilst downcast eyelids scarce admit the light.  
Some, heaviest loads continually sustain—  
Drag ever the most cumbrous weighty chain—

Their bodies bare to mid-day's scorching ire—  
Or hang with downward head to fiercest fire—  
Or hooked by cartilage till muscles curl,  
Suspended are, and long in circle whirl;  
Imposing on themselves with studied art  
What they profess to flee—Narekha's smart.  
Their men of science unclad, barefoot go,  
Or only bark of trees as cloathing know.  
Their Brahmans still in superstition bred,  
Bear each the symbol flame upon his head—  
Speak but when needful—then in terms concise  
Comprise the matter as may just suffice.  
The wild extravagancies some suppose  
From which the highly-luminated rose  
That wonderful profound bewildering plan,  
First sprang, and took its course in Hindostan.  
Nor will it seem to the inquirer strange  
That beings, whose conceptions have such range,  
Should fruitful be new fables to devise  
To feed the listening ear with fresh surprise.

Thus some believe a highly-gifted few  
Through prayer mysterious offered to Vishnou,  
Have power to quit their bodies, cleave the air,  
Visit far countries, and forget their care,  
Regain their tenements with new illume,  
And all their proper characters resume.

Amradda! Prince of power and vast domain,  
Who had his thousands—tens of thousands slain;  
And who, an empire far above the rest,  
Held sovereign sway within Luchmea's breast—  
Yet having suffered this supernal fire  
To kindle in him an undue desire,  
He left the various pleasures of his day,  
Through devious speculative paths to stray.  
For this he sought in lonely place the fane,  
The knowledge of the Mandiram\* to gain—  
That prayer mysterious, only known to one—  
The goddess of the fane in desert lone.

\* The mystery or prayer.

Attended by a confidential page  
His way to cheer, his tumult to assuage,  
He saw the sacred spot—he reached the goal  
Which centred the ambition of his soul,  
And in an extacy of mind, he poured  
Petition to the deity adored.  
In his own spirit he his object sought  
“ At all events,” the Mandiram to be taught.  
The goddess could not well be said to grant  
His suit—to satisfy his airy want—  
He prayed with fervor, though he prayed amiss,  
And took by violence the fancied bliss.  
Full to his eye the Mandiram unsealed,  
And the mysterious power was all revealed.

The slave at distance ordered to remain,  
Cannot a curiosity restrain  
Excited by a caution so extreme—  
He steals through forest glade by moonlight beam—

Reaches the temple in the moment high  
When light is flowing from divinity,  
And under darkness of the hour, he hears  
The priestly lesson on his master's ears.  
Delighted with the sacrilege refined,  
The heavenly secret glowing in his mind,  
Scarce to the air he gives respiring sound—  
Creeps from the sanctuary, and looks around—  
Then wings his way through intervening space,  
And gains composure in due time and place.

Nor did Amradda joy tumultuous feign—  
It strung each nerve—it danced in every vein—  
It occupied his whole extent of thought—  
It was with full perspective transport fraught.  
Oft when the earth with motion still untired  
Rolled Asia tow'rds the orb with radiance fired—  
First giving Ararat's stupendous height  
To kiss the welcome cherub-breathing light,



Then in due course presenting spire and hill  
Till Phœbus' glories sparkle in the rill—  
While yet the growing dawn sheds twilight grey  
Scarce luminous, to guide them on the way—  
Amradda with his favourite page, repeats  
His visit to sequestered chaste retreats.  
There, where the banian branches broad and high  
Drop pendant columns of such majesty  
That chiselled orders of the nicest art  
Cannot such faithful elegance impart—  
Whose forms inverted, shooting downward length  
Take with them spreading vegetative strength,  
Teaching their shoots to permeate the earth,  
To strike their fibred root, imbibe its worth,  
Till rivetted a stock that storm defies,  
They see around them many saplings rise,  
Which in alternate course assume a spread  
Of leafy verdant honours for their head—  
There, where just nature points the long arcade—  
Sweeps accurately the bold colonnade—

Raises for fancy vigorous and warm  
The tasteful Dewul of a varied form,  
With corridors, piazzas, vestibules,  
And all the grandeur of the modern schools—  
There did the Prince commit to Kasseé's care  
His body, and withdrew to private prayer—  
Recite the Mandiram, and quickly soar  
The open boundless ether to explore;  
Till satisfied with ambient exercise,  
He gently gravitates, forsakes the skies,  
Hovers to find the place of his resort,  
Revives his form, and seeks again his court.

Delighted with a novelty so strange,  
The altitude and vastness of the range,  
Terrestrial duties wearisome became—  
Dead was the soul-inspiring voice of fame;  
Vapid the charities that gladden life;  
Slighted his gifts, Penates, children, wife;

And as a lover tedious finds the day  
That holds him from his dearer self away,  
So charmed Amradda counts the lingering hours  
That forge restraint on his aërial powers.

Alas ! for potentates who cannot blend  
With page and confidante the name of friend !  
Whose sovereignty heart-interchange denies,  
With sooth of high responsive qualities,  
While doomed the cringe of sycophants to bear  
Like satellites revolving ever near.  
Ermined, and gemmed, and all enthroned in state,  
To stamp with awe the ranks subordinate,  
Judgment decrees it policy of need  
Such characters with jealousy to heed ;  
To hear and to reject the proffered praise  
That flatterers' hopes, not regal merits raise ;  
To listen to attachment warm professed,  
Yet see the selfish hollow of the breast ;

And shrinking from such base empoisoned fruit  
To feel themselves as men most 'destitute:  
But when strong passions judgment's eye contract,  
And truth and wisdom can no longer act—  
When aught illegal to obtain, unfit,  
A prince his rank and character will quit,  
And to the medium of a page will sue  
To aid the object, and to hide it too,  
Safety is fled—the fence is broken down  
Raised by integrity to guard the crown,  
And usurpation dauntless treads the court,  
And makes of majesty deposed, his sport.  
Thus fatal was Amradda's trust.—One day  
Himself absorbed in light ethereal way,  
Time trod with leaden feet the banian shade  
Where Kasseer his attendance usual paid,  
And led him to project unfaithful things—  
“Why am I here? Why on celestial wings  
“Not buoyant—servile cares and fears above—  
“Inhaling liberty, and joy, and love?

“ Is not the secret mine—and mine by fraud  
“ That would have justified a dread award—  
“ And shall I now know coward heart, nor dare  
“ Assert my interest in the Mandiram prayer? ”  
His eyes upon the senseless form he turned  
Impatient, and for liberation burned ;  
Beheld with eye of fire, Ambition near  
Pointing the way to an exalted sphere,  
And challenging with fascinating grace  
To run with her the rough and breathing race.  
An evil bias once indulged so weaves  
Its own entanglement—so self deceives—  
So dreads all retrospection—yet so dares  
The next progressive vice with all its snares—  
That by ambition’s airy visions sped,  
He to the temple willingly was led,  
And sacrificed his honour and his trust—  
The way was open then for any lust  
That opportunity and motive felt;  
His conflict was but short; he rose—he knelt—

The work was done—and at the close of prayer  
His soul unshackled, hovered in the air,  
As side by side the bodies laid in rest,  
Each of his own contour and mien possest,  
His master's, the most graceful, was his choice;  
And all resolved as sovereign to rejoice,  
He entered, animated, filled his frame,  
And great Amradda, to the eye, became.  
Now conscience yields her office; sin betimes  
Wings barbed flight, and sheathes itself in crimes.  
He would no slave that knew his secrets base;  
That could his origin ignoble trace;  
Nor, callous as his nature, could he yet  
The deference he was used to feel, forget;  
His daring could not meet the high control  
Issuing through casement of his Prince's soul.  
He drew his sabre, and with goaded speed  
Gave his own carcase vile, its proper meed,  
Severed its head, and stabbed its treacherous heart,  
And justice smiled to see the life-blood start;

Then instantly withdrew to palace air,  
Its pomp, and pride, and luxury to share;  
To meet the conjugal and infant kiss,  
And hail the circle of domestic bliss.  
Alas! how sadly was reversed the fate  
Of poor Amradda, who returned too late!  
His soul suspended, soon perceived the case,  
And sickened with regret, reproach, disgrace;  
Long floated o'er the forest and its bounds,  
Uttering soft wail and interesting sounds.  
When active cares of day-dreams were asleep  
It gave kind Erebus its sorrows deep,  
Bade Zephyrs with its pensive accents swell,  
And waked to sympathy sweet Philomel.  
Long thus he floated, till pervading moan  
Found from each hollow a responsive tone,  
And woodland was familiar with his grief,  
And solitude administered relief.  
Here had it been permitted him to stay  
His years in lulling plaint had whiled away:

But Brimha, wisdom's deity, displeased  
With folly's insult, was not yet appeased;  
And punishment but lost its edge, to be  
New set to keener sensibility.  
His soul, degenerate form of parrot filled,  
Its nature quickened, and its motions willed;  
And impulse spread his wings, and gave the road  
To his dear birthright privileged abode.  
He reached his palace, but no state, no word,  
Made the gates open to their proper lord;  
Sought at his chamber window, entrance, rest,  
But found the pane resist his panting breast;  
Flung his full eye upon Luchmea dear,  
Pronounced her name repeatedly and clear,  
Struck with his beak, fluttered his pinions green,  
Gave to his iris colours radiant sheen,  
And strove by every power that nature taught  
To draw her gaze, and by her to be caught.  
Success ensued; he met her lovely face;  
He found himself inclosed in her embrace;



Heard himself much admired, but only heard  
The admiration of a beauteous bird—  
Heard, where his royal soul had royal birth,  
The simple wonder at his plumage worth.  
Now to a cage, for structure, beauty chaste,  
And curious workmanship for royal taste  
Committed, motionless, the stern decree  
Thwarts nature's will, denies him liberty.  
A moody prisoner on his perch he stands;  
Hears the walls echo Kasee's high commands;  
Sees his own servants willing homage pay  
To him, as one of them, but yesterday;  
His plans subverted; and his regal crown  
Descended through a line of full renown,  
Sparkling upon the brow of one, whose heart  
Reflecting sparkle never can impart.  
But ah! these were but sufferings slight, to those  
Resulting from a husband's, father's throes;  
And even these comparatively small,  
To being forced to hear while thus in thrall

His recent actions audited, revised,  
His faults exaggerated, criticised,  
His very foibles turned to ridicule,  
His folly blazoned by a wily tool.  
And when this climax-pungency of sense  
But waked revenge to yield to impotence—  
To vent in bitterness invective high  
Such as rotean language could supply,  
Merely to serve the pages of the court  
For gaze, astonishment, and mock and sport.  
At length with complicated misery spent  
Death freed Amradda from imprisonment,  
And urged him to Narekha, till fit hour  
Returned him by a transmigrative power.  
His secret slept through ages; and then met  
Narration from an holy anchoret.

Thus history tells, and thus belief obtains  
Where fancy over reason holds the reins;

And thus the Hindoo mind, in every stage,  
In every station, and from age to age,  
Deals out the ignorance their fathers dealt,  
And gropes in "darkness" solid, "that is felt."

How shocked is sensibility, as taught  
The wondrous history of Juggernaut!  
How past all credit were the narrative,  
Did not truth sterling in the medium\* live!  
Their annual festival of monstrous thing  
Borne on fanaticism's wildest wing,  
Spreads horrors of a sinking deadly hue  
That palsy thought, and faculties subdue.  
Pilgrims, from India's farthest bounds proceed,  
Nor time, diseases, distance, age impede;  
The season hottest of the torrid zone—  
Nor do they unincumbered go, alone—  
With wives and children tediously they roam,  
Many to reach no more their sheltered home.

\* Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D.

At every caravansera flow in  
Wailing and sickness, boisterous noise and din;  
Still gathering thousands multiplied, as near  
They gain the temple point to which they steer.  
Increasing vicinage appearing plain,  
To mock the rapture of the vagrant brain,  
By shout increasing, and increasing spread  
Of gasping nature, and unburied dead.  
For twenty leagues around, the land is strewed  
With pilgrims' bones by weary way subdued,  
Picked by the carrion birds, who hover where  
Putrescent matter taints the upper air,  
And left to blanch, and to excite disgust  
Through tardy course of osseous change to dust,  
Which no proportion bears, to the augment  
By lives in honour of RUTT JATTRA spent.  
As tow'rds the goal with eagerness they press  
The covered road embodied mass confess.  
Backwards and forwards, far as optics push,  
Torrents of wild impetuous mortals rush.

And scarce at distance vast, at early light,  
The temple of their God appears in sight—  
When those who lead the van the triumph tell—  
Legions around give it sonorous swell,  
Till one the sound of extacy, acclaim,  
And repetition of their idol's name.  
Prostrated instantly with one accord  
Their homage and their worship they afford;  
And still as others the same point attain  
The same their adoration and their strain.  
Nought heard at length but shrill vibrated note  
Vociferated from unwearied throat.  
At length they near the town of Juggernaut—  
Sink, with idolatries enormous fraught!  
And join the myriads at the outer gate,  
Who entrance, with impatience outraged, wait;  
Prevented by a posted guard, till paid  
By each, the shameful tax on pilgrims made.  
“Made by what power?” ah! why such question ask?  
It is indeed a mortifying task

Censure to cast upon that native land  
Which holds on most points exemplary stand—  
Yet must the truth be told;—’tis English race  
On which the stigma falls, the sad disgrace.  
It is the English government, that scorns  
Oppression, yet exaction thus suborns.  
It is the nation that for tolerance known  
O’er nations rigorous asserts its throne,  
Gives it full bearing in its sea-girt isle,  
And bids all differences to love and smile—  
Yet with poor Hindoos such high worth abjures;  
And by hard imposts, for itself procures  
A fountain of revenue all unclean,  
Dishonourable, mercenary, mean.  
It is the christian nation protestant  
That thus a license is induced to grant  
To gross idolatry—that takes a part  
By fair exchange made at its proper mart;  
Whilst in its senate, it can make pretence  
Of delicacy not to give offence:

Thus thwarting purposes of christian care  
That would for darkness, light and life prepare.  
Strange inconsistency ! now to advance  
A system horrible by countenance—  
And now send missionaries to the fight  
The heathen multitudes to proselyte.  
Ah ! what the spring that prompts and reconciles  
These jarring motives, these insidious wiles ?  
Speak honestly—and let it be confest  
It has its rise and flow in interest.  
This act proposed to Wellesley, was disdained ;  
He gave disapprobation prompt, unfeigned,  
And left his government without the flaw  
Of giving sanction to opprobrious law.  
Udny too, plaudit claims for equal view—  
For conduct to his Bible-tenets true—  
And for his witness, that his honest word  
Should for transmission stand upon record.

Now filled the town—its precincts—and around  
In all directions worshippers abound,  
Ere the great day of festival awake,  
The idol's thirst for human blood to slake.  
Well suited is the country to the feast—  
A burning, barren, noisome, deadly waste;  
Where by the motion of tempestuous surge  
Mountains of sand from ocean's depth emerge,  
Excluding from the eye itself sublime,  
While from itself excluding work of crime.  
Thus compassed is the temple, and the town,  
Places of such resort—of such renown.  
In the mid-space, no soft refreshing green,  
No clear meandering rivulet is seen;  
No zephyrs pure from surface of the deep  
Can e'er bestow their own salubrious sweep;  
Soon as they pass that land contagious o'er  
They're full polluted, to be pure no more;  
Corrupt effluvia spreads infectious wings  
And from the charnel its own treasures brings.



There the plains desolate are white with bones,  
The legacies of human sighs and groans.  
There famished pilgrims, squalid, ghastly, breathe  
But want and dire diseases to bequeathe.  
There devotees with painted flesh, and hair  
Tangled, and clotted o'er their shoulders bare,  
Practise unheeded their self-torturing woe,  
A bliss that none but maddest madmen know.  
There sacred bulls for ceremony led,  
By pilgrims' common charity are fed;  
And senses are assailed in every way  
That can produce disgust, distress, dismay.  
And Golgotha is near, of skulls the place,  
So by the English called—where ends the race.  
But, for the cleansing current of the air  
Which draws o'er ocean's surface pure and rare,  
Disease contagious must for ever rage  
Which skill and caution scarcely could assuage.  
Birds of sweet song, bright plumage, buoyancy,  
That warbling sit, or flit from tree to tree,

Are never heard of here: but in their stead—  
And oft before the pilgrim be quite dead—  
The vulture finds the prey, and with his beak  
Will parts susceptible, the intestines seek;  
Soon aided by the Hurgeela, vain  
Of ravening bill—the strong gigantic crane.  
The body's flesh still for their work too firm,  
Has yet to wait a little longer term,  
Ere hungry dogs the circumstance discern  
By well known step of Hurries\* quick return.  
As soon as they approach, the birds retreat,  
Till they have rended it from head to feet,  
And by their violence, afforded power  
To lacerate the muscles and devour.  
Here the insidious jackall plays his part,  
And makes the tendons, ventricles, to start!  
Such is the fact—so terrible the scene  
On waste of glaring sands, and bare terrene;

\* Corpse carriers.

Whilst ocean's constant dirge from Bengal's bay  
Seems to send forth one lamentation lay.  
He mourns the witness he's obliged to bear  
To deeds that blast the earth with black despair.  
His sympathizing bosom still receives  
The utterance that departing spirit leaves;  
Sighs to its sigh, and heaves to every gale  
That may convey afar the sickening tale.  
The middle air is rent with shout and noise—  
Abandoned reason's wild tumultuous joys.

Now wakes the herald of the rising day  
On which their Moloch's glories they display;  
And all is preparation for the hour  
When Juggernaut shall reascend the tower—  
Car of stupendous height, and ponderous weight;  
Construction awkward as its purposed state;  
Upborne by many wheels that slowly creep  
And leave within the sands incision deep.

Six cables of proportioned size and length  
Are harness for a host of sinewy strength,  
Who still are scarce sufficient to effect  
The motion which admiring men expect.  
Upon the top the throne is highly placed,  
With priests and satellites surrounding graced;  
And faces, as the pebbles on the shore,  
Are all impassioned to send forth their roar.  
The moment comes—the idol with acclaim  
Only commensurate to Moloch's fame,  
Is from the temple brought, and raised on high  
With all preposterous proper majesty.  
Upon the throne at due meridian heat  
The lumbering log is placed upon his seat,  
When rises instantly wild pleasure's yell—  
A dizzy senseless stun no tongue can tell—  
Which knows no pause, no modulation knows,  
And threatens never to arrive at close;  
Made up of hissing, whistling, clamour, hoot,  
Discordancies supreme and absolute!

At length subsiding noise affords a calm,  
And stillness for an interval has charm;  
When at a distance swells a murmuring sound—  
Instant in one direction eyes are found—  
And men embodied, each with verdant branch,  
And rapid step approach, and manner staunch.  
A way for them is opened—they advance,  
Cast tow'rds the god an adoration glance,  
And prostrate all before the throne appear,  
To worship him who sits thereon with fear.  
Again, like bursting thunder is the shout—  
No voice of melody is heard throughout;  
Nor sweet devotion soothes the soul to peace;  
Nor spirit's influence bids emotion cease.

Of what is idol Juggernaut composed?  
How startles reason at the truth disclosed!  
A block of wood, as solid as immense,  
Is principle of his intelligence;

And probably among the hands upreared,  
Those that wrought out this hideous form appeared.  
At once the maker and the worshipper  
Of one who evidently cannot err.  
A terrifying vision he displays  
That every gazing foreigner dismays.  
Black his complexion painted, and his mouth  
Blood-red, distended, and of form uncouth.  
Glittering with ornament and gems, behold  
His dress magnificent, his arms of gold!  
Five elephants the three-fold towers lead on,  
Each cloathed with crimson rich caparison.  
High waving flags of India's nicest art,  
Gew-gaw frivolities from every mart,  
And pendent bells of choicest metal cast,  
Whose tones 'gainst tumult languidly contrast,  
As onward moving variably, slow,  
Their harmonies irregularly flow.

Now the parade is stopped—the rites begin—  
Fooleries of gross obscenity and sin,  
The car at several pauses is removed,  
As though the pleasure of the god it proved;  
This part performed, the next is understood  
To be the pouring out of human blood;  
For which the tower advances—when behold  
Pilgrims to rank fanaticism sold  
Appear before it, and with out-stretched arms,  
Grimace, and attitude that passion warms,  
Prostrate themselves to earth—and Moloch's wheels  
Midst acclamations wild, and yelling peels,  
Crush them to flatness, and at every pore  
Drive from the ventricles the vital gore.  
To Golgotha the mangled corpses borne,  
No hand to cover find—no eye to mourn.

Such, and for many days, these triumphs fell  
O'er broad Orissa's territories swell—

Meet from Mirsapour's mountains a rebound  
And liquefy again to spreading sound—  
To Manripatnam give their dreadful tale—  
Murmur through Kalicotta's winding vale—  
Faint and still fainter o'er Colaspour creep,  
Till in satiety's dull breast they sleep.  
Would they might wake no more! would that ere long  
This tide of voice may pour forth Sion's song!  
Give to the noisome waste its high perfume  
And "where the thorn appears bid myrtles bloom!"

Ah! what the period that Omniscience willed  
This promise sweet and large to be fulfilled!  
Not that, which while it wakes the soul to shame  
Cannot the love of power and lucre tame—  
That while the myriads in such "darkness sit"  
Christians so called, can coolly witness it—  
Can almost from their government supreme  
Obtain the savage joy's licentious scream—



Can almost in Calcutta's busy street  
The crimson tide of superstition meet,  
Yet think it foreign to their interest  
To stem by influence such deadly pest !  
Not that, in which the sons of Albion give  
Their yearly thousands that such things may live—  
Freely their vile enormities support,  
And through apostate means a people court—  
Not till more faithful are we—it is feared,  
Their film will be removed, their eyesight cleared.

Which are most blind—those without sacred light,  
Or those who having it, will shut their sight?  
Not such the happy, who the precepts know—  
But knowing them, the happy are, who do.  
They know them not—in ignorance they err—  
The prayer they to their sculptured god prefer  
Is offered in sincerity and joy—  
His fancied attributes their tongues employ;

His power accredited excites their fear;  
His goodness wakes the rapture of their cheer;  
And though abominations such disgust,  
And blasphemous appear to purer trust,  
Yet far as ardours with profession burn,  
The Christian from the Hindoo much may learn.

How inconsistent is the tenderness  
That for all sentient beings they profess!  
How morbid their extreme solicitude  
To guard the meanest class with life imbued,  
While age and infancy, as deeds of course,  
Are given to breathe their last without remorse!  
Fearful to crush the reptile, or to bruise  
Their coil, as gathering in the early dews—  
And dreading lest in darkness they should fling  
Percussive air against the insect's wing,  
They never rise, till light's sufficient ray  
Gives them to clear the dangers on their way:

But light's sufficient ray oft leads them forth  
Despight of innocence, and kin, and worth,  
The rites of barbarism to fulfil—  
Parents, and children, and diseased, to kill.  
Where Ganges rolls its full majestic tide  
Bearing rich merchandize from side to side,  
Curling its waves with ever-varying grace,  
And blending them in never-ceasing chace—  
Whose sloping margins, soft with verdure fine,  
And leaved with palmy arborage, combine  
To court meridian slumbers, soul-repose,  
And meditation sweet at evening close—  
River of ancient fame for virtue great  
As passport easy, sure, to better state—  
Amidst thy beauty, cool and soft and green,  
What dark atrocities are ever seen !  
There, to the goddess of thy sacred source  
As offering pure of adoration force,  
Through vows which burst from passion's varied spring,  
Parents the pledge of love connubial bring,

Give its light limbs to spread on buoyant wave,  
Or whirl in rapid flow to distant grave,  
Or treat for shark, or laid with infant smile,  
A morsel for amphibious crocodile:  
Or should the innocents from latent cause  
Appear to militate 'gainst nature's laws  
By willing not the lacteal draught prepared—  
In wicker work suspended high, and bared,  
The carrion bird no mercy has to grant,  
Nor fly's proboscis, nor sharp stinging ant.  
To Ganges aged pilgrims fainting come  
To seek within its waters final home;  
Persuaded through their superstition dire  
That thus religious merit they acquire.  
And helplessness, without a pang, is torn  
From those it fostered, loved—and thither borne  
To rid its progeny of what it seems  
Their savage nature an incumbrance deems.  
Instant as maladies are fatal known  
Assuasives, tenderness, no more is shown;

Trouble, expense, and care are at an end—  
And generous relative, and faithful friend  
Is borne to Ganges' coast without delay  
Victim to inhumanity's display.  
No sympathy is there—no tearful eye  
Watches, expiring comfort to supply;  
Placed on the brink of consecrated flow  
What torments does the sufferer undergo!  
His legs immersed—his head and body o'er  
The fluid pure continually they pour,  
While ventilating mediums of the breath  
Are stuffed with clay to aggravate his death.  
Thus, from the agony of fountain woes,  
And that, of suffocations dreadful throes,  
The Hindoo with convulsed, distorted strife,  
A farewell renders to his wretched life.

Is there aught worse? let each for self compare—  
Draw his own scale, and plant his climax there:

But is not female immolation worse—  
Constraint to burn, a more decided curse?  
Widows in prime of years and faculty  
To be required by pungent death to die;  
To be initiated in suicide;  
To make the captives, christian's shame, their pride;  
For one deluded duty, to forego  
All others that the soft affections know;  
To be incited by it, by the claim  
Of highest heaven—never-dying fame;  
Can aught than this be worse—or deeper shock  
Our nature's sense—or more Omniscience mock?  
Instances are, of those who with the dead  
Alive have been sepulchred to their head;  
And hundreds whom illusive hopes beguile  
Mount annually their husbands funeral pile.  
Women of highest birth and consequence,  
Nurtured with delicacy's finest sense,  
Of manners gentle, and of timid nerve  
Ill suited sturdy purposes to serve—

Through customs influence, are found indued  
With self possession, and full fortitude,  
The awful sacrifice to undergo  
As hero or philosopher could show.  
Can Europeans such strange facts receive?  
Can moral nations monstrous crimes believe?  
Can the clear view of revelation's land  
Enormities so dreadful understand?

ZEIBNISSA! why did nature choose in thee  
To represent her perfect symmetry?  
Why were the Graces ready at her call  
With motions exquisite, as prodigal?  
Why did thy skin, wrought of the finest grain  
Rise with the buoyant current of the vein,  
And wear a tint of interest, that the white  
Of boastful Europeans can't excite?  
Why did thy animated eyes express  
Thy soul of beaming truth and loveliness?—

They speak no more—early, in all the pride  
And heroism of widowed grief, she died.  
RHAAM CHUND PUNDIT was no common youth—  
His bosom teemed with dignity and truth.  
His manly form, his strong and vigorous nerve  
Were given, the noblest purposes to serve.  
Braced as the cause impelled, for war or toil,  
He never knew of fear a moment's coil.  
He never knew of listlessness the bane—  
He saw, and fled its pestilential train.  
His eye would beam with pity's liquid swell;  
His ardours would the softer passion tell;  
He loved Zeibnissa with a steady fire  
That fed itself—that never could expire.  
The orbit of his infancy was ran  
Ere that, of one so early loved, began.  
Seven times, the earth its zodiack course had rolled  
Rhaam's ingenerate bearings to unfold,  
When HERA with maternal rapture wild  
First saw and kissed her new born female child,



First gladly contemplated by her side  
For Rhaam whom she loved, a future bride.  
The mutual parents of the Khattry cast  
In friendship's purest faith their years had past,  
Which woke the wish congenial, that henceforth  
The ties of blood might flow from those of worth.  
To favour views so cherished, so endeared,  
    rudent, withdrawal from the world appeared,  
That simple manners and innoxious arts  
Might weave their roseate hours, entwine their hearts,  
And studies suited to their sex and age  
Blend in their sports, and fill their daily page.  
Sanguine their hopes, decided was their choice,  
Urged by one interest, one pledge, one voice;  
And steady conduct, built on axiom sound,  
Their fondest wishes nursed, matured, and crowned.  
Ten years thus fled—the period high arrives  
When Rhaam's bliss with dear Zeibnissa's lives.  
Affianced, ripening years are wanting still  
To aid the judgment, to restrain the will:

But sweet the passing interval, when known  
That each for each improves, and lives alone.  
Attachment germinated, buds and blows—  
It sets, expands, and in perfection glows.  
Zeibnissa long ere she becomes a bride  
Finds Rhaam dearer far than all beside.

Now marriage forms preliminary, trace  
In order due, their nature, time, and place.  
Though on the match all parties are agreed,  
The ceremonies solemn must precede.  
The father of the bridegroom must demand  
The bride, surrendered by her father's hand;  
And word, and act, and method in reply  
Must correspond with the solemnity.  
The day is fixed, the rooms prepared of state  
The nuptial festival to celebrate;  
Fine chintz and linen line the Pandal wall,  
And flowers in garlands decorate the hall.

Under a canopy of brodered gold  
With faces to the east the pair behold,  
Whilst Brahmans on each side, and guests abound  
Who sit on costly-covered floor around.  
The centre with allusive rich device  
Embellished—chosen spot for sacrifice—  
Presents the lighted altar, whilst the priest  
With reverential bow towards the east,  
Opens the sacred book—the gods implore—  
And reads the passages appropriate o'er.  
Throughout the service he the flame supplies  
With sandal wood, and benzoin's luxuries,  
Which often as renewed, fling round the room  
Their exquisitely-delicate perfume.  
Worship to each of triad power is paid;  
And as these holy offerings are made,  
At stated intervals the blooming pair  
Walk round the place of sacrifice and prayer.  
The priest, the father of the bride demands,  
Who gives his daughter, and unites their hands,

And supplicates the deities, the deed  
To witness, vindicate, and to succeed.  
The tali to the bridegroom given, is tied  
Around the neck all graceful of his bride.  
He swears before the nuptial fire, to prove  
His honour, sympathy, protection, love.  
To symbols of economy then leads—  
Places her hand upon them, and concedes  
The regulation of domestic things.  
Dry rice with saffron mixed, the Brahman brings,  
Sprinkles upon their shoulders, and again  
Invokes the gods the union to maintain.  
Processions grand and splendid now commence—  
Palkees of number and magnificence,  
Horses and elephants with trappings gay,  
Bearing respective friends in rich array,  
The town and its vicinity parade—  
The lovely couple close the cavalcade.

Now at the gala see the happy throng;  
Now follow fireworks, dancing-girls, and song;  
Illuminations noon-day beams supply,  
And radiate the resplendent pageantry.  
Brahmans and principals presented are  
With gifts to each well suited, rich, and rare.  
Redress is gained for sufferers long aggrieved;  
The poor munificently are relieved;  
And social gladness, of extent and praise,  
Is liberally diffused for many days.

Happy, as far as happiness has place  
Within experience of the human race  
Were Rhaam and Zeibuissa—theirs the zest  
Of genuine mind, of an untainted breast,  
Of gentle manners, pleasures kind and fair  
And incorrupt, as those of the first pair.  
So happy—as almost its sense to lull—  
So uniform, continuous, and full.

Their broad palmyra, date, and cocoa shades—  
Their cool recesses and their fertile glades,  
Oft sheltered from a world's unwelcome noise,  
And witnessed their harmonious artless joys.  
Three children crowned their union—Was there aught  
That could be added to a state so fraught?  
Alas! they had their climax-height attained—  
Affliction, all gradation-steps disdained—  
One sad event the medium ones supplied—  
Rhaam in bloom of manhood, sickened—died.

His only wife Zeibnissa dear had been;  
His only widow now at scarce eighteen.  
With grief transported, as with ardour fired,  
Soon as her husband and her bliss expired—  
Scorning to wait the term for thought allowed  
Instant to Brahmans present, she avowed  
Her piety, her resolution stern,  
Her nerves of strength, with Rhaam's corpse to burn.

As law does not require this sacrifice,  
But simply recommends it to the wise,  
The voluntary victim has of course  
To stem the arguments of kindred force.  
Their force Zeibnissa stemmed—parental eyes  
Filled from the heart—the fount of agonies—  
Parental hands now wrung, uplifted now,  
The humid eloquence on upraised brow,  
The prayer imploring, till the faltering breath  
Seems the petitioner to yield to death—  
This force Zeibnissa stemmed—and infants' charms,  
And lisping melodies, and outstretched arms,  
And helpless innocence, and mimic tones  
Of those who ceaseless filled the air with moans,  
And features, which the portraiture bestow  
Of him departed, source of stiffened woe—  
All these Zeibnissa stemmed—deluded youth  
Is adamant, as primordial truth.  
When friends displayed maternal duties large,  
Responsibilities on offspring's charge,

“ He who has given will prove his tender care,”  
She said, “ Oh spare me—tests of torture spare ! ”  
Yes ! life she had abjured—’twas vapid all—  
And sufferings that another might appal,  
To her were passport only to that shore  
Where Rhaam and his wife should part no more.

When shown the solemn forms, the dreadful pyre,  
The terrors, torments of consuming fire,  
She held her finger in a steady flame  
With perseverance cautery could not tame,  
One hand, of flexile play and softest skin,  
The other, cinders glowing placed within,  
And sprinkled incense o’er with pious cheer  
To fumigate her friends and Brahmans near.  
Thus firm of purpose—one resource was left—  
Of power they told her, she must be bereft ;  
She should not be allowed to burn. Surprized—  
With disappointment almost paralyzed,



She suddenly exclaimed, " Still in my power  
" It is, to urge my being's mortal hour;  
" And if denied my privilege by cast,  
" I'll die the lingering death of stubborn fast."  
All opposition now was at an end;  
Thus absolute, 'twas hopeless to contend;  
Assent extorted through parental throes,  
At length yields importunity repose.

With vapour big, with gloom portentous hung  
The clouds their shadows on the Ganges flung;  
Or scarcely there did gleam of light pervade,  
To break the settled darkness into shade.  
Turbid its waters rolled, wave following wave  
The ship to heave, the rocky coast to lave,  
When early, the remains of Rhaam, reach  
The preparations near the shelving beach.  
High was the pile, built with the nicest skill  
Its terrible intention to fulfil.

Upon the top an arbour arched appears  
O'erspread with evergreens, bedewed with tears;  
One open side, the body dead displays  
To the promiscuous people's curious gaze,  
And to Zeibnissa mean of entrance, given  
To take by violence her pagan heaven.  
'Twas long ere noon, when Rhaam's widow, deckt  
In ornaments, such custom to respect,  
Followed the corpse to sacred Ganges side—  
River supreme of Hindoo trust and pride!  
With parents, children, friends—a weeping throng,  
And multitudes who poured their wailing song.

Suspense held awful interval—an hour  
Cassam had passed the sun's meridian power,  
Ere “leave for burning”—order legal, sad,  
Came from the Fouzdaar of Mascud-abad;  
Brought by the Soubah's representative  
To witness that the widow would not live.

The time was spent in act of various prayer,  
Ablution, ardent hope, and dying care.  
Arrived, Zeibnissa with a dearer few  
(Oh Hera! what thy pungencies)—withdrew,  
Her fortitude, still strengthening, to impart,  
To reassure a mother's breaking heart,  
To say that all would soon be overpast,  
When she in fields of ether, ambient, vast,  
Should reap the glory of her present day—  
There should they meet henceforth and blissful stray.  
She saw it vain to linger—deluged eyes  
And bursting bosoms were her sole replies.  
With hurried spirits, and with eager haste  
Her apron loosened from her slender waist,  
She in it finger-rings and ear-rings tied,  
Bracelets, and every ornament of pride;  
Then to the corner of the pile advanced—  
O'er it, and o'er the multitude she glanced—  
Turned to the waiting Brahmans, and around  
A fire symbolic, kindled on the ground,

Sat with them needful time to exercise  
The ceremonies, which their law supplies.  
One laid upon her ready hand, a leaf  
Of consecrated bale, of woods the chief  
Prepared for ceremonies to the dead,  
Then various symbolies upon it spread  
Of great significance and ancient fame—  
All these she calmly threw into the flame.  
Another Brahman on her outstretched palm  
Another bale leaf laid, with other charm;  
Dropped thrice upon it ghee, whose unctuous flow  
Excited blaze again from ember glow;  
Then gave it also to destructive heat  
To render antecedent acts complete.  
Whilst these were in performance, parts assigned  
Well calculated to support her mind,  
The Brahman principal, with pathos sheds  
Upon her ear attentive from the Veds,  
And questions her as conscience may advise—  
Pious and self-possessed were her replies;

Steady her countenance, and all serene  
As rising to the final dreadful scene.

Now taries large and wide-mouthed, spread around  
Their deep, their mournful, penetrating sound,  
And tantams' hollow tympanum seems proud  
To be most prominent, most stunning loud;  
And dole's monotonous unceasing hum  
By friction wrought, nor clamorous is, nor dumb;  
And talan's brazen shields, with upborne swing  
Give their percussive animating ring;  
The beins' vibrations their assistance lend;  
Triangles clink; and conches' larums blend;  
And lamentations bitter spend their wail;  
And horror and discordancy prevail.  
The din is heard at Sheaspours' hills afar,  
And Colliguam's echo back the jar.

Three times—the mystic number—was she led  
Around the pyre on which reposed the dead.

The Brahmans with solemnity before  
Affording still the Veda's strength and lore.  
Three times she viewed the entrance as she passed—  
“ I come ” she cried, “ this of forms the last.  
“ Thy hovering spirit waits this sacrifice  
“ To wing with me its flight to other skies.”  
Returning to the spot from whence she rose,  
Her conduct dignity, inherent shews.  
She has to undergo the cruel smart  
Than death more painful—from her friends to part.  
With pressure ardent, she encircles each:  
But daring not to trust herself with speech,  
She waves her hand in eloquent farewell,  
And looks more filial love than tongue could tell.  
A Brahman now, to execute his charge  
Immersed in ghee a wick of cotton large,  
Lighted, and gave it to her for the deed;  
Then to the arbour's open side they lead,  
Where falling at her feet as she ascends,  
She blesses them;—the air with sorrow rends.

She enters where her Rhaam stiffened lies—  
Fixes upon his face her speaking eyes—  
Low reverence graceful at his feet she makes—  
Advancing to his head her seat she takes—  
Seems for a space in meditation high,  
And feels if possible new energy.  
To the combustible with motion quick  
In different places thrice she plies the wick;  
It flames—it crackles—showers of sparks emit—  
But ah! to leeward does its fury flit—  
She sees it—rises with undaunted mien,  
Unshaken purpose, countenance serene,  
To windward lights the pile—resumes her seat,  
And casts upon the corpse expression sweet.  
The blaze contagious spreads, unites, conspires,  
Gives to the roof's supporters quickened fires;  
The power destructive weakens now their strength;  
They yield—in furnace heat are laid at length;  
The victim by the roof is covered o'er—  
The living and the dead are seen no more!

This, rending as it may appear, is still  
Indulgence, through delusion of the will:  
But nature will not easily believe  
That such high fancies often can deceive;  
Oh no! since flame has no alternative  
But with reproach and obloquy to live,  
Imagination's vision may supply  
The happy few with raptured choice to die;  
And some through strength of frame and towering pride  
Have in an energy of spirit died:  
But these, rare instances, to trembling things  
O'er whom the pile its blackest horrors flings,  
And who, if left by friends and Brahmans free,  
Would rather brave the threatened obloquy.  
Such, wanting strength to stem the torrent's force  
Are overborne to sue for life's divorce,  
And by their savage relatives are led  
In moments lost, bewildered, to the dead.  
Shrink they from suffering? there is no appeal  
Alas! to hearts that never knew to feel—



They goad them to as fell a sacrifice  
As superstition's madness can devise.  
Compelled the elevation to ascend—  
By strong coercion urged their days to end—  
Their nearest relative the brand conveys  
And sees well-pleased the all-devouring blaze;  
While mirth indecent and gay unconcern  
Evince how prevalent the deed to burn.  
Shouts of the multitude surrounding rise  
And drown the shrieks of burning agonies!

Convulsed is nature at the monstrous act?  
Do Britons scarcely credit it as fact?  
Or reading and believing such things were,  
Do they refuse their credence that they are?  
Or seeing that they are, will they conclude  
That rarely 'tis such instances intrude?  
Or will they not without demur refuse  
Acceptance to assertions of the Muse,

That not alone they're frequent, but increased  
Since Britain has held empire in the east?  
It is because their lukewarm hearts create  
Them lukewarm ears, and interest subjugate:  
It is because the all-prevailing arts  
Of worldly gain create them lukewarm hearts:  
Because soft luxury's destructive blight  
Feeds on their verdure, does those arts excite,  
Destroys their promise, cankers to the core,  
And closes 'gainst demand each generous pore:  
It is because they never pass the lines  
Of their diurnal personal designs—  
Can see no further than their eyes behold,  
Can love no other than their native mould,  
Can never realize, much less bring near,  
The distant regions of our peopled sphere:  
It is because they settle on their lees,  
They give themselves to indolence and ease,  
And though they hear a cry of far distress,  
Cannot arouse such misery to redress.

Not so with all—ask to the full extent  
Of prison-houses on the continent—  
Even to Euxine's sea—whose pious love  
With every difficulty, danger strove—  
Familiarised itself with dungeon state  
In hope its wretchedness to meliorate?  
Won his bold way to Inquisition court—  
Pressed his inquiry to a last resort—  
Under assumed authority elate  
Passed through the guard, far as the Bastile gate?  
Who plunged in pestilence, through ardent aim  
Its course to learn, its ravages to tame—  
Exerted all his influence and address  
To gain to Lazarettos free access—  
Collate their systems, and improve their end,  
Gauge their profound of woe, and vantage send?  
Who ministered to all their ills relief—  
Bound up the hearts relaxed by solvent grief—  
Gave sanity to thought, to morals tone,  
And spread abroad philanthropy his own?

Who was oft urged in other lands to roam,  
And gave his wisdom stablishment at home—  
Saw the barred edifice for penal man  
Erected on a general healthful plan,  
Embracing cleanliness, and light, and air,  
The Bible, solitude, and watchful care?  
Who knew on earth a heaven—lived to dispense,  
And died a martyr to benevolence,  
And distant died, where Nieper's waters roll?  
The man of christian faith; the great of soul!  
HOWARD! thy work was done—Omniscient Power  
Withdrew thee in impressive climax hour,  
And left to those thy spirit may have fed,  
Onward to push the cause elicited.  
Oh! thine was toil original and high,  
Replete with genius as philanthropy!  
'Twas love that cannot be misunderstood—  
'Twas grasp comprising universal good!

Not frigid all—or why do Afric's marts  
For Britons teem no more with aching hearts?  
Why do those hearts, as whelmed in deep distress  
Still for “that loving country” pray and bless?  
Why do those merchantmen who cannot dare  
Their name and pennants national to bear,  
Skulk under cover of a great deceit,  
Seamen, and ship, and colours counterfeit,  
Swindle the purchase of the human race  
And draw upon their countrymen disgrace?  
Traders in nerves and muscles contraband!  
Traitors to feelings of their native land!  
Why do we see within our western isles  
Despair's hard cheek relaxed to kindred smiles;  
The sullen brow on vengeance darkly bent,  
Levelled to resignation and content;  
The eye that never waked to radiant light  
But with the wish to shroud again in night,  
Now upward cast to meet the solar good,  
And glistening with the tear of gratitude?

How is it beings wrenched in agonies  
From nature's fondest sweetest charities,  
Now know the full of man's domestic bliss,  
Feel the warm conjugal parental kiss,  
And while they're led to cultivate a soil  
'Neath torrid suns, endure their abject toil  
With meek anticipation of the hours  
Of evening solace in their rustic bowers?  
How, thus at last the birth-place of their tribe  
Legitimate attachment they imbibe—  
With growing privileges are possest  
And taste the charm of patriot interest?  
How was this all produced? By christian love;  
By perseverance that no thwart could move;  
No disappointment oft repeated, numb;  
No selfish opposition overcome;  
Whose impulse ardent, and whose motive pure,  
Knew well to combat, to retreat, endure,  
And pledged himself to urge the righteous cause  
As long as he bore influence on the laws.

Importunate he sued on Scripture plan  
For simple, honest, genuine rights of man;  
And when accomplished the great end he sought  
Gave God the glory of achievement wrought.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.





# INDIVIDUALITY.

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## BOOK V.

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### Argument.

*India—British Religious Systems—Subject of the Poem resumed.*

The Christian exertions of Buchanan—Anxiety that the representations he has afforded the public may meet with the full success of his hopes concerning them, and that the clauses introduced in the Bill for renewal of the East India Company's charter, relative to an ecclesiastical and episcopal establishment in the British territories there, may be put into effect—Important interests involved in it—The petitions that crowded the House of Commons to advance it—The danger of letting slip the present opportunity—Opportunity fancifully portrayed—Address to the Directors and Proprietors of the East India Company—Not all narrow-minded

—The disinterested conduct of Missionaries—The mental and extensive energies of Wellesley—Address to those who cavil at such spirited and benevolent acts—Tribute of acknowledgment to the promoters and supporters of tuition for the poor—Such systems the genuine productions of Christianity, and the legitimate offspring of Freedom—Impulsive glow of gratitude towards The British and Foreign Bible Society—Tribute to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge—Intreaty for its co-operation with the former—Regret that the clergy of the Church of England should not be agreed on so fundamental a point in the reformation as the dissemination of the Scriptures without note or comment—Tribute to the Prayer-book and Homily Society—Religious systems the causes under God of the prosperity of England—Subject of the Poem resumed—Innate ideas proved—The possession of powers beyond terrestrial necessities, a strong proof of man's immortality—Apostrophe of regret for those who see otherwise—What the cause of such difference of vision—All who seek will find—Man a free agent—Universally the object of salvation—Grace variously appretiated, cherished, and rejected—The facility of its attainment

—Religious forms the most prolific source of man's disunion—But the sources are infinite—Individuality evidenced—Grace subdues, but does not eradicate—In the same degree that it is slighted—Man degenerates—No two faces exactly alike—Illustrated by a shepherd and his flock—To a discerning eye, Individuality exists in every thing belonging to the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable, and mineral—All persons and things created on one universal plan.



## BOOK V.

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LIVES there a Champion for the poor Hindoo?

Oh yes! and bears a heart as warm, as true!

And combatants of equal terror dares,

And with an equal energy declares

“ Until the Bengal government supreme

“ Shall utterly impracticable deem

“ The conquest o’er the custom so abhorred

“ As female immolation must afford,

“ He will not cease the English ear to wrest

“ A subject so important to digest.”

He says—and him we readily believe

Because he has no motive to deceive—

Because his philanthropic christian aim

Has made us love his labours, bless his name—

He says, and proves, that frequent are these things;  
Plain references, placed on record brings;  
Speaks of the possible to quash such scenes,  
And names the Brahmanş to appoint the means.  
They have already shewn them—lenient, wise,  
Such at all points as remedy supplies:  
But lucre's sordid passion, hating right,  
Will not permit them to be brought to light.  
He tempted Indian seas, and Indian sun,  
With tropic ardour for his work begun,  
And persevered with judgment and with toil  
The Hindoo state to prove on native soil.  
Matured in faithfulness of Christian school  
Disdaining limits of ambition's rule,  
He bade his leisure faculties embrace  
The character peculiar of their race;  
He bade his leisure hours with truth explore,  
The source and nature of their genuine lore.  
Thus furnished, when his civil labours ceased,  
Those of philanthropy sublime, increased;

And with exhaustless course he travelled o'er  
Peninsulaen land from shore to shore ;  
Gave himself to obtain, compare, digest,  
And with the purest motives to attest  
What has been done by missionary zeal,  
What yet is hoped, for broad Hindostan's weal.  
Four years he thus devoted—each an age  
Upon the close investigator's page—  
Or century, to superficial glance  
Of those whose sordid eye looks out askance  
With jealous watchfulness and fear, lest aught  
Of public good their private ends should thwart.  
Say, what could such afford, intelligent  
Of Hindoo systems, manners, morals, bent,  
Were they in settlement to number o'er  
Their years from infancy e'en to fourscore?  
Is it a source of sorrow that the wise  
Are rarely understood beneath the skies?  
Or is it rather confirmation sure  
From all they nobly strive for, and endure—

The contradiction and contempt they meet,  
The arduous struggle crushed by sad defeat,  
And all the wondrous waste of christian love,  
Their faithfulness recorded is above?  
When man's plain object is distended good,  
How can he truly be misunderstood,  
Except by those who never knew the charm  
Of energy disinterested, warm?  
Ah! were he here a century to come,  
When long his spirit has known heavenly home,  
He would weep tears of grateful joy to see  
The men for whom he sought true freedom, free.

Ye who hold charter under British boast  
And double with your merchant-men her coast—  
Whose colours by propitious breeze unfurled  
To circumnavigate the nether world,  
Pilot the ready track convoyed, assured,  
In science of Hindostan trade matured—



Which, scarcely lightened of exported weight  
Are fast replenished with rich eastern freight,  
And homewards the Atlantic billows plow  
Senses to pamper, children to endow—  
Oh! wake to fair consistency—reduce  
Your gains derived from reason's strong abuse;  
Upon improved and ductile intellect  
The truths of revelation pure erect;  
Minds covered with gross darkness radiate;  
And give your vigour to accelerate  
That bright epocha, when one light, one voice,  
One people shall inform, inspire, rejoice!

Success attend the memoir, statement, zeal,  
Still operating tow'rds colonial weal;  
Still urging on their parent kingdom heed  
To give the teaching which they so much need;  
That while they're tributary to the state  
Their proper interests may excite debate;

And nurture broad, and privileges just  
Be rendered to the subjects of our trust !  
Success attend “ the sketch of ” high intent,  
“ Ecclesiastical Establishment  
“ For British India ” fitted to dispense  
The needful good for varied exigence,  
And give our settlements of far renown  
Security and honour, base and crown !  
This work effected, what a glorious field  
For christian harvest will its influence yield !  
For soldiers, armies, christian-born, baptized,  
And through their growing years well catechized,  
Bearing fair promise o’er Atlantic wave,  
But finding for their principles a grave.  
Sent to defend where British power controls,  
Assert an empire, and surrender souls.  
For British Christians launched in early prime  
To seek for wealth through risk of fervid clime—  
For native Christians, thousands multiplied,  
Without a hand to lead, a head to guide,

A body organized to claim respect,  
A local church to shelter and protect.  
This, like our vernal sun, by warmth and light  
Would penetrate old Superstition's night—  
Vanquish its horrors, dissipate its gloom,  
Its follies and depravities entomb,  
Give the Hindoo to reason's sober ray—  
To the effulgence of the christian day.

Success attend it ! may its object warm,  
Its love inspire, its cognizance inform,  
Its arguments convince, its spirit move  
Our senators their sympathy to prove !  
May they with full conception of its worth  
Bid the prolific policy go forth !  
May British impulse pass the noble act,  
Ere private interest make the heart contract ;  
Ere groundless apprehensions tell their tale,  
Mock the transparent system, and prevail !

Responsibility's attached, as fit,  
To ill we do, to good that we omit;  
And to withhold utility's broad plan  
For narrow cause, is perfidy in man.  
If 'tis each representative's intent  
His people faithfully to represent—  
And if his people, in their franchised choice,  
Trusts he will plead its wishes, be its voice—  
And if majority unbiassed, true,  
Is honest system question to subdue,  
Then let the legions of petitions—each  
Marbled with names a legion—to beseech  
Provision christian for their fellow man  
Through regions wide and dark of Hindostan,  
Pressing with borough, city, county weight,  
Receive acknowledgment appropriate!  
Oh! give the sketch full space, attention full—  
Let no kind heart be torpid—ear be dull—  
Meet it as opportunity sublime  
To balance the sterility of time;

“ Permit not eyes to slumber, lids to close,  
“ The temples of the head to take repose,  
“ Until ye plant upon the heathen clod  
“ A stablished habitation for our God ! ” \*

While opportunity sublime it nears—  
As full of wisdom, as 'tis full of years.  
Wrought up to climax height, through rich supplies  
Of observations sound, and judgments wise;  
Of men sent out with talents parallel  
The state of India, and its good to tell;  
The time, occasion, place, and bias, fit  
To bring it forward, and to settle it.  
This period lost—who knows that issues breath  
But ere another, he's consigned to death!  
Gone to account for duties unfulfilled—  
For love of his profession uninstilled—  
Gone for ten thousand thousands to deplore,  
Whose highest interests he can serve no more!

\* Psalm cxxxii. 4, 5.

Fancy has OPPORTUNITY pourtrayed  
In genuine character of light and shade.  
Upon a wheel, he calls for great resolve  
Ere motion gives the blessing to devolve;  
Wings on his feet, as all impatient prone  
From dilatory mortals to be gone;  
Behind bare-headed, that no seizure bold  
When once escaped, can gain a lingering hold;  
And floating hair, directed o'er his sight  
To warn 'gainst idle undetermined light.  
At distance small, a form is ever seen  
With channelled cheeks, swoln eyes, and downcast mien  
His substitute—who still the man pursues  
That can such callings opportune refuse;  
Repentance is her name; and bitter tears  
Alone her beverage, through remaining years.  
Fancy has likewise dictated his speech  
For moral purposes our minds to teach,  
That seldom he is seen by human eyes,  
Though when departed, wakes their keen surprise;

That found by few, though by the many sought,  
He rarely gives effect to labouring thought.  
That even while you listen to his lay  
He vanishes—steals unperceived away!

And ye who send your representative  
Local efficiency throughout to give,  
As legislator, and commander chief  
For empire's safety, and for man's relief,  
Lay not your imposts on those actions fell  
Which rampant superstition loves so well,  
That one incitement only—that the true,  
Is visible to them in all ye do;  
Thus rightly judging whatso'er ye boast,  
Gold is the Deity ye love the most;  
Gold is the object that with any stain—  
In way anomalous—ye strive to gain.  
Be ye consistent too! and if indeed  
Ye are adherents of the British creed,

Use all your influence whatso'er the cost—  
Whatever transient vantages are lost—  
Upon them British equity to press,  
By proof its genuine virtues ye possess.  
View them as subjects whose mistaken zest  
Demands your tender care and interest;  
As given you, not to grasp, reduce, devour,  
But to exemplify Almighty power;  
As conquered, not to yield their mineral dross,  
But to receive the virtues of the Cross;  
As tributary, not to be our scorn,  
But to stand equally with those free-born.  
And view yourselves as Stewards, whose account  
Must stand an audit for the full amount:  
As called to graft them well upon the stock;  
To lead them gently with our common flock;  
To draw them from their depths of ignorance  
To tender them a new inheritance;  
And prove the honoured instruments of grace  
That point them to behold a SAVIOUR'S face.



So did the Roman conquests prove the dawn  
That heralded Great Britain's glorious morn!  
One missionary sowed the fertile seed—  
What myriads bless the day, the act, the creed!  
But not as niggards let them bless and use—  
'Tis theirs to shed abroad, eject, diffuse,  
Open new channels for its copious stream,  
And see the margins with its comforts teem;  
Duly the high prerogative to prize,  
To scatter scripture bread in large supplies,  
And prove their faith and gratitude sincere  
By giving India what themselves hold dear!  
The fields are white to harvest—promise true  
An hundred fold—but labourers are few;  
Pray, and be willing, with the harvest's Lord,  
Supply of earnest labourers to afford.  
Permit, encourage missionary zeal  
The truths of revelation to reveal!  
Make their way easy, straight, and competent  
To temporal need and spiritual intent.

See that they're worthy of the cause, and then  
Be liberal to them, of them, as of men  
Chosen for embassy divine—to dare  
Tidings of moment and of joy to bear.  
Let not the Roman Catholics reflect  
Disgrace upon our Church in this respect;  
Nor christian sectuaries of various name  
Leave us behind them in constituent aim.  
If for the ritual of our church we're warm,  
Plant it in India, in its genuine form;  
Or if we feel superior, gospel worth,  
Let that through any faithful class go forth;  
And opening intellect the way will clear  
As edifices regular appear.  
Let christian knowledge be exported, ere  
There can be need of British form of prayer;  
Nor press upon the mind the tendril part  
Before the principle has reached the heart!  
England most liberal tolerance can boast,  
Why then deny it to fraternal coast?

Deny it ere 'tis wanted—ere the glow  
Exists that sense of tolerance can know?  
It is subversion of precedency;  
'Tis fine discernment ere the eye can see;  
'Tis bartering real good for shadowed ill;  
Perverting judgment to indulge the will.  
Myriads of each denomination known  
True to their given light surround the throne.  
Honest inquiry far as we can know,  
Consistent action far as we can go,  
Conflict with nature's bent to nature's goal,  
Is of responsibility the whole.  
Oh! let the savage, the deluded throng  
Warble though wild the note, redemption's song,  
Ere difference is felt about the way  
In which they should attune their grateful lay!  
All systems issuing from the vital light  
In spirit pure, well-pleasing in his sight  
Who only calls for man's integrity—  
His heart—his whole—unprejudiced and free.

In Heaven, where all who on this subject treat,  
Each for the other trusts, will henceforth meet,  
No questions will be put the road how fair,  
The scheme how regular that bore them there—  
From what establishment of Christendom,  
What sectary, what offset, they are come—  
What power engrafted them—what nurture trained—  
How far exalted, and how far disdained—  
'Twill be enough the scion was received,  
The word of revelation well believed,  
That they are *there*—the chorus high to swell;  
Eternal joys of faithful souls to tell.

The powers that still such christian scheme oppose  
And stand decidedly this people's foes  
Are they aware 'gainst whom it is they fight?  
That God can at a word remove their light,  
And give it on another land to shine  
That will not the illustrious work decline? \*

\* Isaiah xlv. 1—4.

Are they aware our Lord pronounces woe  
On those who still withhold the key to know—\*  
Who seek not Heaven themselves—and hindrance prove  
To such as might inherit joys above?

But broad Philanthropy is wide awake,  
And anxious for its fellow-subjects' sake,  
The millions of the eastern hemisphere—  
Spurred by their wretchedness to persevere,  
It never will solicitude repress,  
Until consummated this work to bless.

Not all are frigid, covetous, or dull,  
Careless of others while their cups are full—  
Lo! where the Missionaries set aside  
All mortal good, as far as thus allied—  
Their parents, brethren, birthright joys resign,  
To bear to heathens embassy divine!

\* Luke xi. 52.

No perils daunt, no darkling doubts depress—  
Singly impelled, and sanguine for success,  
The elements they brave, and reach the strand  
That gives them to a rude an unknown land;  
A people jealous of their motive, cause,  
Untutored in their language, measures, laws,  
Under dominion of one savage fear,  
And one alone, which all their actions steer,  
That strangers come for plunder and for power,  
To rob, oppress, subject, enslave, devour.  
Thus hostile to all purposed intercourse  
They meet advances with suspicion's force,  
Oppose their progress, inch by inch contest,  
Refuse them tolerance, refuse them rest.  
At bay remaining long, how small the scope  
For active, for illuminating hope!  
Arduous and wearisome the months appear  
Ere confidence enables them to near;  
And foiled their various policies to gain  
The ear, and tidings gladdening to explain.

Howard wrought sensible immediate good,  
Therefore immediately was understood:  
But those conveying Gilead's healing balm  
Have prejudices powerful to disarm—  
Have habits—second nature—to remove,  
And love, conception does not reach, to prove.  
Meanwhile the climate with insidious stealth  
Their nerves relaxes, ravages their health,  
Gives them to languor, premature decay,  
Without assuasives of their suffering way.  
All this is highest work that mortals know;  
'Tis Time's best privileges to forego,  
Eternity's bright prospects to disclose,  
And tell enraptured hearts, for them it glows.

In pious spirit to thy memory dear  
For all that thou has done and suffered here,  
Sculptured on earth, and registered above—  
For all the labours of thy christian love,

Rising for half a century to their height  
And closed by entrance into promised light—  
Accept our quickest sense, our full applause,  
Blest shade! apostle great in highest cause!  
SWARTZ! name of missionary excellence,  
While past to present time can aught dispense.  
The church erected at thy private cost—  
Reared to his glory whom thou loved the most—  
By self-denials reared—the savings hard  
Of delegated teacher's poor award—  
Shall stand thy higher monument of praise  
Than marble graven with thy worth can raise.  
We hail its sweet communion, spirit free,  
Its truth, its concord, its simplicity;  
And trust, the song that has subdued Tanjore  
Will spread its harmonies Hindostan o'er.  
Thy christian seminaries too shall bear  
To honours of thine ardent work, their share;  
And Rajahs' chosen long posterity  
Their virtues, under God, derive from thee.



Thine was the light of head, the glow of heart,  
Thine embassy's full wisdom to impart;  
To gain o'er thousands generous control,  
And spend it on the interests of the soul.  
Great policy—for *ever!* to insure  
The blessings thou wast anxious to procure!  
Thy mantle, ere thy gentle spirit fled  
O'er labourer \* of equal faith was spread,  
And hope and trust support us in the thought  
'Twill be from age to age with rapture caught.

Blest! be associated christian bands  
Thus to disperse the Word o'er heathen lands!  
Munificently be our offerings lent  
To "labours of the Church Establishment  
"For AFRIC and the EAST"—or wheresoe'er  
For barbarous hordes an agent they can spare!  
May great success their active work requite,  
And darkness flee before the living light!

\* Mr. Kolhoff.

WELLESLEY! amidst the brilliant strong events  
Thy term of delegated power presents—  
Amidst perceptions of thy ample mind  
To prove the bearings of a good designed—  
'Twas thine to countenance the generous plan  
Of moralizing and reforming man;  
Things temporal and eternal to connect,  
And missionary medium to respect.  
Amidst the benefits resulting still  
To ripening time committed to fulfill—  
Issuing from great conception, broad survey,  
Fiat decisive, rational display,  
Judgment to see, and wisdom to enact  
The penal law for the atrocious act—  
We yield thee special thanks for that decree  
That owes its being to humanity,  
Making it murder, and the verdict death  
To stop by various ways their children's breath.  
Intrepid spirit moved the great resolve—  
And who can calculate through small evolve

Of interval, since it was bade to cease,  
The population's probable increase?  
Much less can computation find the sum  
Originating for the time to come  
This was deemed likewise a tenacious rite,  
And sacred custom authorized the sight;  
Yet not a murmur on the subject rose—  
Reason awoke and greeted the repose;  
Nor has a similar attempt appeared,  
Though sanctioned by antiquity revered.  
And is not need as strong, and way as plain  
The sacrifice of widows to restrain?  
And would not reason *here* awake, and hail  
The motive and effect that would prevail?  
And other practices as general,  
Corrupt, abhorrent, would as easy fall,  
Which now to baneful superstition bent,  
Receive their public broad acknowledgment.  
The aged-pilgrim sacrifice would cease;  
The sick and dying would remain in peace;

And nature's last infirmities and pains  
Exempted be from aggravation's stains.  
WELLESLEY had full extermination wrought,  
Had time united with his teeming thought !

Are there who cavil at such acts of power?  
Who o'er such kindness spread ungenial lower?  
Who fight for ancient rights at the expense  
Of reason, probity, benevolence,  
And thus avow they are content to see  
Such ignorance, such strange barbarity?  
Let them suspect there is some latent cause  
More touching than tenacity for laws:  
Let them inquire for motives out of sight  
When jealous for Hindoo's invaded right:  
Let them the film of prejudice remove  
Ere they impede the work of christian love!  
While man lays siege to property of man;  
Takes all advantages where'er he can;

Carries effective force to other land;  
Makes 'gainst an inoffensive people stand;  
Renders them tributary; drives them thence;  
Raises a system of complete defence;  
Becomes a party in their native jars;  
Imparts his strength to their intestine wars;  
Places upon their princes' necks his feet;  
Upon their ancient thrones exalts his seat;  
Crushes their power, usurps their dearest claims,  
Grasps their dominions, their just anger tames,  
And fearlessly performs this horde of wrong—  
Sure but to mockery it can belong  
To talk of fear in giving “the best good,”  
And making it be clearly understood!  
Sure 'tis fastidious to excite revolt,  
At a comparatively venial fault!  
The rights of nations, who shall dare contend?  
But rights of conscience even these transcend.  
Are we not all of kindred matter grown  
And can a fellow creature smart alone?

And have not sufferings of quick sympathy  
A birth-right claim on feeling, equity?  
Would you not rush to seize the sharpened knife  
Though raised by hand appropriate with the life?  
Would you not strive to wrench the pistol dread  
Ere it had classed its master with the dead?  
And where's the difference? It is impulse all  
That will not hindered be—knows no appal,  
And with insanity that system stamps  
That energies of human kindness damps.  
Man oft-times stands in circumstances high  
That render caution impropriety;  
In which a moment lost is loss so great  
That tardy fitness ne'er can reinstate.  
If jealousy still holds the stone and sling,  
Nature asks pardon of contorted thing:  
But first let nature ask the poor Hindoo  
What most he fears from us—his answer view—  
“ Not England's government, oh ! set us free !  
“ But English merchants' sad rapacity ! ”

WELLESLEY to govern ceased : but gave his name  
To be emblazoned on the lists of fame !  
Bequeathed his plans, his precedents, to brave  
All evil obstacle, to help and save.  
Where he left off, let others still proceed—  
And prompt acknowledgment will be their meed,  
Since every energy of man is called  
In such exalted work to be installed.  
'Tis by strong use of muscles and of mind  
That exploits rise capacious of mankind ;  
That they are stablished, sane, increase their strength,  
And send their influence into breadth and length :  
But if permitted to remain inert,  
Languid they will become, and inept.  
If selfish indolence or fear find way,  
The core is cankered, they must soon decay ;  
Judgment no more the sovereignty will own,  
And darkness dense will fill, surround the throne.  
'Tis by co-operation that the feat  
Is rendered vigorous, competent, complete ;

And fearless impartation will derive  
Intelligence on which to grow and thrive.  
Man from his kind, demands true intercourse;  
And they who with deceit pollute the source,  
Will soon or late retaliation feel,  
And friends pretended, enemies reveal.  
Pent within earthen vessel's narrow hold,  
Where small the portion of nutritious mould,  
Roots through constraint still follow round and round,  
And twist, and bind, and press against the bound,  
Till starved for want of space, and air, and soil,  
Each feeble push resisted, knows recoil,  
Feeds on itself, and stunts the sickly plant,  
Leafless and budless—sign of famine gaunt:  
But roots set free to run the surface o'er  
And deep in strata virtues to explore,  
Will at each fibrous point their welfare tell—  
Send out their trunk to branch, their bud to swell,  
Spread the broad foliage o'er the wilding glade,  
And lend the conquered shelter, warmth, and shade.



Among the strenuous labourers for their kind  
Behold the agriculturists of mind  
From infant twilight—from the early dawn  
That gives the character to settled morn;  
Which first full impress to the latest date  
No devious courses can obliterate!  
Their noon may try them with temptations fires,  
Their post-meridian with unquenched desires,  
But faith and sorrow of their evening ray  
Will oft take counsel of their early day.\*  
Their operations are two-fold—to teach,  
And to prevent what idleness would reach;  
All saving knowledge to display, instil;  
And guard against contaminations ill.  
Sabbaths appretiated, now attest  
Themselves the days of peace and hallowed rest,  
Sabbaths are welcomed as regalia high,  
The weekly waste of spirits to supply;

\* Prov. xxii. 6.

Places of worship lure to hear and pray,  
And holiday is known as *holy day*.

According to prophetic \* high command,  
Those, who among the people understand  
The many shall instruct—unclose their way,  
And give their high inheritance display.  
The son of Jesse in his latest stage,  
When silver grey bore evidence of age  
Prayed still for preservation, strength, to prove  
The wondrous workings of Omniscient love—  
To shew them to the progeny in bloom,  
And sing them for the children yet to come.†  
And is not Freedom moved to strong surprise  
That from her sons, objections should arise,  
Who better deem it, drudger to insure,  
Than lumined observation to procure;  
And dull insanity far better deem  
Than mental efforts sprung at virtue's beam?

\* Dan. xi. 33.

† Psalm lxxi. 18.

Unurged by other spur, for *her* dear sake,  
Mortals are called their fellows to awake;  
To bid them view the sun, and feel its fire;  
To highest privilege and good aspire;  
Wake them to temporal blessings wisest sense,  
And bear away their raptured vision hence.

How largely do these systems spread and swell!  
Scarcely a parish, hamlet, but can tell  
Of assiduities benevolent  
In faculties' expansion gladly spent.  
What once subsisted only here and there  
Now sends its cheering brightness every where;  
Is its own local sun to light and warm,  
To shed its genial increase and inform;  
Till meeting at each point, 'tis blended all  
In full established system national.

While agents exposition thus afford  
Of individual comforts of the Word,

May HE whose word it is, their work sustain,  
That so their labour may not be in vain!  
Not trifling are the labours of their day;  
Not small their trials in their various way;  
Those only can well calculate the cost,  
Who by the like experience have been tost.  
The youthful volunteer too soon is tired  
Not bearing to the standard strength required.  
She loves the object, and desires the meed,  
But has not perseverance to proceed.  
She saw not in the bright of fervid glow  
The dulness that its embers must bestow;  
And knew not that to keep due heat alive,  
Ardours with vapours never cease to strive.  
She who efficient would her service make  
Must bring her whole of character to stake;  
Must see her work before her—must not grudge  
To think, inquire, inspect, perform, and drudge;  
Must carry judgment, temper, into school;  
Must carry ballast against ridicule;

Must parley hold with manners vulgar, rude;  
Must parry shocks of vile ingratitude;  
Must fee the parents' mercenary hand  
To accept the boon they scarcely understand,  
While they would gladly all submission be,  
For common act of common charity.  
She oft must struggle with a listless frame;  
Must yield repose which wearied spirits claim;  
Must business pleasure, render her pursuit  
Would she effectually execute.

Great purposes demand endeavour great;  
And system's health needs treatment adequate;  
And strength and beauty and completeness rise  
From genuine correspondent energies.  
Such laid foundation stone upon the waste!  
Such point the spire of superstructure chaste!  
RAIKES lived to see such institutions live!  
And long may MORE her blest instructions give.

Not all are languid, local, selfish—Hark !  
It is the gratulation for the ark—  
The ark of covenant, the word of truth  
We hear—from age, maturity, and youth.  
It is sweet melodies its children raise,  
The chorus high of gratitude and praise,  
The bursting joy that swollen bosoms pour,  
Reverberation strong from shore to shore  
That compass us ! from every point they come,  
And with responsive joy are welcomed home.  
'Tis Hallelujahs exquisitely sung  
By every people in their proper tongue,  
'Tis for redemption found, one general shout  
The planets intellectual realms throughout.  
All glory to the GREAT FIRST CAUSE be given !  
Proclaim it angels through your boundless heaven !  
While men, the honoured instruments, shall sound  
The full amen to auditors around.  
Of such, their most consistent christian fame  
Issues in this—all merit to disclaim ;

More favoured to be called to such a post  
Than to appointments of high temporal boast;  
Soothed, by increasing kingdom of their Lord,  
More than by plaudit legions prompt afford.  
Still man to man is authorized to pay  
Acknowledgments to their illustrious day.  
From man to man on equal object set,  
It is discharge of honourable debt;  
It is his bounden duty to impart  
The tribute of a warm consenting heart;  
It is his voucher for his own belief;  
The utterance that to feeling gives relief;  
It is his honest pleasure on the land  
He loves, to take his firm decided stand;  
To fear no stigma of dissenting voice,  
But with laborious christians to rejoice.

All hail then ! authors of the generous strife  
To scatter o'er the earth the bread of life !

Bible promulgators ! who ceaseless toil  
Each wily system to expose, despoil,  
Without hostility, or vague pretence,  
Singly through rudiments of common sense !  
Who Bibles without comment, note, supply  
In all their proper simple majesty !  
Careful alone in such important trust  
That each translation should be faithful, just ;  
Careful alone that the essential good  
Should clearly, thoroughly be understood !  
Bold the conception ; and the impulse warm  
That gave conception entity and form ;  
And having fashioned it, that gave it spring,  
And watched the sailing of its infant wing ;  
And urged its vigour's growth, its spirit's fire,  
And would have harmonized it with its sire.  
At length beyond the reach of shaft it soars,  
And shelters with the object it adores.  
Sinewed and ligamented as 'tis seen  
And firmly jointed as it long hath been,



Now bearing honours of the rival schools  
Where integral of excellency rules.  
Auxiliaries at every point arise;  
And each when formed as quickly multiplies,  
To join the parent system's weight and worth  
And make it more efficiently go forth.  
Hundreds of separate bodies coalesce  
To give this christian work complete success;  
Till strengthened, cherished, revered, and approved,  
Rooted in faith, it never shall be moved.  
Let none be idle—each with heaven in view  
Is called upon within his sphere to do.  
The mite of service may go forth to prove  
An ingot-segment of support and love.  
Surely 'tis good and joyful thus to see \*  
Brethren of Christendom in unity!  
To the triumvirate of modest worth,  
To whom the institution owes its birth,

\* Psalms cxxxiii, 1.

Be life prolonged to see its growth mature, ...  
And promise give 'twill vigorously endure !  
“ I saw ” saith Inspiration’s voice, “ on high  
“ Another Angel through mid-heaven fly,  
“ Having the evarlasting Book, to each  
“ And all the habitants of earth, to preach ;  
“ To every nation, people, kindred, tongue ” \*  
The theme to tell, the glory to prolong.

Brethren associated of elder date !  
Whose steady progress all must venerate ;  
Whose base is firmly rivetted in time ;  
Whose fruits are ripening in full many a clime ;  
Give the right hand to fellowship—embrace  
This lovely genuine offspring of your race ;  
Partake with them the honours of a deed  
That rises from our elemental creed,  
Nor troubled be, if like all self, 'tis prone  
To bear distinctive character, its own.

\* Rev. xiv. 6.

No rivalry it knows—no adverse band  
Wages with you possession of the land—  
Its object, properties, and love the same,  
Though raised upon a more extensive frame.  
“Go, teach all nations,” is the high behest;  
No method given—it is as men see best.  
*Order*, for Churches local, all respect:  
But means must first a local Church *erect*.  
High is our preference of the British school:  
But simple teachings should take genuine rule—  
The Bible is alone the theory  
To which all christians as a stand can flee.  
This points the way and makes tuition sure;  
This shows man’s turpitude and shows the cure;  
Grafts upon nature—and for passion’s throes,  
The Spirit’s energies divine bestows.  
Let but primordial excellence take root,  
Its branches soon will laden be with fruit;  
And minds of christian zeal, sincere and warm,  
Will gratulate a Church though void of form.

Give it to be—give it all beings source—  
And once erected, let it take its course  
All controversial points to judge, as free  
As generations since the flood—as We.  
Foes to the Church of England are well pleased  
To see its clergy passion-split and teized,  
Rankling, and party-clad, and in the toil  
Of proud tenacity and selfish coil.  
See them advance forgetful of the spring  
From which their every strength they ought to bring!  
Invidious sentiments can never rest  
Within the genuine christian's single breast;  
Wisdom would never rend the seamless coat,  
But give forbearance and sweet peace its vote.  
While we are jealous in our narrow sphere  
To hold unhurt Establishment so dear,  
We still should hold it, subject to defend  
And hasten its acknowledged christian end.  
We still should hold it as the instrument  
In man's salvation to be greatly spent,

And all co-operation ardent prove  
That is consistent with its pristine love.  
This ought to be its holy joy and pride !  
For this its Author left his heaven—and died !

Ye Orthodox ! embodied for the care  
To spread at large our British Form of Prayer,  
And, from neglect oblivious, bid arise  
Our vital principles—the Homilies;  
Give them to circulation and to health  
And acceptance of the common-wealth—  
Who Priests themselves the many, still are led  
To send their flocks to drink at fountain head,  
To see its springing waters, and to know  
If what they hear proceeds from limpid flow;  
To specify the doctrines that are sound,  
And bid them feel they tread on solid ground—  
Who own with awe their mission is to teach,  
And wish what they have reached, their flocks should reach—

Who to their Church affectionate and true  
Are anxious all her sons should love it too;  
Should jealous be for its best interest,  
And habited in its transparent vest—  
We hail the wisdom, worth, and faithfulness  
That grant a wandering people such access;  
That furnish genuine means in each abode  
For pious minds to “Know their fathers’ God!” \*

These are the systems that support the state  
On which prosperity and union wait.  
Wreathed with unfading laurels be the brow  
That lays the tyrant of the nations low!  
But inefficient must its ardours be  
Without the mandate sure of sovereignty.  
Commanders may have prowess, conduct, skill,  
And men efficient to obey their will;  
Our arch-foe arrogant, may humbled be,  
And when he hoped to conquer, forced to flee;

Allies victorious send one general shout  
Echoing the Continent around, throughout ;  
Resounding Albion's rocky shores among  
And animating her internal song :  
But God, thus England favours, England loves,  
Because her aims religious he approves ;  
Preserves her midst the wreck of empires near,  
Because she worships him in love and fear ;  
Exalts her by his special Providence  
His glorious saving gospel to dispense ;  
And keeps her for a rallying point, a rest,  
A haven for the nations driven, oppressed.

Thus hath the Muse attempted on her way  
Religious differences to display,  
Their natures, separations without end,  
And offsets, which at every point they send,  
As chosen mean from numberless, that stream  
For illustration of her chosen theme.

Who then not individual? who does not  
Look round, abroad, from his immediate spot,  
Feel himself privileged through mortal chase  
To hold a proper—an appropriate place,  
See for himself whate'er within his reach  
Can animate, arrest, amuse, or teach,  
Extract his own conclusions of the end  
To which such involutions seem to tend,  
And act upon them through each added year  
Of his important temporal career?

Sight intellectual is bestowed on each  
In kind, in combination, and in reach;  
Not by inheritance, as titles, name,  
Demeans, and privilege of legal claim—  
Not by inheritance through nature's law  
By which resemblance animal we draw—  
Talent would thus go down as Hindoo cast  
Through future lineage closely, as through past;



And gloomy borderers still from line to line  
Would hope of native right at once resign.  
Not by transmissive act of well-proved lore  
From ripened generation gone before;  
From rattle's noise, mere eyesight to engage,  
Till eyesight empties erudition's page;  
Though like fermenting dress to earth, such force  
Must quicken nature's germinating course.  
This is the flint that strikes the kindred steel,  
And by the action does the sparks reveal:  
But strength inmate must lodge within the brain,  
To make the child the solid stroke sustain;  
And did not act creative first endow,  
No mortal labour could the fire bestow.  
The infant must be nourished—but it must  
Be first supplied with vital functions just.  
Without external objects to excite  
We could no comfort feel, no joy, no light:  
But still external objects would not prove  
Our comfort and our joy, our light and love,

Unless upon the retina of mind  
They could perceptions answerable find.  
Let fancy for a moment have command.  
On uninhabited and desert land  
Were infant thrown—the lacteal draught to share  
With bestial young—and equal fostering care—  
Would he not find his own in fortune's spite—  
His hands to handle, feet to stand upright,  
Eyes as a medium only to his thought,  
And intellect with bold invention fraught?  
Would he not, as matured his growing mind,  
Perceive, associates he had left behind;  
And far as barren scenery would permit  
Contrive the several thing his wants to fit;  
Till those who followed, would have instant sense  
That there a man had known a residence?  
In multiplied examples has there more  
Been done by Aborigines of yore?  
Improvements on the sciences and arts  
On rudiments that earlier man imparts,

Have less of genius howsoe'er imbued,  
Than that which launched them first, however rude.  
Refinement grows on social life; but known  
Intrinsic thinking's course to mortals lone.  
Yes! intellect's degree is heavenly gift  
Ere earth felt chaos into order lift,  
Tuition has a wondrous skill, to sound,  
And act upon, capacity's fixed bound:  
But those accustomed tender thought to guide  
Will soon on future hope for each decide.  
What prompts perplexing question of the child  
And shows dissatisfaction when beguiled?  
And what as years advance gives bent and choice  
In opposition to parental voice?  
And what makes shades of promise, when the flock  
Born and first nurtured by its parent stock  
Are thence sent forth to pass through public school,  
Subject to equal system, care, and rule,  
Yet offering at the end of their career  
Distinctions manifold, and strong, and clear?

Why do some plainly, ere informed, discern,  
Whilst others find it drudgery to learn?  
Have these from any source but nature cause—  
From Individuality's just laws?  
If power transmissive, inborn power controls,  
Ah! shed its influence o'er yonder souls  
Whose vacant laugh, and lolling of the tongue,  
And eyeballs all around as ceaseless flung,  
And reason's lovely ray as never seen,  
Betray that nature has unfaithful been!  
And as the seed is in itself innate,  
So is its bias, virtue, season, weight.  
Here it surprises by its sudden shoot,  
And there it equal bears the promised fruit.  
Some prodigies appear in early time  
To disappoint the hope for coming prime,  
Whilst some collect their stores from age to age,  
And spread them to inspirit later stage;  
As splendors that with soft Aurora rise  
Are veiled by vapours of the noon-tide skies,

Or, oft excluded through the vapoured day,  
Give to the far horizon, setting ray.  
Favoured they may be by a contact force  
To urge their native vigour into course,  
Or doomed by manual labour, rugged toil,  
Such energies of glory to despoil:  
But still exists the talent and degree,  
Improved or lost, as wisdom may decree.  
Say what the imagery of the soul?  
What fancy, glow, invention? What the whole  
That scorning rules pedantic, system's lore,  
On intuition's pinions greatly soar,  
Kindle at spark of nature's genuine fire  
And in ethereal light alone respire?  
Sweet Bard of Caledon! whose raptured mind  
Could not by drudging tillage be confined;  
Who not "the Mountain Daisy" could uproot  
But with reflection's sympathy acute;  
Nor, wearied with "the thresher's flingin-tree,"  
Could sit "by ingle cheek" from musings free—

Say whence did “Coila, heavenly-seeming fair,”  
Genius of Scotia’s bards, attend thee there?  
Whence had she marked “thine embryo tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour,” and wide-responsive fame?  
Whence rose thy good beyond “Potosi’s mine?”—  
Ah! whence thy “fancy’s meteor-ray divine?”

    This then of sum and substance the amount  
Of man’s profound indelible account.  
Possessed of space, capacity, and will,  
Creation’s settled purpose to fulfil,  
Far as his fallen nature will admit,  
Far as the great artificer sees fit,  
’Tis his to think, digest, compare, reduce,  
And bring to general and special use,  
Endowments given him to disclose and nurse  
By Him who reins revolving universe.  
This great demand on him is more or less  
As he may talents high or low possess;

As close or comprehensive is his ken ;  
As he improves by that of other men ;  
And as the incidents that round him roll  
Excite or check the fervors of his soul.  
Some pent within a hazy atmosphere  
Whate'er their vision, have no medium clear ;  
Others though upwards looking and around  
On cloudless concave vast, with' azure bound,  
Seem to have no perception of the light  
And love as well obscurity of night.  
Hosts born idolaters in Pagan world  
Ne'er blest by view of Deity unfurled,  
Can never be responsible to Heaven  
For what in wisdom's way was never given :  
But those whose infant eyes at once embrace  
The men most privileged of human race—  
Imbibe their morals and with healthful gale  
Their laws, religion, polity inhale—  
Accustomed are to hear the wondrous plan  
Proposed, accepted, wrought for fallen man :

Yet having been habitually brought  
Their ears are dull—they still remain untaught.  
The great deficiency throughout is sense—  
They have the whole except experience;  
They have the theory but not the thing:  
They bring the scheme but don't the spirit bring;  
Thus darkness deep encompasses the throng  
Of those who chaunt in churches Sion's song,  
As that within idolatries' dread haunt  
Where Sion's song they never knew to chaunt.  
But blandished man must undergo a change,  
However humbling this—however strange!  
No natal claim can set aside the need  
To sound the depth of his ostensive creed;  
To see its fallacies and all abjure;  
Or feel its truths divine, and all ensure.  
Clear revelation points efficient charm  
The witcheries of matter to disarm;  
The trials rising from the force and curve  
Of temper physical—of various nerve—



The palpable depravity innate—  
It teaches to discern and subjugate.  
Is it not evident that men possess  
More than enough of intellect to bless  
Were his poor toilsome circumscribed career  
To be confined to this terrestrial sphere?  
Would not this waste of thought, this overstock,  
Serve but the drudgeries of life to mock,  
Wake but keen relish for celestial joy,  
The taste for time to vitiate and destroy?  
Do we not think that nought is made in vain  
Though 'tis beyond us often to explain?  
And do not nature's ample laws make known  
To man, resuscitation as his own?  
Why then a moment hesitate to dive  
For truth, which tells us we shall death survive?

Alas! for those who will not—who ne'er shrink  
From sporting on the dizzy slippery brink

Of the unfathomable dark abyss,  
The gloomy nothing—Hell's contracted bliss,  
Although their plumb-line yet has never found  
With all their stretch of art, the play of ground—  
Although no promises of Stygian guide  
Induce a wish to reach the farther side.  
Who hovering ever murky vapour o'er,  
Know not the cheer on buoyant wing to soar,  
Know not to raise anticipating eyes  
And see the break of glory in the skies.  
But such the difference again, between  
Man's optics, danger's horrors are not seen;  
Nor has the brightness of meridian day  
For eyes that close themselves, one pervious ray.  
Useless it is on sunshine to insist,  
With those that will affirm it don't exist.  
What prompts such various vision—what the cause—  
From what profound, primordial, certain laws?  
Whether from nature's operative bent,  
Or Holy Agency expressly sent

Is it, that objects of immediate sense,  
That articles of plain intelligence,  
Should make such widely-different impress  
Upon ductility of consciousness?  
Is it of old determined so to be,  
Or is it offspring of volition free?  
That so it is, discernment daily proves,  
Though hard to point the force by which it moves.  
Mean while on individual man, on all,  
The Scriptures forcibly, distinctly call;  
Give warning voice with turpitude to strive,  
And high-inciting voice to take and live.  
Each is to voyage o'er life's turbid road,  
Disowning it as his supreme abode;  
Each is to feel himself the object dear  
Of Providence Omnipotent and near;  
To be assured that in a Saviour's name  
To blest inheritance he has a claim,  
And that his heavenly Father will be just  
To requisitions of his faithful trust.

Thus ceding fruitless labour to explore  
All prescient and predestinating lore  
Useless, presumptuous, irritating—vain  
To those who can't admit it, to explain—  
Each, acting singly upon Scripture ground,  
Will surely 'midst the host redeemed be found.  
'Tis those who seek will find, who ask will have,  
Who look beyond the present o'er the grave,  
Will draw from thence an influence to disarm  
Things visible of their adhesive charm.  
When heavenly things with strength attract the heart,  
'Tis easy from the dross of earth to part;  
Once force the citadel of unbelief,  
And evidences will ensure relief.  
Grace is the stream that growth divine bestows,  
And prayer the chartered way through which it flows.

Still does it man's prerogative appear  
Within the circuit of his mortal sphere

To make his own survey, define his views,  
To take the evil and the good refuse,  
To take the good and to refuse the ill,  
The Spirit's strivings to assist or chill,  
Nature or Revelation to embrace,  
As medium the Creator's ways to trace,  
To give his bias its appropriate bent,  
Or 'gainst such bias every strength present.  
Salvation has a universal scope ;  
It holds for every one an equal hope ;  
All men its object ; and to all men given  
Grace, which encouraged, would convoy to Heaven :  
But grace requires a welcome—'tis a good  
That owes its worth to being understood.  
For this no talents are required, no sound  
Of erudition's deep and dark profound ;  
No circumstance fortuitously fair ;  
No special excellence ; no favour rare ;  
The means are simple, suited to the need ;  
Who wishes may attain, who runs may read,

Who reads will pray, who prays will surely find  
Faith to wake confidence, and love to bind.  
God sets the whole to work, and gives to man  
To forward or retard his bounteous plan.

Religion's schemes, are most prolific source  
That generate in man, from man divorce.  
Their jealous controversies, hairs-breadth schisms,  
Perversions, subdivisions, sectuarisms,  
Seem at all points to multiply and spread  
In myriad numbers from their proper head.  
And morals, politics, arts, sciences,  
Climates, and nations, and alliances,  
Professions, studies, recreations, schemes,  
Habits, connections, stations, day-light dreams,  
In combinations ever changing, new,  
And in proportions ever changing too,  
These and much more, which baffle skill to quote,  
Are elements that character denote ;

Are elements that character create,  
And ever on the man will operate.  
What is the man? His high appropriate dower  
Is faculty—is intellectual power :  
But disproportioned in the same degree  
That fills the measure of extremity :  
But with such prominences strong imbued  
That prove distinction wheresoever viewed.  
These, while so self-constituent, so plain,  
All powers of calculation so disdain,  
The changes on them never can be rung,  
The numbers multiplying never sung ;  
The transposition of their mazy lines  
Through endless systems, symmetries, designs,  
Mock at the human mind's contracted reach,  
And baffle equally the power of speech.  
If aught to wildered scrutiny can give  
Idea suitably comparative,  
'Tis multiplying power of added bell,  
Its variations musical to tell ;

Or changes wonderful, to which are set  
The elements of words, the alphabet.  
These in all languages have equal change,  
Excite in faculties of man their range,  
All harmony, all fancy, thought convey,  
And give intelligence the blaze of day.

What is man's tenement, his house of time,  
The structure animal for spark sublime;  
The medium of his passions, actions, thought,  
The vehicle that is on atom wrought  
To bear through its probationary state  
The soul, the individual create?  
What is man's corporeity, his form,  
Anatomy, and vital functions warm?  
Increased diurnally from earliest stage,  
Supported too the same to latest age,  
By aliment from several source derived  
As God in his Omniscience has contrived.



But this variety of kindly juice  
Does different animal effect produce,  
As drugs administered with skill, ensure  
The remedy designed them to procure.  
Such is the simple difference—the fixed—  
But when component parts throughout are mixed,  
Dissimilarity of figure, face,  
Health, spirits, temper, tendency we trace,  
Which as maturity advances, aid  
The individual character pourtrayed.  
The soul, the principle, the conscience lives  
Abstractedly from life the body gives,  
But takes its trials through the progress way  
Of nature's growth, perfection, and decay;  
From causes complicate, no eye can see  
No thought can compass—from infinity.

Where is man's residence? 'neath storied height  
Where day auxiliar is to threaded night;

Where artificial slender twinkling rays  
Have preference to the sun's embodied blaze;  
Where narrow pent-up avenues of brick  
Shelter the murderer, the infectious sick;  
And fumes of vice and pestilence pervade  
Society of every class and shade.  
Where dictates prompt of sterling common sense  
Are bartered for parade and consequence;  
And education's systems far renowned  
To terminate in pleasure's ways are found.  
Where lucre is the deity revealed,  
And arts to get it the great mystery sealed,  
And all appear devoted to the end  
How to embezzle it, and how to spend;  
Increasing mania interrupting peace  
As property and dignities increase.  
All is contagion, and in every street  
Men come in contact with the men they meet.  
Association is deceived, deceives,  
Teaches, is taught, communicates, receives,

Yet each that forms it, finds with each, the point  
Of plain distinction, of professed disjoint.  
Each is made up of all, though so unlike  
The difference instantly the eye must strike.  
Man's residence is also in the rude  
And silent haunts of utter solitude.  
Disgusted with the arts of court intrigue;  
Wearied with politics quick-shifting league;  
Adverting painfully to former things—  
To equal rights of Commons, Lords, and Kings;  
Convinced how vain the hope, endeavour vain  
The pure established spirit to sustain;  
Yet jealous for its fainting energies—  
Yet still solicitous to yield supplies—  
He seeks in scenes of nature's lovely hue  
The principles to first creation true,  
And solace for his disappointment takes  
Where blindfold patriotism ne'er awakes.  
And those of contemplation high, whose taste  
Is natural, and eminent, and chaste—

Whose habits intellectual and refined  
Rise from a quick and comprehensive mind—  
Such make retirement their decided choice;  
In leisure and tranquillity rejoice;  
Select the wisest heads, best hearts, and hold  
Communion intimate with men of old;  
Through works of genius recently sent forth  
Form mental friendships with distinguished worth,  
Partake its prime attainments, chosen views,  
See o'er their circled ken its light diffuse,  
Mourn o'er their own depravity innate,  
Tell from whence evils such originate,  
Yet deem it most secure to shun the world  
Where vice in blazoned honour is unfurled.  
Rural their every sense; to weary feet  
Lichen and harebell give a carpet meet;  
And branches interwoven, foliaged, spread  
Impervious shade and shelter for the head.  
No elegance that art and wealth supply  
Like nature's elegance can charm their eye;

The pendant waving woods, the sweeping vale,  
The lake translucent, the inflated sail,  
The dizzy height that downward vision mocks,  
The cataract, the peak, the rifted rocks,  
These with resistless power, and soft control  
First rivet, then entrance the captured soul.  
So to their ear the wild notes of the spring,  
The harmonies that through the forest ring,  
The warble of the thrush, the tuneful swell  
And trill subduing of sweet Philomel,  
Are melodies more soothing, more complete  
Than fine strung instruments' full concert treat;  
And bid affections kindly to rejoice  
More than the *Catalani's* polished voice.  
The artificial mischievous perfume  
To strike the sense in hall and drawing-room,  
To hall and drawing-room they gladly yield,  
While from the white thorn bush, and blossomed field  
The May flower and the bean flower fragrance breathe  
For Zephyr's soft volation to bequeathe.

Odours through petals of a thousand dyes,  
From fresh and fecund earth salubrious rise,  
Pure as delicious, ambient too as pure,  
Of ailments antidote, relief, and cure.  
Here, for their palates undepraved, is spread  
O'er wall, espalier, bush, and humble bed,  
Repast of cooling power, of flavour high;  
Gust that the epicure in vain would buy!  
Round as the seasons roll, again they view  
The promise of supply to culture true;  
Mark how it germinates, and buds, and blows,  
How firm it sets in fruit, distends, and glows;  
Reap as they ripen each successive kind,  
And health, and appetite, and plenty find.  
But though this leading feature may conduce  
To think of minds congenial, each recluse,  
It is as probable that *only* here,  
In this *one* point, resemblance may appear;  
And that on abstract subjects all unlike  
As they occurred, they variously would strike.

The prominences of the man alone  
Must for distinctions lateral atone.

What man's connections? multifarious, wide,  
Embracing distant climes on every side;  
Reaching to either India's trading boast,  
Or dropping anchor on the golden coast;  
Each quarter of the globe, each continent,  
Sees him with eager hope and labour spent,  
Far as he navigates to either pole,  
And east to west where tropic billows roll,  
Soldier, and sailor, merchant, those who roam  
For pleasure or for knowledge far from home,  
Each for himself ingrafting as he moves  
Whate'er of foreign manners he approves,  
Brings back a character enlarged, but known  
To be matured distinctly as his own.  
Long years of absence may his form have changed,  
May from his friends and country have estranged,

But never superseded nature's rights,  
Or stamp effaced, in which she so delights.  
Soon as parental joy on his return  
Calmly can question, clearly can discern,  
The features of their child they find the same,  
However bronzed in honours, wealth, or fame.  
And those around, who on the spot where born  
See through their lives successive waking morn—  
Their lives protracted to unusual length,  
Defended too with more than common strength,  
For seeming purposes no other than  
To rise, eat, drink, and then lie down again—  
These will investigating minds observe  
Never from simple rudiments to swerve.

Below the poorest of the poor, or higher  
Than of the high, the highest can aspire—  
Extremes of either kind, thus far prevent  
Comparison's sound wholesome temperament :



But all within these points, associate  
With their comparatively small and great;  
And have for kindred, some of influence,  
Of elevation, and of common sense,  
And some in humble station useful, plain;  
And some of narrow minds and straitened brain.  
These in young life they note as they appear,  
See them from month to month, from year to year,  
Yet see them still in prime, matured, grown old,  
The same as when they saw them first unfold.  
The infant is impelled by phlegm or spleen;  
In childhood's state the future man is seen;  
The powers may be suppressed, or led astray,  
But human dawn portends the human day.  
Those who have seen a generation rise,  
Marked them with fond discriminating eyes,  
Have known them near, watched them with jealous love,  
Can from experience the assertion prove.

Lives Individuality—howe'er

Its branch more healthy, and its fruit more fair.

Its owner may well cultivate the soil,

May give it the advantages of toil,

May give it the advantages of prayer,

May see it answered—see himself the care

Of Him, the power who bade him first to be,

May feel himself strong, flourishing and free,

May rapid shoot his leading branch to heaven,

Blessing at every bud, the vigour given,

May spread his boughs wide o'er the neighbouring land,

Shade, shelter, and security command,

Gather the dews, and gladden in the ray,

And with the zephyr bid his foliage play,

But 'tis the work of grace—a grafted good,

Upon the wild, corrupt, and native wood ;

The stock, with all its characters the same,

But giving channel to its higher claim ;

Its latent properties retaining still,

And ever striving for their work and will.

Nor is this all—e'en in the day of grace  
It bears aloft its faculties and face,  
Blends its inherent features, does and says  
Whate'er is done or said, its special ways.  
Grace dresses, tills, calls forth a harvest strange,  
But never, spark original can change!  
As clay, of nature sterile, crude and cold,  
May wear appearance of the richest mould  
Wrought up with generous matter, fecund earth—  
With juices saturant of compost worth,  
Thus tempered, cultured by the tiller's skill,  
And left to fermentation to distil,  
The seed soon swells, and sends its healthful root,  
And germinates, and pushes vigorous shoot,  
Consistent growth and bearing yields the eye  
And gladdens in a hundred fold supply:  
But in proportion as the power expends,  
Unless the husbandman new virtue lends  
Sufficient to returning seed-time's need,  
A harvest answerable must succeed;

And failure such persisted in, exhaust  
By just privation, till the whole is lost—  
Till seed in vain attempts to force its way,  
And starves within adhesive native clay.  
So when this agent shall rejected flee,  
Man will soon prove his cold sterility,  
Or worse, his active principle, decreed  
To propagate the useless noxious weed.  
Grace turpitude unmasks, but don't expel;  
Evil subjects, but leaves the tyrant fell;  
Shews man his work, but calls him to perform;  
Enlightens, but to prompt his effort warm.  
Grace is to nature contrast, discord, hate,  
And cannot therefore mingle with its state;  
It makes man on the highest themes agree,  
But leaves the medium still through which they see.

Who, in the narrow and familiar bound  
Where dearest objects of the heart are found,

Ever discovered parallel so true  
That persons twofold but as one they knew?  
Or if to circuit larger, sight they lend,  
Where observation nice can ne'er extend—  
Where superficial knowledge speaks in haste,  
And judgment oft deluded is by taste—  
E'en here, in such a various motley throng  
That to all ranks, vocations, views belong,  
Who would on simply surface-features, tell  
That two possessed them strictly parallel?  
They may some traits of striking likeness know,  
But soon dissimilarity will show.  
'Tis rarely that two faces semblance bear  
So strong, as side by side they may compare;  
Or should such fact in families be known,  
'Tis recognized by stranger's eye alone,  
Those well acquainted with the countenance  
Will tell the individuals at a glance.  
So shepherds, that long used their sheep to watch,  
The lineaments of every face will catch,

Know them distinctly—whether fixed in gaze,  
At ease recumbent, or as free they graze;  
Describe them accurately when they stray,  
And recognize them wheresoe'er they may.  
Beasts of more magnitude of course possess  
Peculiarity's more plain impress;  
And fishes, birds, with all the insect tribe,  
To searching eyes a difference will describe.  
And *minds* have equal compass vast and free  
To form their Individuality.  
Nor is it animated life alone  
That calls such nice distinguishments her own,  
The vegetable world the truth will tell  
To those adapted to examine well.  
No trees throughout their branches, growth, the same;  
No leaves a draught exact of veins can claim;  
No blades of grass will at all points agree;  
No seeds have equal shape and property.  
The kingdom mineral advances too  
With all her beauteous family in view

Of metals, earths, and concretes, each their class,  
Granites large, rude, and variegated mass,  
Corals and crystals, gems and marcasites,  
Stones, marbles, jaspers, spars, and porphyrites,  
Capillaried with fine meandering flow,  
And giving every colour's richest glow,  
With every shade and quality, that change  
Can endlessly exhibit in such range,  
To bear her testimony, bring her proof,  
Fling through the warp her shuttle's binding woof,  
And tell mankind that in Almighty work  
No inconsistency, untruth, can lurk.  
All is created on a general plan,  
With the materiality of man.  
One wonderful co-operating whole  
Trial at once, and solace of his soul.  
A medium heaven if truth and virtue dwell—  
If perfidy and vice, a medium hell.  
All is of God who gives to each the mind  
For the immediate consequence designed;

Who chooses variations infinite  
His purposes beyond our reach to fit,  
And makes each atom of the Universe  
His wisdom, power, and glory to rehearse.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



# INDIVIDUALITY.

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## BOOK VI.

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### Argument.

*Subject of the Poem concluded—Scripture Millenium.*

Difference of conduct, and reciprocal misapprehension, the natural result of Individuality—Man not to slight the degree of harmonious character afforded him, because it does not equally vibrate at all points—but rather to appreciate, forgive, and embrace those with whom he can hold sweet communion without despoiling it by inordinate desire—Congeniality what—The charm of it—Acute sensibility at war with its enjoyment—Philosophical research determines its material incapacity for entireness—Such research in itself not sceptical—Address to Congeniality—Every object in the universe its own center—And in possession of its own sphere—Sympathy a primary law of nature—Address to

Susceptibility—The infrequency of congeniality arises from corruption and deficiencies of ourselves—Examination of the heart recommended—Certain efficacy resulting from it—Millenium knowledge and assimilation its fruits—Perfect union the bliss of Heaven—Millenium rises—Its figurative description—The spiritual watchmen alert and exulting in the view—Apostrophe to England on her instrumentality in the great work of evangelizing the nations—Supplication that the present generation may see the reality of millennial blessings—The signs of the times excite their expectations and enliven hope—Progress of christianity in India—Advancing system for the conversion of the Jews—Growth and efficiency of the Bible Society—God's care of his church—The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—Those who read to believe have a right to deduce and conclude—Time still travelling with prophecy—Triumphing in its fulfilment—and claiming the confidence of man for its grand and faithful conclusion—God, of whose attributes man can form but imperfect ideas—maintains with majesty the purposes declared in his word—That word will be at length called in, sealed with the fulness of His Kingdom come—The true spiri-

tual millenium preceded by the heavenly host—The Mighty Voice announces itself—by calling in the Gentiles—re-establishing the Jews—and admonishing the christian church—The Lord's annunciation of his speedy coming—succeeded by an awful pause—The pause by repeated peals of grateful praise and Hallelujahs, which pervade ethereal regions, and reach our planetary atmosphere, and animate to christian exertion—The millenium commenced—Individuality will be at length resolved into universality—and praise will be oneness to all eternity.



## BOOK VI.

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AND is it so? and does it then appear  
That Individuality is clear?  
Is it determined that no two are fraught  
With equal principle, and act, and thought?  
That those most similar, at distance thrown,  
Are often to each other quite unknown;  
Or known, for want of frequent intercourse  
Losing the spirit of congenial force?  
What follows but that each his way pursues  
As causes stimulate, as means amuse,  
As bias turns, till hopeless 'tis they should  
Be mutually and fully understood.  
It seems as though it were a bliss too high  
For mortal knowledge, beings born to die;

Reserved for spiritual communion fair,  
The perfect apprehension angels share,  
Who knowing, known, one heart, one rapture raise,  
One song of triumph, one of endless praise.

But thus unsuited for experience here  
Which only rises in a brighter sphere,  
Shall we be childishly perverse and coy  
To profit of a sweet, though tempered joy?  
Shall we the solace of our years reject—  
Charm of associated intellect,  
Relief which from participation flows,  
Encouragement that fortitude bestows,  
The soothing harmonies of friendship's eye,  
And charities of broad humanity—  
Yield them, because inordinate the mind  
Its blandishments at every point to find—  
Because occasionally discord flings  
Its jar o'er sensibility's quick strings,

And gives a short suspense to equal tone,  
To make it more effectively its own?

Oh no! let those who happily oft hear  
The sound of plaintive playful echo near—  
Who listen to its softly dying tone  
Till it again reverberates their own—  
Again pronounces the accepted strain,  
And pours the full acknowledgment again—  
Let them forgive the tongue, that may anon  
Demur to speak the thing that they have done;  
Forgive the mind that cannot quite agree  
Upon the motive they so clearly see;  
Forgive the heart, that, zealous where it feels,  
A too-impassioned sympathy reveals!  
Let them remember, that in equal way,  
Though not from equal sources, *they* may stray;  
Excite in turn the same regret received  
And others grieve in places where *they* grieved.

Let them remember, instances are few  
In which they need unkindred thinking rue,  
Compared to those that wake the ready start  
At once to offer welcome, and impart.  
Where'er a close concurrence is denied,  
The distance is alike on either side;  
Each from the point of union gives offence,  
One by dissent, one by accepted sense.  
Sure 'tis a cordial of no trifling kind  
A cincture with no healing power confined,  
To meet upon the road of busy life  
The frequent shelter from the storms of strife;  
To know, to own, while buffeting without  
A din of scoff, of heresy, of doubt,  
A tasteful, comfortable fortress home,  
That stays the heart, e'en while compelled to roam;  
That holds the sight, while other things are seen,  
And wakes 'midst wild commotion, thoughts serene!  
Congeniality's specific worth  
Whatever principle may call it forth



Is genuine, but differs in degree:  
In those of steril cold philosophy  
'Tis simply an agreement of the head—  
A coalition logical and dead;  
An axiom union, which plain numbers give,  
All mathematical, demonstrative.  
To those whose fancy bears them out of sight  
To other colours, and to other light  
Than such afforded to the senses plain—  
Whose images, so wandering and vain,  
So fascinating, warm, and beautiful,  
Give man the flowers adventurous which they cull;  
It is the shadow that gross matter screens;  
The glow that burnishes their brightest scenes;  
The impulse that distends their ample wings;  
The power from which creative magic springs.  
It sees chimera, subtile ether cleave,  
And tales of visionary texture weave;  
And *it* alone can press upon her flight,  
And bear the splendour of her ambient light.

To men whose labour has supplied the brain  
From books profound, famed libraries contain;  
Whose vast acquirements circle time and space,  
And revolutions of the human race;  
Who languages original conceive,  
And erudition's highest work achieve;  
Congeniality has virtue meet  
To render their accomplishments complete.  
It is a judgment adequate alone  
That can the wonders of their skill make known;  
Can estimate their literary claim  
And give to generations down their name.  
On all, whate'er their talents, rank, and views,  
It sheds impartially its wholesome dews:  
But for the christian bond reserves the zest  
Of apprehension eminently best.  
It knows 'tis subject to the least alloy  
And gives to highest theme the highest joy.  
As journeying onward to celestial land,  
When Christians can each other understand,

Their conversation unconstrained and free  
From heart to heart flows in simplicity.  
'Tis not alone the knowledge they reveal,  
But that on things of faith they put their seal;  
'Tis not alone the doctrine they approve,  
But that it teaches them to walk in love.  
Love is of faith the fruit, the test, the sign,  
Love comprehensive, human and divine:  
No jealousy on rival talents grows;  
No envy tow'rds renown disturbs repose;  
But tolerance, and scripture charities,  
Display their soundest finest energies.  
All have at heart one object, one desire,  
The heathen nations to inform, inspire,  
And heathen countrymen to teach the things  
Possessing for them healing on their wings:  
Imagination, converse will adorn  
With all of beauty, taste-illusive—born  
Philosophy accompanied, will soar  
With greater pleasure to pervade, explore—

Learning on solid ground collegiate  
Will tread with surer dignity and weight—  
But union spiritual on christian theme  
Affords exchange the sweetest—peace supreme.

CONGENIALITY ! what charm awakes  
To soothe the wearing of continual aches  
At sound of thee ! what rest diffuses o'er  
The mind all dislocated just before !  
All fevered with contention's strenuous way !  
All exigent to welcome such allay !  
Idea, that the word alone reveals  
Through vital currency tumultuous, steals,  
Bids the impassioned motion to subside,  
And in its channel soft and smooth to glide ;  
Calls to opposing enemies to cease,  
And speaks the nervous system into peace.  
No fitful season, inconvenient hour,  
Salute repulsive, or capricious lower,

Thy genius knows; what qualities you claim  
Are always ready, always are the same;  
At every gentle call responsive speak,  
And energies for fit occasion seek.  
The earnest hopeless wish to perfect thee  
First gave the Muse her theme of minstrelsy.  
Early she valued thee, and time of length  
Has only added to such value strength;  
Early she proved thee too, and years of prime  
But led such dancing pleasure on through time.  
Yet sensibility will oft create  
Uneasinesses of a transient date!  
Fond expectation rises in demand;  
Assumes exorbitant tenacious stand;  
And while encompassed by the choicest sweets  
Itself of their enjoyment clearly cheats.  
Refinements upon delicacy pine,  
Till they corrupt the thing they would refine;  
Till they exchange the nature unawares,  
And see that delicacy roughness shares;

Till hair-breadth differences they split, re-split,  
And render difficult the search for it.  
Replete with inconsistency they would  
Apparent inconsistencies make good;  
Would stretch attachment sometimes to the point  
At which it clearly would be out of joint;  
At which the ligaments by over-strain  
Would fill the body with disease and pain,  
And rob it of its own elastic force—  
The free-will kindness of its constant course.  
Aught that from nature comes is lovelier  
Than all that coy compliance may confer;  
And acts or words spontaneous, that accord  
With fine perceptions others' nerves afford,  
Strike on such vibratory strings refined,  
And leave soft cadence ever on the mind.  
Possessed of love's essentials, why distress  
For points of little consequence, and less?  
Why lose the real good in fancied ill?  
Why suffer warm attachment e'er to chill?

One thing it proves—no policy is there,  
No cold contrivance the regard to share,  
But judgment, high prerogative! runs wild,  
And makes the man mature appear a child;  
High impulse loses for a while its glow  
And settles in affections selfish, low.  
Dishonest arguments will next advance  
And all is error and extravagance.  
Romance in ardent youth its friends expect,  
And know not how to curb what they detect:  
But veteran experience, on its brow  
Ought not the slight that's fancied to allow.  
'Tis weakness palpable, 'tis plain offence  
'Gainst every argument of common sense.  
Man needs to be stirred up to every care,  
To watchfulness, to sorrow, and to prayer,  
That fungous obstacle should be removed  
To view the objects fairly long approved.  
One mean to clear the vision, is to trace  
The causes and effects on human race;

To see the whole of matter that combines—  
Through all the pores of nature intertwines—  
Producing all we love, and all we see  
Of beauty, usefulness, and harmony.  
This bold conception will throughout appear  
The difficulties more minute to clear;  
And to our pleasure and our peace, unfold  
All we would apprehend, embrace, behold.

Hushed be the voice of censure! biassed mind  
Tow'rds subjects metaphysical, refined,  
Can never sceptical be deemed, unjust  
To highest objects of its faith and trust,  
Except by those who do not choose to think,  
And from fair harmless disquisition shrink.  
Restraint unnatural upon the mind,  
Makes it impatient as it is confined—  
Makes it to chaff at friction of the bond,  
To mourn imprisoned, thinking, and despond.



It all things sees without, and longs the more  
As flitting through them, to believe, adore;  
Loves the wild range of nature to maintain,  
And far as reason can, to use, explain;  
And where beyond attainment, to resign  
In admiration lost of power divine.  
The exercise of intellectual dower  
As gift exalted of Omniscient power,  
Is but our duty—is enlargement just  
Of talents such, committed to our trust.  
All evil centers in abuse of good;  
All good, in rendering it well understood;  
And light it is, to see our God with awe  
While we sincerely love his sacred law.  
E'en when the region of pure faith it nears  
No need of hostile words and jealous fears;  
Mysteries decreed ere earth its orbit ran  
Must stand their purposes, though little man  
With all his prejudice and towering pride  
Continues to distort and to deride.

Grace can protect from every danger nigh  
And license pleasures of philosophy.  
The voice of nature faithful—reason's voice,  
With that of inspiration may rejoice,  
May give the glory and the homage meet  
To render the high symphony complete.

Induced, through musings on the ways of man,  
His various character at large to scan,  
Inquiry has enriched with many a rule  
Pride, prejudice and temperament to school,  
And fix all boast in its peculiar place—  
In simple nature and in simple grace.

Hail to thee, prompt Congeniality !  
From artifice and provocation free :  
Hail to thee ! all-imperfect as thou art,  
Invigorating comfort of the heart ;  
No future interval can be forlorn  
Do thou but point the good, and blunt the thorn—

No whelming misery can aught reveal  
Art thou but near to understand and feel!  
Where'er the path, do thou the steps attend;  
Thy taste, thy sentiments, thy talents blend;  
Tread the soft sod, and break through tangled way,  
And climb the rock, and in the beech-wood stray;  
Wake with the dawn, and till the dawn again  
Pour thy continued never-wearying strain;  
Warble o'er life's decline thy melodies;  
Give them o'er lengthening shadows to arise;  
Cheer the grey twilight with their soothing flow,  
To silence sorrow for departed glow;  
Hover o'er broken pulse and faltering breath,  
And sigh thy dulcet harmonies in death!

But whatsoe'er the qualities, the bent  
Congenial wanted, each should be content,  
As semblances at all points close, we see  
With possibility cannot agree

Upon the principles Omniscient, vast,  
On which the moving universe is cast—  
Each should be well contented who has found  
The characters in which his own abound.  
All into centers and their orbs resolve.  
The Universe is one complete revolve.  
Planets possess their satellites, and learn  
To act as satellites themselves in turn.  
Systems are but as suns, and take their place  
As such, in the illimitable space.  
These congregated, form a mass of light  
Which gives the constellation to our sight;  
And constellations infinite, but roll  
Round their creative God, their sun, their soul.  
So, to descend, is individual man  
The special center of his narrow span;  
Throws his own radius o'er his circling sphere  
And coalesces with the circle near.  
Where'er his conduct as in rays goes forth,  
It mingles with specific vice and worth;

Strikes on its kindred bearings here and there,  
Though union cannot hope entire to share ;  
Acts upon others, and again is still  
Acted upon by them, his part to fill ;  
And nature ever true, is ever prone  
To seek, to love, to consort with its own.  
It is a sympathy so just and clear  
That childhood gives it strongly to appear ;  
And leaves us from analogy to draw  
That life throughout is subject to its law.  
The less of consciousness have minds, of course  
The less they feel its operating force ;  
While those of quick perception, want to find  
Its zest in every chamber of the mind ;  
And all who own its pleasure, will allow  
From it the sweets of social being flow.  
However man with man promiscuous blends,  
He chuses and is chosen by such friends  
Whose minds have opened as occasion taught  
The counterparts of self, its tongue, its thought.

The more of this same self is found, the more  
Is motive penetrated to its core ;  
The more the mind obtains the generous food  
Of being accurately understood.  
Food which the power of language can't supply,  
Though issuing freely from the speaking eye.

With all thy disappointments and thy foes,  
Thy impulse-weaknesses and overthrows,  
Welcome, Oh ! ever welcome may'st thou be,  
Buoyant and frank Susceptibility !  
Thy noble nature active, ardent, bold,  
Cannot communion with suspicion hold,  
But springs at all that's promising or fair,  
That may with what it owns, or loves, compare.  
Disdaining order, oft will thou o'erleap  
The bounds that formal ceremonies keep :  
Oft millitate against the little law  
That strikes the disingenuous mind with awe ;

Feel the quick matter pulse within the brain,  
Nor can the full rebounding force restrain,  
But promptly such offences wilt requite,  
Whilst far beyond these evils, thy delight.  
All thy appropriate pleasures as they wing  
O'er thee their showers of rosy gladness fling;  
And though, as promptly, cypress leaves may shed  
Their fatal pungencies around thy head,  
Yet far the blessings of our days transcend  
The sorrows that occasionally blend;  
From every point, in every shape they come,  
And call acknowledgment and comfort home.

With such a stimulus to seek, to warm,  
To aid the languid spirit and inform,  
The kind emotions of the human breast  
Will lull despondency and gloom to rest.  
Hope, sanguine and alert, shall take the lead  
And bid the search in fruitfulness succeed.

Lo ! where she anchors in the world of strife,  
The mart of energies, the realm of life ;  
Thousands with eager look, and open stare,  
And tongue interrogating, close you there.  
Where novelty appears all ranks are flown  
Whilst all betray a novelty their own,  
Do none attract you there ? Do none agree—  
None offer pleasant something fit and free ?  
Have you well searched, and cannot you yet find  
The qualities responsive of your mind ?  
Is it not rather that your own lies waste,  
That others' excellence you cannot taste ?  
Have you not fearful reason to suspect  
In you, not them, exists the sad defect ?  
Prove yourself well abandon art, disguise,  
In faithfulness your bias analyse ;  
See what you are, and what you ought to be,  
Dare to behold the fault that you should flee ;  
Say which the principle of nature's claim—  
Which Individuality's own name ;



And what are the engraftments—if they're fair,  
And likely to distend and flourish there.  
Your mental muscles exercise, and try  
If what you have not, you may not supply ;  
If what you have, you rather would retain ;  
If of its consequences you complain ;  
If genuine your traits, or counterfeit ;  
If to yourself you're honest, or a cheat.  
Is this an ordeal trial? Be assured  
You have but to go through it, to be cured.  
Cured of all narrowness, caprice, and spleen,  
Of sickly self, irregular and mean ;  
Cured of encouraging desires too high  
To live within the regions of the sky ;  
Of groveling tempers, sordid habits cured,  
And all the worst of ills by man endured.

Did all but struggle thus, and thus obtain,  
What a millennial knowledge we should gain !

Those would assimilate who never knew  
What to assimilating powers are due;  
And those who knew so much of them before :  
They were dissatisfied to know no more,  
Would wisdom prove to value what they have,  
And bear the treasure faithful to the grave.  
That fearful passage past—and freed from weight  
That frets and harasses our mortal state,  
Pure apprehension will on vision pour,  
And give them love's fruition—to adore.

Mean while 'tis something to be well aware  
We have as much of good as we can bear;  
That fuller union would advance on earth  
Appropriate happiness of heavenly birth;  
That junction perfect never can arise  
But from redemption's tenfold harmonies.

That bright millenium rises!—not in light  
Upon the black profound of heavy night,

In which the mind without apparent hope  
Gives to despondency a deadly scope:  
But all arrayed in pure and cheering boon:  
Which while it is the surety of high noon,  
Goes forth from steady twilight, that hath kept  
Its equal guardianship whilst nations slept;  
That hath to wakefulness been fond repose  
Oft as desire hath sought prophetic close;  
Like that when Summer solstice pours its day  
Continued, giving night its ebbing ray.  
That Word in which the promises are seen  
Affords the faithful, interval serene;  
Arrests their confidence, informs their view,  
But bids them all impatience to subdue;  
Inspires their energies, but speaks control  
To wild impetuosity of soul;  
Has shewn for ages past the coming bliss,  
But its commencement has reserved for this.

The bright millenium rises!—glowing morn  
Is borne upon the soft diffusive dawn,  
And tells that in its proper hemisphere  
The sun of suns is in its full career;  
In glory's broad effulgences it moves,  
And promise of a second advent proves.  
And where o'er convex line this source unfolds,  
The searching sight a little cloud beholds,  
To all appearance small as human hand,\*  
Which henceforth will the fruitful shower command.  
Above the hills exalted, in its might †  
Established, on the top of mountain's height,  
The mountain of the temple of the Lord  
In perfect time its covert shall afford, ‡  
O'er heathen lands its ensign rear unfurled  
And ope its portals to a wandering world.  
From Zion's tower prepared for work so high  
Soon as the watchmen hail the novel sky

\* 1 Kings xviii. 44.

† Is. ii. 2, 3.

‡ Is. xi. 10, 11.

With promptitude and concord sweet, each voice \*  
Uplifted is, in prospect to rejoice:  
For eye to eye they shall behold it, when  
The Lord shall bring his chosen seed again.†  
No sleep their eyelids knew, when once appeared  
The spreading glory of their King revered;  
But casting round upon the teeming fields ‡  
Which, promise white to coming harvest yields—  
In suitable defensive armour clad,  
Loins girt about with truth, a temper glad,  
Breast plate of righteousness, the Spirit's sword, §  
The shield of faith, the essence of the Word,  
Full with the Gospel's preparation shod  
They cry aloud with strength, "Behold your God!" ||  
How beautiful upon the mountain's height,  
The feet of those who lift the veil of night,  
Promulgate peace, and tidings glad proclaim  
For all who hear them, in a Saviour's name!

\* Is. lii. 7, 8.

† Is. liii. 10.

‡ John iv. 35.

§ Ephes. vi. 13—17.

|| Is. xl. 9.

Ten thousand times ten thousand hearts delight  
In such a cause triumphant to unite;  
In cities, counties, and from shore to shore  
To talk the wondrous subject o'er and o'er,  
And trust that time and judgment may fulfill  
The mandate of Omniscient jealous will,\*  
No longer shall the Church in mournful strain  
Of numbers separated, small, complain—  
Cry “Woe is me! as summer fruits when gone  
“As sad grape-gleanings of the vintage won”†—  
But “Clusters hang my highest taste to suit  
“And longing is appeased with first-ripe fruit.”

And ENGLAND owns this interest high, sublime,  
That rises o'er the ravages of time—  
Possesses in its zenith christian day,  
And shoots on circling error solar ray!  
All mortal boast is evil! e'en the glow  
That patriotic energies bestow

\* Ex. xx. 3, 4.

† Mic. vii. 1.

Has for its root corruption: but if aught  
Of human is with genuine virtue fraught,  
It is the glory of our Nation's boast  
Of all that we admire and love the most.  
England as such is justly eminent.  
Hers is acute perception; high intent;  
Sanguine endeavour; persevering toil;  
Courage, that scorns from peril to recoil;  
Ardour, through perils suffered, to proceed;  
Wisdom, to animate by glory's meed;  
Riches, to generous purpose' full supply;  
And generous purposes that never die.—  
Who can abstain from boast of thee, sweet Isle!  
That bears a sentiment devoid of guile?  
That carries impulse, honesty, and fire,  
That calls thee Mother, and thy virtues Sire,  
That feels within her veins thy current ride,  
And would not wish to stem the dancing tide?  
Who can abstain from praise of thee, who draws  
Protection from thy hospitable laws—

The multitudes who, from their countries forced,  
Are secretly content to be divorced,  
While in your bounty, polity, and trade,  
They find provision, kindness, shelter, shade?  
Who on the European continent  
Amidst the potentates belligerent  
Ventures at England's faith to hurl the stone?  
Far better, were her policy their own!  
As open enemy, or honest friend  
Her interests she ever will defend:  
But scorns the breach of compact, artful league,  
And all the littleness of base intrigue.  
Ask through her settlements in India found,  
And through the intersecting states around,  
What think they of our land's integrity—  
Would they from such enlightened rule be free?  
Ask as you journey o'er the coast of gold,  
Where human strength inhumanly is sold—  
Its limbs examined, muscles put to stretch,  
To make of brother man a very wretch—



And when from country dear and kindred torn  
And to the Islands miserably borne,  
Ask them what foreign land they love the most—  
“Oh! take me,” they would say, “to England’s coast!  
“Let me within its rocks once bend the knee,  
“Once touch the shores whose magic makes us free!”  
Splendid as are these honours on the page  
That history will transmit to future age,  
The first, best, purest jewel of thy crown  
Shall be thy christian deeds of sweet renown;  
And of those christian deeds, the energies  
That would a sordid world evangelize!

Blest period! good anticipated, haste!  
Let present man thy joys millennial taste!  
Let him an infant glimpse obtain of life,  
Freed from the bitterness of care and strife!  
Show *us* thy glory, Lord! thy goodness make\*  
To pass before *our* eyes, for thy name-sake!

\* Ex. xxxiii, 18, 19.

Let us behold thy kingdom come; behold  
 The aliens compassed in one happy fold!  
 One Shepherd over them to watch and tend,\*  
 The lambs to gather with his arm, defend,  
 To bear them in his bosom, soothe, and feed,  
 And gently those that are with young to lead!  
 Give us to know all savage passions tamed!†  
 All tempers scorning social faith, ashamed;  
 Safely e'en in the wilderness to dwell;‡  
 Sleep in the woods, nor dread ferocious yell;  
 To see the beasts of prey have actions mild,  
 And led promiscuous by a little child;§  
 Broken the battle axe, the sword, the bow;||  
 And war and enmity and lust laid low!  
 To see the feeble knees, weak hands, at length¶  
 Established in thy self-imparted strength;  
 The fearful heart amidst the faithful throng  
 Sinewed by grace, and in assurance strong!\*\*

\* Ezek. xxxiv. 23.    † Is. lxxv. 25.    ‡ Ezek. xxxiv. 25.    § Is. xi. 6.

|| Hos. ii. 18.

¶ Is. xxxv. 3, 4.

\*\* Ezek. xxxiv. 30.

Give us one comprehension to possess  
Of all to which our knowledge has access ;  
To send one great, one universal voice,  
In choral Hallelujahs to rejoice !

Are all these empty words, or do men read  
To see, believe, and bravely own their creed ?  
If so, they're looking to the growing scope  
Of vision, answerable to their hope ;  
And far as corresponding signs appear  
They have a right to judge their vision clear.  
A time of sure commencement there must be \*  
To set the Israclites and Heathens free ;  
And arduous constancy must intervene  
Through generations many yet unseen,  
Ere such a warfare, and on such a plan,  
May be accomplished through appointed man :  
Yet still it stands the object of desire ;  
And every possible should each inspire

\* Acts i. 6, 7, 8.

To aid the harmonies of christian theme,  
And prove this work sublime, no more a dream.

This bright millenium rises ! Albion's spires  
Are brilliant with the glory of its fires.  
Its purple peaks their radiant tints unfold  
Sparkling with lustre, and imbued with gold.  
Upon its fortress' cliffs from east to west,  
The beams of ancient prophecy are prest ;  
And summits of its mountains yield their pride  
Before the coming mountain deified.\*  
See issued from Prerogative's resort,  
From judgment of an ample triune court,  
The Bill that opens to Hindostan's eyes  
Of God's high calling the intrinsic prize !  
The mean, where rages superstition's strife,  
To plant the tree of knowledge—tree of life,  
And bid to circulate through every vein,  
O'er India, and o'er Asia's vast domain,

\* Is. xi. 10.

The truth efficient, uncorrupt, divine,  
As when it first diffused through Palestine.

See under noble, royal patronage,  
A fit society of men engage  
Commissioned by the King of kings, to prove  
For ancient Israel faithful care and love !  
See with dispatch, astonishing, the fane  
Upreared, advanced, and in progressive train,  
With christian Testament in Hebrew tongue  
Translated, published, Judah's sons among,  
To bless the Israelites with joyful sound,  
That their anticipated Lord is found—  
That Gospel facts each prophecy sustains\*  
And that their own Messiah ever reigns !  
See congregated proselytes in haste  
Forsaking the cold cheerless wildering waste,  
And praying for the period when once more  
Their God his chosen people shall restore !

\* Acts x. 43.

See schools established, manufactures swell,  
Recovered sons of ancient love to tell,  
And christians of all orders lend the voice  
*For* them, and *with* them, promptly to rejoice !  
See youths of promise, aliens but of late,  
Instructed saving truths to promulgate,  
And glowing with the hope, through strength divine,  
As honoured instruments of light to shine !  
God ! from whom all primordial virtue springs  
Despiseth not the day of little things.\*  
He maketh small the water-drops, to pour †  
In vapour subtile, sure, the arid o'er ;  
He bids the clouds to weigh their gathered fill,  
And upon man abundantly distill.  
“ He ” will not, “ shall not break the bruised reed ” ‡  
(Thus for himself, he of himself decreed)  
“ The smoking flax shall he not quench, but fan  
“ To judgment and to truth ” the spark in man.

\* Zech. iv. 10.

† Job xxxvi. 27, 28.

‡ Matt. xii. 20.

Though small be the beginning, yet the end \*  
With large increase—with harvest ripe shall bend.  
Deem not as nothing then the infant hour,†  
But watch the rising of the gracious power!  
The scarcely visible, the shade of light,  
That wakes from non-existence heavy night,  
If contemplated justly, is the dawn  
That promises a bright celestial morn.

Full of the knowledge of the Lord, shall be ‡  
The earth, as waters overspread the sea!  
The eye refreshes at a thousand rills  
That wind salubriously from British hills,  
And point their lengthening way of freedom, worth,  
To farthest parched and barren ends of earth:  
But none appears so steadily to flow,  
None such high privileges to bestow,  
None is so comprehensive in its will,  
Or so efficient purpose to fulfill,

\* Job viii. 5—10.

† Hag. ii. 3.

‡ Isaiah xi. 9.

As that of sending into every land  
The Bible, in the tongue they understand.  
The Scriptures pure are given to be received,  
Are code of truth to be beheld, believed;  
They bid us wear them in our heart, to teach  
Our children's children, all within our reach;\*  
To talk of them when sitting round our hearth;  
When walking by the way to sound their worth;  
When lying down, for safety and for rest,  
And rising up in sweet refreshment blest.  
They bid us bind them on our hands as sign,  
Between our eyes as frontlets all divine,  
Write them upon the door-posts of abode,  
And on our gates proclaim The LORD our GOD.

The Church, the Word, the Spirit, and the band  
Called to promulgate truth throughout the land,  
Kept by Omnipotence whose own they are,†  
Still the same witness, the same essence bear,‡

\* Deut. vi. 6. 9.

† Rev. xxii. 13.

‡ Acts v. 32.



Speak with the same authority, and hold  
The promises and threatenings, as of old ; \*  
In operation too, as they were then  
These promises divine of yea, amen !  
To the same testimony, law, and Word,  
Be our attention and our trust preferred !  
Preserved through perils many, and concealed  
But with refulgence new to be revealed,  
Time still with ceaseless faithful course has run  
And triumphs in prophetic records won.  
Time travels still with ceaseless faithful course  
Prophetic records bearing to enforce,  
And claims the confidence of reasoning man  
For equal finish on the mighty plan.

HE, who without beginning, form, or space,  
Does matter universal see, embrace,  
Sustain, control, pervade—who calls forth man ;  
Meteth the heavenly regions with a span ; †

\* Rev. xxii. 16—90.

† Isaiah xl. 12—22.

The ocean in the hollow of his hand;  
Numbers upon its beds and shores, the sand;  
Mountains and hills into his balance flings;  
Takes up the isles as very little things;  
Upon the circle of the planets sits;  
And to infinity himself commits—  
HE, whose essential attributes are known  
To his stupendous sovereignty alone—  
Who bids the searching for them to deride\*  
His creature's insignificance and pride—  
HE, all that our ideas can of vast  
Into perfection at his fiat cast;  
Through circling time has poized them by his will,  
And bids Eternity this law fulfill.  
In HIS entire survey the atom class  
Is dear, is known, as that of hugest mass;  
Since all extension, vague importance gives,  
With HIM, who through unbounded matter lives.

\* Isaiah lx. 13, 14.

Distinction higher HE to man accords,  
To reason's eye HIMSELF revealed, affords;  
Revealed for all the purposes of good,  
That by man's finite powers are understood.  
His purposes in endless circle move,  
Efficient to his wonder-working love.  
HE still immutably his word declares,  
And answers all the promises it bears;  
Will still declare, and answer, and reveal,  
To those who HIS designs revere and feel;  
And will eventually call it home,  
Sealed with the fulness of HIS KINGDOM COME!

Preceded by the heavenly host its gleam—  
Myriads of the redeemed announce the theme.  
As they advance, the motion of their wings\*  
A noise like that of mighty waters brings.  
As voice of the Almighty is the noise—  
That voice which speaks to crumble worlds, or poize.

\* Ezek. i. 24.

They stand; let down their wings; and o'er their heads,\*  
 The firmament as throne of sapphire spreads;  
 Issuing as noise of host, the voice divine,  
 While all around the Godhead glories shine.  
 Hark! the great trumpet of the Lord is blown,†  
 Sounded by seventh angel of the throne!‡  
 The seventh angel pours his vial there;§  
 Thunders and lightnings rend the ambient air;  
 And earthquake was, of such a mighty birth,  
 As was not, since inhabited the earth.  
 Voices are multiplied as ocean's roar,||  
 As sounds reverb'rated from shore to shore;  
 And harpers harping with their harps, are heard;  
 And chorusses symphonious of the Word.

The prelude to the mighty voice is won.  
 The mighty voice determines "It is done."¶

\* Ezek. i. 28.

† Isaiah xxvii. 13.

‡ Rev. xi. 15.

§ Rev. xvi. 17, 18.

|| Rev. xiv. 2.

¶ Rev. xvi. 17.

Proclaims that He is GOD, and only He; \*  
 No other Saviour but the ONE in 'THREE; †  
 None but himself the universe hath cast, ‡  
 He, Alpha and Omega, first and last ! §  
 The great beginning and the faithful end !  
 He vindicates himself his creatures' friend ;  
 He gives them a new city, a new earth ; ||  
 Calls them to sonship by a second birth ; ¶  
 And gives his spirit to each willing ear, \* \*  
 A witness in itself, his truths to hear.

Thus saith the Lord, unto the sons of men :  
 " Gather yourselves to my great sacrifice !  
 " Be strong and work, for I am with you still !  
 " Proclaim the year acceptable of God !  
 " Fear not ! yet once, it is a little while,  
 " And I will shake the heavens, and the earth,  
 " The sea, dry land, and I will shake all nations,  
 " And, of all nations ' The Desire,' shall come,

\* Isaiah xlv. 21, 22.    † Isaiah xliii. 11.    ‡ John i. 3.    § Rev. xxii. 13  
 || Isaiah lxxv. 17.    ¶ John i. 12.    \* \* Rom. viii. 15, 16.

“ Full of my glory ! saith the Lord of Hosts.  
“ And I will overthrow the throne of kingdoms ;  
“ I will destroy the strength of heathen kingdoms ;  
“ And set up One that never shall decay.  
“ I will o’erthrow the chariots ; those who ride ;  
“ The horses and their riders shall come down ;  
“ All thy strong holds, thy witchcrafts, soothsayers ;  
“ Thy graven images will I cut off ;  
“ Thy standing images from midst of thee ;  
“ Cut off the idols’ names from out the land ;  
“ The makers of them shall confounded be,  
“ And thou no more shalt worship work of thine.  
“ Beneath the cliffs of rocks, in vallies fair,  
“ No more thou shalt thy sons and daughters slay ;  
“ Nor sacrifice—abomination vile !  
“ To Moloch, making them to pass through fire—\*  
“ I will pluck up thy groves from midst of thee, †  
“ Will make ashamed of oaks ye have desired, ‡  
“ Confounded for the gardens ye have chosen,  
“ And plant the cedar, myrtle, and the pine. §

\* Lev. xx. 2.    † Mic. v. 14.    ‡ Isaiah i. 29.    § Isaiah xli. 19.

- “ Behold, a new thing I will do; will make  
“ An highway, even in the wilderness;  
“ And in the desert rivers cause to flow;  
“ And I will bring the blind an unknown way;  
“ I will make darkness light; fools shall not err;  
“ And every valley shall exalted be;  
“ And every mountain, hill, shall be made low;  
“ The crooked straight, and the rough places plain.  
“ My glory shall throughout revealed be;  
“ All flesh shall see it; I have spoken it.  
“ Arise, shine; thy light is come; even now, \*  
“ The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!  
“ I give thee for thy guide the morning star; †  
“ The unknown god worshipped in ignorance, ‡  
“ I now make known; I, even I, am He. §  
“ Is there a God beside? I know not any. ||  
“ I will betroth thee unto me for ever,  
“ In judgment, mercy, and in righteousness.  
“ Call those my people, which were not my people;

\* Isaiah lx. 1.    † Rev. ii. 28.    ‡ Acts xvii. 28.    § Isaiah xliii. 11.

|| Isaiah xliv. 8.

“Thy maker is the Husband, Father, Friend.  
“I am found out of those who sought me not;  
“Disclosed to those not called by my name;  
“Before they call upon me, I reply;  
“And while they yet are speaking, I will hear.  
“No more shall men be taught to know the Lord;  
“For from the least of them unto the greatest  
“They shall all know me, saith the Lord of Hosts.

“And thou, O tower of the flock, strong hold \*  
“Of Zion’s daughter, unto thee shall come  
“Even the first dominion; the kingdom  
“To the daughter of Jerusalem!  
“Comfort, comfort ye my people, saith your God!†  
“Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem!  
“Cry, that her warfare is accomplished;  
“That her iniquity is pardoned!  
“Lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid:  
“Say unto Judah’s sons, Behold your God!  
“The Lord shall comfort Zion, her waste places;‡

\* Mic. iv. 8.

† Isaiah xl. 1.

‡ Isaiah li. 3—12.



“ Like Eden he will make her wilderness;  
“ Her desert like the garden of the Lord;  
“ Blessing and gladness shall be found therein,  
“ Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.  
“ The Lord’s redeemed with singing shall return,  
“ With everlasting joy upon their head.  
“ No more shall it be said, ‘ Liveth the LORD \*  
“ Who brought from Egypt’s land his chosen seed—’  
“ But ‘ the Lord liveth, who from countries wide  
“ Where He had driven them, hath brought them up,  
“ And bid them in their promised blessings dwell.’  
“ I, even I, am He that comforteth!  
“ As the resuscitation of dry bones †  
“ To life and energy, so Israel lost  
“ Is called, reanimated, brought again,  
“ Filled with the spirit, placed where they desire, ‡  
“ E’en in a better country—heavenly;  
“ A city blest: prepared for them by God.  
“ Their children also be as aforetime; §

\* Jer. xxiii. 7, 8. † Ezek. xxxvii. 11. ‡ Heb. xi. 16. § Jer. xxx. 21.

- “ Their congregation be established ;  
“ Their nobles shall be of themselves ;  
“ Their governors proceed from midst of them ;  
“ To them a Son be given ; the mighty God ;  
“ The everlasting Father ; Prince of Peace.  
“ A covenant of strength I make with them,  
“ An everlasting covenant ; will place  
“ My sanctuary ’mongst them for evermore ;  
“ Will be their God and they shall be my people.  
“ And Jacob’s remnant shall be as the dew,\*  
“ And as refreshing showers upon the grass.  
“ Israel’s iniquity be sought in vain,†  
“ The sins of Judah, they shall not be found.  
“ Long scorned as outcasts, have my people said,  
“ ‘ Rejoice not o’er me O mine enemy ! ‡  
“ Fallen, I shall arise ; in darkness sit,  
“ But know the Lord shall be a light to me.  
“ The indignation of the Lord I bear,  
“ Because against his favour I have sinned.

\* Mic. vi. 7.

† Jer. i. 20.

‡ Mic. vii. 8.

“ But He will cover my reproach with love,  
“ And make me to behold his righteousness.’  
“ And thus unto thee health I will restore,\*  
“ And faithfully will heal thee of thy wounds.  
“ Although of others a full end I make,  
“ Yet will I never make full end of thee.  
“ No more ‘ Forsaken ’ shall thy name be known,  
“ No more thy kingdoms ‘ Desolate ’ be called,  
“ A new name thou shalt bear of choice divine,  
“ Become a crown of glory in mine hand;  
“ A royal diadem to please thy God.  
“ Thee have I loved, with everlasting love,†  
“ Therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.  
“ Is Ephraim my dear son, a pleasant child?  
“ I surely then upon him will have mercy.  
“ The year of my redeemed is come.”‡

“ Wake from their lethargy the Christian Church  
“ Of every name and nation. Bid them seek

\* Jer. xxx. 17.

† Jer. xxxi. 3.

‡ Isaiah lxiii. 1—4.

“ For simple truth where it alone is found,  
“ And practise it from every error free.  
“ Arrest his hearing, ‘ He that hath an ear ’ \*  
“ To what the Spirit to the churches saith.  
“ He knows their works of every kind, degree,  
“ And brings profession to the christian test.  
“ Acknowledges of one its patience, toil,  
“ Yet has against it somewhat for reproach  
“ Because it has forsaken its first love.  
“ Bids it remember well from whence ’tis fallen;  
“ Bids it repent, and do as at the first,  
“ Or He will quickly come, and from its place  
“ Remove its candlestick. To one he saith  
“ Thou livest by thy name, but thou art dead !  
“ Remember therefore how thou hast received,  
“ And heard, and hold fast, and repent, and watch.  
“ Thou shalt not know the hour I come upon thee.  
“ E’en thou hast still a few names undefiled,  
“ And they shall walk with me, for they are worthy.

\* Rev. ii. 7.

“ He to another saith, I know thee well,  
“ Thou art not cold nor hot; I nauseate thee;  
“ Thou sayest I am rich; increased with goods;  
“ Have need of nothing; and knowest not, alas!  
“ That thou art wretched, naked, poor, and blind.  
“ Buy of me gold that’s purified in fire!  
“ Be clothed in raiment of my righteousness!  
“ Anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou see!  
“ Those whom I love, I chasten and rebuke:  
“ Who hears my voice with him I will abide.  
“ And to a fourth, He that is holy, saith,  
“ Behold an open door before thee stands,  
“ Which none can shut: thou hast a little strength,  
“ Hast kept my word, hast not denied my name,  
“ I will keep thee from fell temptation’s hour,  
“ That shall assail the earth’s inhabitants,  
“ And make them know that I have loved thee.  
“ Behold I come! let no man take thy crown!

- “ Behold I quickly come! blessed is he \*  
“ That keeps the sayings of this sacred book!  
“ Behold I quickly come! with my reward,  
“ To give to each according to his work:  
“ Come ye! the spirit and the bride say come!  
“ Let him that heareth, and athirst is, come!  
“ Come, gather to the supper of your God!  
“ Blessed are they thus to the supper called!  
“ The seals are opening, and as each unfolds,  
“ A voice still speaks in thunder ‘Come and see!’  
“ See the Heavens rent, the mountains flowing down,  
“ The church enlarged, the nations flowing in,†  
“ Eyes opened of the blind, deaf ears unstopped,  
“ The creature’s earnest expectation glad ‡  
“ In that the Sons of God are manifest!  
“ See HIM to whom the gathering of the people!  
“ See gathered from all quarters of the earth,  
“ As time has fulness, every thing in CHRIST!§

\* Rev. xxii. 7.    † Isaiah ii. 2.    ‡ Rom. viii. 19.    § Ephes. i. 10.

“ See my pure spirit poured upon thy seed,\*  
 “ My blessing on your offspring! see them spring  
 “ As willows by the water courses!  
 “ Hear them exclaim ‘ too strait for me the place,  
 “ Give room that the inhabitants may dwell!’  
 “ See kings and states as nursing parents given!  
 “ See but one body, spirit, hope, and faith,†  
 “ One baptism, Lord, God, Father of you all!  
 “ See my rest glorious! glory full revealed!‡  
 “ See my dominion reach from sea to sea,  
 “ From the great river to earth’s utmost bounds!  
 “ Lo! I am with you, even to the end!”§

*	*	*	*	*
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*	*	*	*	*

The mighty voice is still; awe holds a pause;  
 Mute reverence with acclamation wars.

\* Isaiah xliv. 3, 4. † Ephes. iv. 4. ‡ Isaiah xi. 10. § Matt. xxviii. 20.

The Hallelujahs trembling on the tongue  
Now in one peal of gratitude are rung.  
The firmament returns the rolling sound,  
And spreads it by reverberation round.  
Forth in mid-heaven with rapid outstretched wings,\*  
An angel the eternal Gospel brings,  
To preach to every people, kindred, land;  
To tell their great salvation is at hand;  
To bid with voice resounding GOD to fear;  
To give him glory; to behold him near;  
To see in Him the Being, at whose nod  
The earth, the sea, the heavens, beheld their God!  
Loud Hallelujahs rise; the hosts in Heaven  
Unite in strains of triumph as 'tis given:

“The kingdoms of this world are become  
“The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,  
“And He shall reign for ever and for ever!  
“We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,

\* Rev. xiv. 6.



“ Which art, and wast, and art to come ; because  
“ Thou takest to Thee thy great power and reignest.  
“ Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive  
“ Power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,  
“ And honour, and glory, and blessing !  
“ For Thou hast created all things, and for  
“ Thy pleasure, they are and were created.  
“ And the voices said, Amen ; Hallelujah !  
“ The voice of many angels round about  
“ The throne ; the voice of a great multitude ;  
“ And as the voice of many waters,  
“ And as the voice of mighty thunderings,  
“ Ten thousand times ten thousand  
“ And thousands of thousands, saying, Hallelujah !  
“ For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !  
“ And every creature which in Heaven, on earth,  
“ Beneath the earth, and such as in the sea,  
“ And all that are in them, are heard, saying  
“ Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power,  
“ Be unto Him that sitteth on the throne,

“ And to the Lamb for ever and ever !

“ And the voices said, Amen ; Hallelujah !

“ And they rest not day and night saying

“ Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,

“ Which was, and is, and is to come.

“ Lo ! a great multitude innumerable

“ Of every nation, people, kindred, tongue,

“ Standing before the throne, before the Lamb,

“ Clothed in white robes, and victory in their hands

“ Cried with loud voice, Salvation to our God

“ Which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb,

“ Amen : blessing, and glory, and wisdom,

“ Thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might,

“ Be unto our God for ever ; Amen !

“ And the voice of much people said Hallelujah !

“ Salvation and glory and honour

“ And power unto the Lord our God :

“ For true and righteous are his judgments :

“ Faithful is He that calleth you

“ Who also will do it : Arise O Lord

“ Into thy rest, Thou and the ark of thy strength !

“ And again they said Hallelujah ! ” \*

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

The choral broad magnificence of sound  
 Has so imbued space infinite around,  
 That still it holds its raptured harmonies :  
 Gently it reaches the ethereal skies,  
 Gives to the planetary atmosphere,  
 Spreads the exulting adoration near,  
 Extends to mortals its exalted taste,  
 And animates their labours in the waste.  
 Peace sheds o’er earth her choice balsamic dews ; †  
 And acts of highest social love diffuse.

\* Rev. iv. 2, 11 ; v. 11—13 ; vii. 9—12 ; xi. 15, 17 ; xiv. 6, 7 ;  
 xix. 1—6 ; Ps. cxxxii. 8 ; 1 Thes. v. 24.

† Luke ii. 14.

When terminable things at length resolve  
Into that Kingdom's perfect full evolve—  
When one the pure felicity supplied—  
One the great object to be glorified—  
In love consummate, adoration high,  
Will sink all Individuality.  
Praise will be oneness! with complete accord  
One plaudit will be sounded to the Lord;  
One everlasting plaudit, to the bounds  
That God's pure essence ever more surrounds.  
One great original throughout will shine;  
The ALPHA and OMEGA all divine!

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## NOTES.

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## NOTES TO BOOK FIRST.

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NOTE 1, page 43, line 17.

*Leave self, which quits its tenement of clay,*  
The primordial, individual, and perpetual essence of man.

NOTE 2, page 53, line 11.

*Created blameless, judgment he had none—*  
Judgment.—The power of discerning the relations between one term,  
or one proposition and another. *Johnson's Dictionary.*

NOTE 3, page 53, line 18.

*He knew—by disobedience when undone:*  
“ And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to  
“ know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take  
“ also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.” *Genesis iii. 22.*

## NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

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NOTE 4, page 64, line 11.

*Where full acerras yield a rich perfume,*

Acerra.—Censer is chiefly used in speaking of the Jewish worship. Among the Greeks and Romans it is more frequently called Thuribulum and Acerra. *Rees's Chamb. Cyclop.*

NOTE 5, page 67, line 11.

*Witness the Gallic fabulist of fame!*

It is a well-authenticated fact that La Fontaine used to write his loose tales with a hair-cloth next his skin all the time as a punishment for so doing.

NOTE 6, page 69, line 6.

*The pains of the departed to assuage.*

In Ireland is a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, where, as the legend affords, at the prayers of St. Patrick, bishop of the place, there was made a visible representation of the pains which the wicked undergo after death, in order to deter sinners, &c. *Cyclop.*

NOTE 7, page 110, line 9.

*With blue Lunaria's emblematic flower;*

Lunaria—honesty—sattin-flower, or moonwort.

*Millers' Gardener's Dictionary.*



## NOTES TO BOOK THIRD.

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NOTE 8, page 114, line 5.

*Great Dominic the saint—fanatic vain !*

It has been generally said that the tribunal of the Inquisition was the invention of St. Dominic, and first erected by him in the city of Toulouse ; that consequently he was the first inquisitor ; and that, although the year of its institution is uncertain, it was undoubtedly confirmed in a solemn manner, by Innocent III, in the council of the Lateran, in the year 1215.

*See Limborch's History of the Inquisition, by Chandler, book I. chap. 10.*

NOTE 9, page 118, line 5.

*An host, to which the Harpies owe their birth,*

Harpies—a rapacious impure sort of monsters, of the bird kind, mentioned among the poets.

Mr. Bryant supposes that the Harpies were a college of priests in Bythynia, who, on account of their repeated acts of violence and cruelty, were driven out of the country. Their temple was called Arpi, and the environs Arpiæ. And he observes farther, that Harpyia was certainly of old the name of a place.

*Anal. of Anc. Mythol. vol. II. page 4.*

NOTE 10, page 121, line 6.

*Told oft the tale of prisoners by the sound*

*Of shotten lock repeated in the round*

“ I was likewise convinced that there was a great number of prisoners besides myself ; the profound silence which reigned within the walls of the building having enabled me to count the number of doors which were opened at the hours of meals.”

*Dellon's Narrative of his Imprisonment—as brought forward in Dr. Buchanan's Christian Researches, page 142.*

NOTE 11, page 128, line 5.

*Who, sovereigns illustrious ! have thought fit  
Themselves and their dominions to submit,*

This tribunal has arisen to such a height in Spain, that the king of Castile, before his coronation, subjects himself and all his dominions by a special oath to the most holy tribunal of the Inquisition. 1478.

NOTE 12, page 132, line 14.

*In perfect ignorance reciprocal.*

Geddes's Tracts, vol. I. page 425—429, Limborch's Hist. of the Inquisition, by Chandler, page 147.

NOTE 13, page 150, line 8.

*When prison cells are full, and festival  
Of special kind for this regale doth call,*

Geddes's Tracts, vol. I. page 425—429.

For the leading features of the Inquisition here brought forward, see Limborch's Hist. of the Inquisition, by Chandler *passim*, Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. vol. III. page 113, &c. 8vo. And Picart's religious ceremonies under its own head.

NOTE 14, page 150, line 18.

*For Romish and Judaic heresy.*

See Picart's religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholics. Vol. II. page 356.

NOTE 15, page 155, line 18.

*Elsewhere pursue the anguished sickening theme.*

See Act of Faith. Geddes's Misc. Tracts, vol. I. page 442. Limborch's Hist. of Inquisition, Book IV.; and Picarts' religious ceremonies.

NOTE 16, page 167, line 14.

*Narekha terrifies through Hindoo ears.*

Narekha is the name given to the infernal regions, which are supposed to be divided into a variety of places adapted to different degrees of punishment.

Craufurd's Sketches of the Hindoos, vol. I. page 168.

## NOTES TO BOOK FOURTH.

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NOTE 17, page 176, line 20.

*Amenable to such fell tyranny!*

“ The author had learnt from every quarter that the tribunal of the  
“ Inquisition at Goa was still in operation, though under some restrictions  
“ as to the *publicity* of its proceedings; and that its power extended to  
“ the extreme boundary of Hindostan. That in the present civilized state  
“ of christian nations in Europe, an Inquisition should exist at all under  
“ their authority appeared strange: but that a papal tribunal of this cha-  
“ racter should exist under the implied toleration and countenance of the  
“ British Government; that christians, being subjects of the British Em-  
“ pire, and inhabiting the British territories, should be amenable to its  
“ power and jurisdiction, was a statement which seemed to be scarcely  
“ credible; but if true, a fact which demanded the most public and  
“ solemn representation.” *Buch. Chris. Res. Asia*, pp. 129, 130.

In a note in the same book, page 132, the author says, “ He was in-  
“ formed that the Viceroy of Goa has no authority over the Inquisition,  
“ and that he himself is liable to its censure. Were the British Govern-  
“ ment for instance to prefer a complaint against the Inquisition to the  
“ Portuguese Government at Goa, it could obtain no redress. By the  
“ very constitution of the Inquisition, there is no power in India which  
“ can invade its jurisdiction, or even put a question to it on any subject.”

The author having given the public a most interesting but dreadful  
detail of the particulars concerning the Inquisition at Goa which he had  
in his own person obtained, assigns as his chief reason for so doing  
“ that the English nation may consider, whether there be sufficient  
“ ground for presenting a remonstrance to the Portuguese Government  
“ on the longer continuance of that tribunal in India; it being noto-  
“ rious that a great part of the Romish Christians are now under British  
“ protection.”..... A censure is passed on our government for  
their indifference to this subject.

*Edinb. Rev.* No. 32, page 449. *Chris. Res. Asia*, page 153.

Since the passage was written, for the elucidation of which the above

notes were selected, the author has joyfully to congratulate the world on the abolition of the very system that she has brought forward with so much concern and reprehension. With an erasure of so much moment to the happiness of mankind, she would gladly have erased the painful representation of it, but for the inability to attribute to the interference of the British Government any share of the credit of this act—and but for the hope that a lively sense of this recent stigma may henceforth incite to the exercise of its most powerful influences at home and abroad, for the best health, privileges, and security of its subjects.

NOTE 18, page 186, line 8.

*How infinite their ever-rising springs*

*That schismatize from system head of things!*

Ananda Rayer, afterwards converted by a Romish priest, and finally settled in the pure Protestant faith by Dr. John of Tranquebar, a Brahman, had in the early period of his sincerity, applied, (as many Brahmins and other Hindoos constantly do) to an older Brahman of some fame for sanctity, to know “ what he should do that he might be “ saved ?” The old Brahman told him that “ he must repeat a certain “ prayer four lack of times ;” that is 400,000 times. This he performed in a Pagoda in six months ; and added many painful ceremonies. *Buch. Chris. Res.* page 69.

NOTE 19, page 187, line 1.

*Men erudite in general are agresd, &c.*

“ From a close and attentive consideration of whatever has been “ published in Europe, or imported from Asia, relative to the religion “ and religious books of the Hindoos ; many learned men are of opinion that all their excellencies are derived from the books of the Old “ and New Testaments. Any unprejudiced reader must discern this ; “ and he will have a satisfactory proof of it, from the consideration “ that, where their writers obviously copy the sacred Scriptures, they “ are consistent and rational ; and where they do not follow them, they “ are irrational, absurd, and ridiculous. Did time permit, a thousand “ proofs of this might be furnished from works already published, and “ from the four *Vedas*, *Maha Barut*, and several others.”

*Fuller's Apology for the late Christian Missions to India*, part II.  
pp. 81, 82.

After an inserted description of their gods, with their strange contradictory qualities by the same author, page 89, he says, " But this only " proves, that when they borrow from the fountain of truth they are " correct; but are plunged into error and absurdities, as soon as they " attempt to *think for themselves*."

In passing through the regions of the East, and surveying the various religious systems which prevail, the mind of the Christian traveller cannot fail to be impressed with the strong resemblance which some of them bear to doctrines, which are familiar to him. However varied or disguised they may be, there are yet some strong lines, which constantly recall his thoughts to the doctrines of revelation, and seem to point to a common origin.

The chief and distinguishing doctrines of Scripture may be considered the four following: viz. the Trinity in unity; the incarnation of the deity; a vicarious atonement for sin; and the influence of the divine spirit on the mind of man. Now if we should be able to prove that *all* these are represented in the systems of the East, will any man venture to affirm, that it happens by *chance*?

Dr. Buchanan then proceeds to give a minute and clear comparison of these important and elementary points at once curious and satisfactory; but being too long with their notes for transcription in this place, we can only refer our readers to his *Chris. Res. Asia*, page 243.

NOTE 20, page 187, line 17.

*Finds in their Vedas,<sup>1</sup> Shasters,<sup>2</sup> Poorans<sup>3</sup> high,*

1. The Veds, or, as pronounced in some parts of Hindostan, Beds, and on the coast of Coromandel Vedams, contain all the principles of their religion, laws, and government, and are supposed to be of divine origin.

2. Some of the Sastras are commentaries on the Veds, and have been written by different ancient Pundits. The Neetee Sastra is a system of ethicks. The Dharma Sastra treats of religious duties, &c.

3. Pooran, which we often find mentioned, literally signifying *ancient*, is a title given to a variety of works which treat of their gods and heroes. *Craufurd's Sketches of the Hindoos*, Sketch 5, page 125.

But the lower classes in India have not these doctrines taught to them. It is death, and one of the most cruel deaths a person can die, for an

individual of the lower class to hear their moral lessons read. If one of the Soodra cast hears them, or reads them, he is in the one case to have heated wax poured into his ears, and in the other to be put to death in some other way. And this explains the seeming mystery of the case; because it would be exceedingly strange indeed, if such pure and moral lessons were the general lessons of the religion, and yet the effects upon the people be such as they are seen to be.

Sir James Mackintosh has stated as follows: In a charge which he made to the Grand Jury of Bombay, in 1803, he remarked, that if he had not gone to India, he could not have credited the depravity which he found to be prevalent among the natives. He particularly adverted to the frequency of perjury, and other crimes of an equally enormous nature. A corroboration of this is afforded in a case tried before Sir James Mackintosh at Bombay, and inserted in the Asiatic Register of 1805, where it appeared that a female witness had been detected in committing a perjury. She was asked whether she did not deem such an offence to be extremely enormous; to which she answered, that she understood that *the English* so regarded it, but that it was thought *nothing of* in her country.

NOTE 21, page 187, line 17.

*Arms constantly extended o'er the head, &c.*

For the authenticity of penances, see Craufurd's Sketch on Devotees. Fuller's Apol. Part II. pp. 40, 41. Picart's Religious Ceremonies. Buchanan in his Journal at Juggernaut, &c. &c.

NOTE 22, page 189, line 14.

*From which the highly-luminated rose.*

D'Herbelot says, "The sect of the Illuminés had its origin in the "East." Craufurd's Sketches, vol. I. page 249.

NOTE 23, page 190, line 7.

*Amradda! prince of power and vast domain.*

The leading features of this tale, given for the same purpose of elucidating the superstition to which it relates—in Craufurd's Sketch on the Hindoo Mythol. page 215.

NOTE 24, page 193, line 7.

*There where the Banian branches broad and high*

The Burghat, or Banian, often measures from 24 to 30 feet in girth. It is distinguished from every other tree hitherto known, by the very peculiar circumstance of throwing out roots from all its branches. These being pendant and perfectly lax, in time reach the ground, which they penetrate, and ultimately become substantial props to the very massy horizontal boughs, which, but for such support, must either be stopped in their growth, or give way from their own weight. Many of these quondam roots, changing their appearance from a brown rough rind to a regular bark, not unlike that of the beech, increase to a great diameter. They may be often seen from four to five feet in circumference, and in a true perpendicular line. An observer, ignorant of their nature, might think them artificial, and that they had been placed for the purpose of sustaining the boughs from which they originated. They proceed from all the branches indiscriminately, whether near, or far removed from the ground. . . . The height of a full grown banian may be from 60 to 80 feet; and many of them I am confident cover at least two acres. Their leaves are similar to but rather larger than those of the laurel. The wood of the trunk is used only for fuel; it is light and brittle: but the pillars formed by the roots are valuable, being extremely elastic and light, working with ease, and possessing great toughness; it resembles a good kind of ash.

*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. II. page 113. *Note in Curse of Kehama.*

NOTE 25, page 194, line 2.

*The tasteful Dewul of a varied form,*

Dewul, or temple, called by the Europeans Pagodas.

*Craufurd's Sketches*, vol. I. page 107.

NOTE 26, page 202, line 15.

*His secret slept through ages—and then met*

*Narration from an holy anchoret.*

The same story which is likewise mentioned in Father Bouchet, in his letter to 'M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, (to be found in "Lettres " Edif. et Cur. tome 12, page 170, edit. de Paris, 1781") undoubtedly furnished the hint to M. de Moncrif, for his late beautiful tale of " Les



“Ames Rivaes.” See *Oeuvres de Mouncrif*, tome 2, page 17, edit. Paris, 1768. *Note annexed to this superstition referred to before.*

NOTE 27, page 203, line 8.

*Did not truth sterling in the medium live!*

See the full account related by the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. who was an eye-witness of the whole, in his journal for May and June, 1806. *Chris. Res. Asia*, pp. 17 to 35.

NOTE 28, page 203, line 13.

*Pilgrims, from India's farthest bounds proceed,*

From Orissa, the correspondents of the Baptist Mission have written that the worship of the idol Juggernaut had been more numerously attended than usual. “You would have been astonished” say they, “to see the vast number of pilgrims crossing the river at Cuttack. As far as the eye could reach, we could not see the end of the ranks; it put us in mind of an army going to battle.”—“You can easily conceive what a multitude of men, women, and children, must have been assembled at the temple, for 150 or thereabouts to have been killed in the crowd. They trod one upon another in approaching the temple gate. Ten Sepoys per company from all the battalions from Barackpore to this station had permission to visit the temple. A famine was produced in the country, and great numbers of the pilgrims died of hunger and thirst. We talked to some of them, but it was of nouse. They said, ‘Whether we survive or not, we will see the temple of Juggernaut before our death.’ Numbers killed themselves by falling under the wheels of the idol’s car. They laid themselves flat on their backs for the very purpose of being crushed to death by it.” *Buch. Apol.* page 38.

In addition to the above, is Dr. Carey’s testimony. In a letter lately received, he thus expresses himself:

“Idolatry destroys more than the sword, yet in a way that is scarcely perceived. The numbers who die in these long pilgrimages either through want or fatigue, or from dysenteries and fevers caught by lying out, and want of accommodation, is incredible. I only mention one idol, the famous Juggernaut in Orissa, to which 12 or 13 pilgrimages are made every year. It is calculated that the number who go thither



“ is, on some occasions 600,000 persons, and scarcely ever less than  
 “ 100,000. I suppose, at the lowest calculation, that, in the year,  
 “ 1,200,000 persons attend. Now, if only one in ten died, the mortality  
 “ caused by this one idol would be 120,000 in a year; but some are of  
 “ opinion that not many more than one in ten survive, and return home  
 “ again. Besides these, I calculate that 10,000 women annually burn  
 “ with the bodies of their deceased husbands, and the multitudes de-  
 “ stroyed in other methods would swell the catalogue to an extent almost  
 “ exceeding credibility.” *Periodical Accounts of Baptist Mission*, No.  
 23. *Buch. Apol.* pp. 39, 40.

NOTE 29, page 205, line 19.

“ *Made by what power?* ”—*Ah! why such question ask?*

“ The temple of Juggernaut is under the immediate control of the  
 “ English Government, who levy a tax on pilgrims as a source of re-  
 “ venue. See ‘ A Regulation (by the Bengal Government) for levying  
 “ a tax from pilgrims resorting to the temple of Juggernaut, and for  
 “ the superintendence and management of the temple.’ Passed April  
 “ 3, 1806.”

“ The province of Orissa first became subject to the British Empire  
 “ under the administration of the Marquis Wellesley, who permitted  
 “ the pilgrims at first to visit Juggernaut without paying tribute. It  
 “ was proposed to his Lordship soon after, to pass the above regulation  
 “ for the management of the temple, and the levying the tax; but he  
 “ did not approve of it, and actually left the government without  
 “ giving his sanction to the opprobrious law. When the measure was  
 “ discussed by the succeeding government, it was resisted by George  
 “ Udny, Esq., one of the members of the Supreme Council, who  
 “ recorded his *solemn dissent* on the proceedings of government, for  
 “ transmission to England. The other members considered Juggernaut  
 “ to be a legitimate source of revenue, on the principle, I believe,  
 “ that money from other temples in Hindostan had long been brought  
 “ into the treasury. It is just that I should state that these gentlemen  
 “ (though their opinion on this subject will differ so much from that of  
 “ their countrymen at home) are men of the most honourable principles,  
 “ and of unimpeached integrity. Nor would any one of them I  
 “ believe (for I have the honour to know them,) do any thing which

“ he thought injurious to the honour or religion of his country. But  
 “ the truth is this, that those persons who go to India in their early  
 “ youth, and witness the Hindoo customs all their life, seeing little at  
 “ the same time of the Christian religion to counteract the effect, are  
 “ disposed to view them with complacency, and are sometimes in dan-  
 “ ger of at length considering them even as proper or necessary.”

*Buch. Chris. Res. Asia*, pp. 31, 32.

NOTE 30, page 207, line 11.

*This act proposed to Wellesley was disclaimed ;*

Referred to the preceding note.

NOTE 31, page 207, line 15.

*Udny too, plaudit claims for equal view—*

Referred as above.

NOTE 32, page 216, line 16.

*Christians so called can coolly witness it—*

“ Lest it should be supposed that the rites of Juggernaut are confined  
 “ to the temple in Orissa, or that the Hindoos there practise a more  
 “ criminal superstition than they do in other places, it may be proper  
 “ to notice the effects of the same idolatry in Bengal. The English  
 “ nation will not expect to hear that the blood of Juggernaut is known  
 “ at Calcutta: but alas! it is shed at the very doors of the English,  
 “ almost under the eye of the Supreme Government. Moloch has many  
 “ a tower in the province of Bengal; that fair and fertile province  
 “ which has been called ‘ the garden of nations.’ Close to Ishera, a  
 “ beautiful villa on the river’s side, about eight miles from Calcutta,  
 “ once the residence of Governor Hastings, and within view of the  
 “ present Governor-General’s country house, there is a temple of this  
 “ idol that is often stained with human blood. At the festival of the  
 “ Rutt-Jattrra in May, 1807, the author visited it, on his return from  
 “ the South of India, having heard that its rites were similar to those  
 “ of Juggernaut.” Here follows the description of the scene to which  
 the author was eye-witness, dated Juggernaut’s Temple, near Ishera,  
 on the Ganges: Rutt Jattrra, May, 1807.

*Buch. Chris. Res. Asia*, pp. 32, 33.

NOTE 33, page 217, line 5.

*Not that in which the sons of Albion give*

*Their yearly thousands that such things may live;*

Annual expenses of the idol JUGGERNAUT, presented to the English Government.

[Extracted from the Official Accounts.]

	Rupees.	Pounds Sterling.
1. Expenses attending the table of the Idol	36,115...or...	4,514
2. Ditto of his dress or wearing apparel ....	2,712.....	339
3. Ditto of the wages of his servants .....	10,057.....	1,259
4. Ditto of contingent expenses at the dif- ferent seasons of pilgrimage	} 10,989.....	1,373
5. Ditto of his elephants and horses .....		378
6. Ditto of his rutt, or annual state carriage	6,713.....	839
	<hr/> Rupees 69,616	<hr/> Pounds 8,702

“ In item third, ‘ wages of his servants,’ are included the wages of  
“ the *courtesans*, who are kept for the service of the temple.

“ Item sixth,—What is here called in the official account ‘ the state  
“ carriage,’ is the same as the car or tower. Mr. Hunter informed me  
“ that the three ‘ state carriages ’ were decorated this year (in June,  
“ 1806) with upwards of 200*l.* sterling worth of English *broad stoth*.

“ Of the rites celebrated in the interior of Juggernaut, called the  
“ *daily service*, I can say nothing of my own knowledge, not having  
“ been within the temple.” *Buch. Chris. Res. Asia*, page 31.

NOTE 34, page 218, line 17.

*How inconsistent is the tenderness*

*That for all sentient beings they profess!*

The boasted humanity of the Hindoo system to all sentient beings is but ill supported when we come to a close examination of the customs which it tolerates, the precepts which it enjoins, or the actual conduct of its votaries. Though it be admitted that some of their horrid customs are a violation of their written code, yet there are other practices equally shocking to which it affords its immediate sanction. The public encouragement held out to aged pilgrims who drown themselves in the

Ganges, under the notion of acquiring religious merit, is repugnant to reason and humanity. No less than four or five persons have been seen drowning themselves at one time, with the view of performing a religious sacrifice of high value in their own estimation, and that of many thousands who attend this frightful solemnity. *Fuller's Apology for the late Christian Missions to India*, part II. page 64.

Quoted from Dr. Tennant's thoughts on the British Government in India.

NOTE 35, page 219, line 5.

*Where Ganges rolls its full majestic tide,*

The Bore is the rapid influx of the tide of the ocean into the Ganges. That river is wide at the mouth; but suddenly narrowing, the accumulated waters seek their level, and run forward in a continued billow, with a mighty rushing noise, a hundred miles up the country.

*Note Buch. Memorial. Apol. &c. page 83.*

The descent of the Ganges is related in the Remayuna, one of the most sacred books of the Bramins. This work the excellent and learned Baptist Missionaries at Serampore are at this time employed in printing and translating. One volume has arrived in Europe.

NOTE 36, page 219, line 17.

*There to the goddess of thy sacred source,*

Great numbers of infants also are thrown into the river, as offerings to the goddess;

*By willing not the lacteal draught prepared—*

*In wicker work suspended high and bared,*

*The carrion bird no mercy has to grant,*

*Nor fly's proboscis, nor sharp-stinging ant.*

and others who refuse their mother's milk are frequently hung up in a basket on the branch of a tree to be devoured by ants, or birds of prey!! *Fuller's Apol. Christian Missions*, part II.

If a child newly born will not suck, it is exposed to death in a basket hung on a branch of a tree. One day as Mr. Thomas and I were riding out, we saw a basket hung on a tree, in which an infant had been exposed, the scull of which remained, the rest having been devoured by ants. *Periodical Accounts of Baptist Missionaries.*

NOTE 37, page 220, line 11.

*To Ganges aged pilgrims fainting come*

*To seek within its waters final home ;*

Referred to note 34.

NOTE 38, page 220, line 15.

*And helplessness without a pang is torn*

*From those it fostered, loved—and thither borne*

The cruel treatment of the sick, the aged, and dying, if not a precept, is a practical result of their degrading system, far more universal than any of those already mentioned : it is of a nature which the most moderate share of humanity would prompt any person to use very zealous efforts to remedy. As soon as any mortal symptoms are discovered in the state of a patient by his physician, or by his relations, he is, if in Bengal, removed from his bed, and carried to the brink of the Ganges, where he is laid down with his feet and legs immersed in the river : there, instead of receiving from his friends any of the tender consolations of sympathy, to alleviate the pain of his departing moments, his mouth, nose, and ears, are stuffed with clay, or wet sand, while the bystanders crowd close around him, and incessantly pour torrents of water upon his head and body. It is thus, amidst the convulsive struggles of suffocation, added to the agony of disease, that the wretched Hindoo bids farewell to his present existence, and finally closes his eyes upon the sufferings of life. *Thoughts on the British Government in India, by Dr. Tennant—quoted in Fuller's Apol. Chris. Miss. to India, part II. page 65.*

NOTE 39, page 222, line 1.

*But is not female immolation worse—*

*Constraint to burn a more decided curse ?*

The recommendation given to a favourite wife to burn herself on the same funeral pile with the dead body of her husband affords not an unfrequent spectacle of deliberate cruelty which cannot perhaps be equalled in the whole annals of superstition. *Thoughts on Brit. Governm. India, by Dr. Tennant, in Fuller's Apol. for Chris. Missions to India, part. II. page 64.*

NOTE 40, page 222, line 13.

*Instances are, of those who with the dead*

*Alive have been scpulchred to their head;*

Some Hindoos, though few, bury the dead; and it is said that among these it is the duty of the widow to bury herself with the body of her husband. The religious ceremonies being performed, she descends into the grave with him, and taking the body in her arms, is with it covered with the earth. I cannot recollect in the countries in which I have been, to have heard of more than two instances of this horrid ceremony. *Craufurd's Sketches*, vol. II. page 57.

A note subjoined to the above is as follows—

Bernier, after speaking of women who burn themselves, says: “Ce sont certainement des choses bien barbares et bien cruelles; mais ce que font les Brahmens dans quelques endroits des Indes est bien autant, ou plus. Car, au lieu de bruler ces femmes, qui veulent mourir apres la mort de leur maris, ils les enterrent peu à peu toutes vives jusqu’ à la gorge, et puis tout d’un coup se jettent deux ou trois dessus, leurs tordent le cou, et les achevent d’étouffer. See likewise *Voyages de M. Dellon, en 1668, tome I. page 143, &c. 12mo. edit. Amsterdam.*

NOTE 41, page 226, line 7.

*Now marriage forms preliminary, trace*

For this general account of the ceremonies and festival of the marriages of the higher cast of Hindoos, see *Craufurd's Sketches* concerning them, from page 6, vol. II.

NOTE 42, page 226, line 17.

*Fine chintz and linen line the Pandal wall,*

*And flowers in garlands decorate the hall.*

Besides the usual rooms for receiving visitors, a large area is covered and formed into a *pandal*, or great temporary hall, which is lined with white linen or chintz, and hung round and decorated with garlands of flowers. *Sket. Hind.* vol. II. page 6.

NOTE 43, page 230, line 11.

*His only wife Zeibnissa dear had been ;*

For the matter-of-fact circumstances of this relation as far as concerns the ceremony of burning—see *Holwell's Mythol. and Cosmog. of the Gentoos* : (or Hindoos.)

NOTE 44, page 237, line 3.

*Now taries large and wide-mouthed, spread around*

*Their deep, their mournful, penetrating sound ;*

A tary is a trumpet of great size, and most lugubrious sound, which they sometimes use to announce the death of persons of distinction, and constantly at their funerals.

NOTE 45, page 237, line 11.

*The beins' vibrations their assistance lend ;*

The mention of this instrument by Sir William Jones, has given it celebrity.

NOTE 46, page 241, line 10.

*And drown the shrieks of burning agonies !*

“ We are told that these sacrifices are voluntary : but this is but partially true. The poor creatures are forced to submit to this cruel death by a dread of the slow torment of a wretched life, prolonged only to feel insult, and to be pursued by reproach and obloquy, to which every woman is subjected who refuses to resign herself to this barbarous superstition. In most cases they are compelled to devote themselves to death, to avoid the scorn and resentment even of their own nearest relations. These sacrifices are encouraged by the Brahmins ; and, shocking to say, they have considerably increased since India has been under our government. The Mohammedans, as we are told by Bernier, would never permit them to take place without previous notice. The same author states, that when women who have been goaded by the dread of scorn to devote themselves to the flames, have, on approaching the fatal pile, wished to recall the consent they had given, they were not allowed to do so. The Brahmins were seen forcing the wretched victims to ascend the pile, and pushing them into the mass of flame with long poles, while their agonizing shrieks were drowned by the noise of drums, and the savage shouts of the sur-



“ rounding multitude. We can hardly have an idea of the levity and  
 “ indifference which prevail among the Hindus who attend such spec-  
 “ tacles, a circumstance which of itself proves their common occurrence.  
 “ These sacrifices are not made with the solemnity which we might  
 “ expect to accompany a religious rite; indecent mirth and laughter  
 “ are its constant accompaniments; and the nearest relations of the  
 “ sufferer—the very son who with his own hand kindles the pile, are  
 “ seen talking with gaiety and unconcern; the whole scene presenting  
 “ an appearance similar to that furnished by a fair, or rustic merry  
 “ meeting in this country.

“ Attempts have recently been made to ascertain the number of  
 “ females thus burned alive. In 1803, an inquiry was set on foot by  
 “ means of Dr. Carey; and by an actual enumeration it was found  
 “ that in a small district round Calcutta, 275 burnings took place within  
 “ six months; and it was estimated, that in all the Bengal provinces,  
 “ no fewer than 10,000 persons were thus consigned to death in the  
 “ course of the year. But whether it be 10,000 women, or a somewhat  
 “ smaller number who are thus burned alive, is it not dreadful that in  
 “ any part of the territories of the King of Great Britain, such a  
 “ system should exist? and that when, by the operation of natural  
 “ causes, a family loses one parent, they should be left doubly orphans,  
 “ deprived by a barbarous superstition of the other? Under these cir-  
 “ cumstances is it to be made a matter of charge and complaint against  
 “ us, that we wish distinctly to mark our anxiety to enlighten our fellow  
 “ subjects, to give them useful knowledge, to instruct them in the arts  
 “ of civilized life, and to infuse into their minds the doctrines of Chris-  
 “ tianity?” *Extract from Mr. Wilberforce's splendid speech in the par-*  
*liamentary discussions on Christianity in India, on the 22d of June, 1813.*

It must be here remarked that Mr. Wilberforce in an early part of his speech, introduces his competency to the subject in the following manner: “ Sir, on this question, I cannot say that I have the local  
 “ knowledge of the Hon. Bart. (Sir Henry Montgomery) but certainly  
 “ I do not rise to offer my sentiments to the House, without long study,  
 “ and anxious preparation—having for many years turned my thoughts  
 “ to the subject, given it much of my attention, and laboured to obtain  
 “ all the information that could be obtained upon it. And I hope to  
 “ shew this House before I have done, that if the Hon. Baronet really



“ thinks the moral character of the Hindus better than that of his own countrymen, it will become him to prove that his ideas have not been warped by his own philosophy.”

Bernier tells us, that he witnessed with his own eyes the Brahmins pushing the women into the fire with their long poles; though at that very time, the Mahometans took stronger measures for the suppression of this practice than any we have hitherto used.

NOTE 47, page 241, line 11.

*Convulsed is nature at the monstrous act?*

*Do Britons scarcely credit it as fact?*

*Or reading and believing such things WERE,*

*Do they refuse their credence that THEY ARE?*

*Or seeing that they are, will they conclude*

*That RARELY 'tis such instances intrude?*

#### IMMOLATION OF FEMALES.

Before the author proceeds to shew the happy effects of Christianity in those provinces of India where it has been introduced, it may be proper to mention in this place, that other sanguinary rite of the Hindoo superstition, the Female Sacrifice. The report of the number of women burned within the period of six months, near Calcutta, will give the reader some idea of the multitude who perish annually in India.

‘REPORT of the number of women who were burned alive on the funeral pile of their husbands, within 30 miles round Calcutta, from the beginning of Bysakh (15th April,) to the end of Aswin (15th October,) 1804.

‘ *Women burned alive.*

‘ From Gurria to Barrypore; at 11 different places ..... 18

‘ From Tolly’s Nulla Mouth to Gurria; at 17 different places 36

‘ From Barrypore to Buhipore; at seven places..... 11

‘ From Secbpore to Balcea; at five places ..... 10

‘ From Balcea to Bydyabattee; at three places ..... 3

‘ From Bydyabattee to Bassbareea; at five places..... 10

‘ From Calcutta to Burahnugur (or Barnagore); at four places 6

‘ From Burahnugur to Chanok (or Barrackpore); at six places 13

‘ From Chanok to Kachrapara; at four places . . . . . 8

---

‘ Total of women burned alive in six months near Calcutta 115

‘ The above Report was made by persons of the Hindoo cast, deputed for that purpose, under the superintendence of the Professor of the Shanscrit and Bengalee languages in the College of Fort William. They were ten in number, and were stationed at different places during the whole period of six months. They gave in their accounts monthly, specifying the particulars of each immolation, so that every individual instance was subject to investigation immediately after its occurrence.

‘ In the foregoing Report, it will be perceived that no account was taken of burnings in a district to the west of Calcutta, nor further than twenty miles in some other directions; so that the whole number of burnings within thirty miles round Calcutta must have been considerably greater than is here stated.’

The following account will give the reader some idea of the flagitious circumstances which sometimes attend these sacrifices.

#### SACRIFICE OF THE KOOLIN BRAHMIN’S THREE WIVES.

*Calcutta, Sept. 30, 1807.*

‘ A horrid tragedy was acted on the 12th inst. near Barnagore (a place about three miles from Calcutta.) A Koolin Brahmin of Commarhattie, by name Kristo Deb Mookerjee, died at the advanced age of ninety-two. He had twelve wives; \* and three of them were burned alive with his dead body. Of these three, one was a venerable lady, having white locks, who had been long known in the neighbourhood. Not being able to walk, she was carried in a palanquin to the place of burning; and was then placed by the Brahmins on the funeral pile. The two other ladies were younger; one of them of a very pleasing and interesting countenance. The old lady was placed on one side of the dead husband, and the two other wives laid themselves down on the other side; and then an old Brahmin, the eldest son of the deceased, applied his torch to the pile with unaverted face. The pile suddenly blazed for it was covered with combustibles; and this human sacrifice was completed amidst the din of drums and cymbals, and the shouts of Brahmins.—A person present observed, ‘ Surely if Lord

---

\* The Koolin Brahmin is the purest of all Brahmins, and is privileged to marry as many wives as he pleases. The Hindoo families account it an honour to unite their daughters with a Koolin Brahmin.

‘ Minto were here, who is just come from England, and is not used to see women burned alive, he would have saved these three ladies.’  
 ‘ The Mahomedan Governors saved whom they pleased, and suffered no deluded female to commit suicide without previous investigation of the circumstances and official permission.’

*Buch. Chris. Res. Asia*, pp. 35—38.

*Lit. and Phil. Intell. Chris. Obs. June 1813*, page 398.

“ A Report has recently arrived in this country, printed at the press of the Missionaries at Serampore, of the number of the immolations of females on the funeral pile, which took place in a particular part of Bengal in the months of May and June 1812. The part to which the Report refers lies between Cossimbazar, about 200 miles above Calcutta, and the mouth of the Hooghly.”

Here follow the particulars—the places, females’ names, age, children left, and husbands’ cast. The number of women sacrificed in so small a space of time and distance amounts to seventy, leaving one hundred and eighty four orphans.

“ It is well known how vigilant our Government in India is in superintending the operations of the press; and we may therefore presume that unless the above account had been well authenticated it would not have been permitted to circulate at Calcutta. But we have no occasion to have recourse to this assumption to show the truth of the statement. The name and age of every woman are given; the places where the burnings took place, and where the 184 orphans live, are also specified. The accuracy of the facts therefore may be ascertained to the satisfaction of those who are most incredulous on this subject.”

To authenticate the *fact* in all the horrors and repetition of its existence, is indispensably necessary in proportion as it seems the prevalent bias to contradict and disbelieve it. It is *suitable* to do so for many *desirable* but *transitory* ends. The work which affords the above intelligence is thus mentioned in the Preface to Dr. Buchanan’s *Apology*.

“ Perhaps the honourable members above alluded to are not aware that a work has been recently published in Bengal, in four volumes quarto, entitled, ‘ An Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, including translations from their principal

“ works ; by William Ward, one of the Baptist Missionaries at Seram-  
 “ pore ;’ which has been bought up with avidity in India, has already  
 “ passed through two editions, and is now republishing in this country.  
 “ It was printed under the immediate eye of the Supreme Government  
 “ (as it necessarily must be) and possesses an unquestionable authenti-  
 “ city, generally, on the various subjects concerning which it treats.  
 “ It takes the high ground of literal translations from the Hindoo books,  
 “ recent events, and living witnesses.—Now, this work not only con-  
 “ firms the statements in my volumes, in most points which were con-  
 “ troverted, but it goes far beyond them. It describes, for example,  
 “ the atrocities connected with the burning of women, self-torture, and  
 “ the impurity of the Hindoo worship, in such a manner as shows that  
 “ I have scarcely entered the vestibule of their temple. It states, that an  
 “ attempt was made to ascertain the number of widows who were  
 “ burned alive, within thirty miles around Calcutta, in the year 1803,  
 “ and that the return made a total of four hundred and thirty-eight.  
 “ And, in regard to the circumstances of horror which sometimes attend  
 “ these scenes, I beg the reader will accept the two following exam-  
 “ ples. The first has already been noticed in the House of Commons,  
 “ in answer to an opposing statement which asserted the ‘ filial piety ’  
 “ of the Hindoos.

“ About the year 1796, the following most shocking and atrocious  
 “ murder, under the name of *suhumuruu* (burning of women) was  
 “ perpetrated at Mujilupoor, about a day’s journey south from Cal-  
 “ cutta. Vancha-ramu, a Brahmun of the above place, dying, his  
 “ wife went to be burnt with the body ; she was fastened on the pile,  
 “ and the fire was kindled. The funeral pile was by the side of some  
 “ brushwood, and near a river. It was at a late hour when the pile  
 “ was lighted, and was a very dark rainy night. When the fire began  
 “ to scorch this poor woman, she contrived to disentangle herself from  
 “ the dead body, crept from under the pile, and hid herself among the  
 “ brushwood. In a little time it was discovered that only one body  
 “ was on the pile. The relations immediately took the alarm, and  
 “ began to hunt for the poor wretch who had made her escape. After  
 “ they had found her, the son dragged her forth, and insisted upon her  
 “ throwing herself on the pile again, or that she should drown or hang  
 “ herself. She pleaded for her life at the hands of her own son, and

“declared she could not embrace so horrid a death. But she pleaded  
“in vain; the son urged that he should lose his cast, and that therefore  
“he would die or she should. Unable to persuade her to hang or  
“drown herself, the son and the others then tied her hands and her  
“feet, and threw her on the funeral pile where she quickly perished.”

The other example which far exceeds the foregoing in awful enormity is the following:—“Goopinat’hu, a Bramhun employed in the  
“Serampore printing-office, in the year 1799, saw *twenty-two* females  
“burnt alive with the remains of Ununtu, a Bramhun, of Bagnuparu,  
“near Nudeeyu. This Koolinu Bramhun had more than a hundred  
“wives. At the first kindling of the fire only three of these wives  
“had arrived. *The fire was kept kindled three days!!* When one or  
“more arrived, the ceremonies were gone through, *and they threw them-*  
“*selves on the blazing fire!* On the first day three were burned; on the  
“second and third days nineteen more. Among these women some were  
“as much as forty years old, and others as young as sixteen. The three  
“first had lived with this Bramhun, the others had seldom seen him. He  
“married in one house four sisters; two of these were among the num-  
“ber burnt.”

Dr. Buchanan’s reasoning on the above statements is as follows, and appears conclusive.

“Now, if the horrible transaction here related did not take place,  
“it is very easy to ascertain the fact. Nudeeyu, or as it is commonly  
“called Nuddeca, is at no great distance up the river above Calcutta.  
“The event is said to have occurred in the year 1799. If it did take  
“place in that year, hundreds of people now alive must have witnessed  
“it. The Brahmin who had a hundred wives, must have been well  
“known. Let the inquiry then be made; and let the credit of the  
“work, generally, rest on the result. I know nothing of the merits of  
“the book, but I depend on the characters of the authors, and the  
“circumstances under which it is published; and I say that the proba-  
“bility of the truth of the transaction just related is as great as the  
“absurdity would be of supposing the following case, viz. ‘That an  
“author could be found in England, who should publish a work in  
“four volumes quarto, in which it should be stated, that in the year  
“1799, twenty-two women were burnt alive on the banks of the

“Thames at Richmond, and that the fire was kept burning three days ;  
 “and, moreover, that the book was published with the express leave  
 “of the king under the eye and responsibility of his government.”

The note which is attached to this passage is much to the purpose.

“As certain gentlemen from India have been accused in parliament  
 “of ‘pertinaciously denying facts as the easiest mode of resisting the  
 “religious improvement of India,’ it is proposed to do them justice,  
 “and to prove their sagacity, by the investigation of the above sacrifice  
 “of twenty-two women on one pile; and their attention should be  
 “steadily fixed in the contemplation of the subject, until they or their  
 “parliamentary accusers shall have obtained the victory. Or if they  
 “should like the investigation of the following fact better, it may be  
 “adopted with equal propriety: the event occurred in May or June of  
 “last year at Chunakuli, not far from Calcutta; and the account of it  
 “was soon after printed and published in Bengal. A Kooleen Brah-  
 “min died at Chunakuli, ‘who had married twenty-five women, thirteen  
 “of whom died during his life-time: the remaining twelve perished  
 “with him on the funeral pile, leaving thirty children to deplore the  
 “fatal effects of this horrid system.’ The same printed account imme-  
 “diately states the following fact as illustrative of the system: ‘Some  
 “years ago a Kooleen Brahmin of considerable property died at  
 “Sookachura, three miles east of Serampore (where the missionaries  
 “live.) He had married more than forty women all of whom died  
 “before him, excepting eighteen. On this occasion a fire extending  
 “ten or twelve yards in length was prepared, into which the remaining  
 “eighteen threw themselves, leaving more than forty children, many of  
 “whom are still living.”

“Or, if the case of the seventy women, who were sacrificed in May  
 “and June of last year, within two hundred miles of Calcutta, of  
 “whom the twelve above mentioned are a part, and of whom a list and  
 “particular account, recording name and place, was lately inserted in  
 “the public papers, should be thought a more suitable subject for in-  
 “quiry, it may be undertaken. This, indeed, appears to be the fittest  
 “case of all for trial and actual proof; for it is stated that there are  
 “‘one hundred and eighty-four’ Witnesses, who may be produced;  
 “namely, the one hundred and eighty-four orphans of the deceased

“fathers and sacrificed mothers. The places where these witnesses  
“reside have all been printed; and are not, in general, far from  
“Calcutta.” Pages 11—17.

NOTE 48, page 242, line 1.

*That not alone they're frequent, but increased*

*Since Britain has held empire in the east?*

See the opinion of Mr. Wilberforce in the early part of the quotation  
before given from his parliamentary speech in June 1813.

NOTE 49, page 246, line 19.

*And pledged himself to urge the righteous cause*

*As long as he bore influence on the laws.*

It is indeed unnecessary to annex the name of Wilberforce as the appointed agent under God for the abolition of the British slave trade; though it may not be equally so to acknowledge with gratitude the magnanimous efforts of the late lamented Granville Sharpe, Esq. and the Rev. Thomas Clarkson, his able and zealous colleagues.

## NOTES TO BOOK FIFTH.

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NOTE 50, page 254, line 5.

*“ Until the Bengal government supreme*

*“ Shall utterly impracticable deem*

“ Until the supreme Government in Bengal shall declare that it is  
“ utterly impracticable to lessen the frequency of the immolation of  
“ Females by any means, THE AUTHOR WILL NOT CEASE TO CALL THE  
“ ATTENTION OF THE ENGLISH NATION TO THIS SUBJECT.” *Christian*  
*Researches in Asia by the Rev. Claudius Bachanan, D. D. page 42.*

NOTE 51, page 253, line 11.

*He says, and him we readily believe*

*Because he has no motive to deceive,*

“ Of the accuracy of the facts stated in the Memorial, (To Lord  
“ Minto) I think there can be little doubt. I challenged inquiry  
“ before I left Calcutta : but the Government did not think it neces-  
“ sary to investigate them. They wrote their Letter to the Court of  
“ directors while I was yet on the spot, without communicating their  
“ sentiments to me in any manner, although I was on terms of per-  
“ sonal civility with every member of the administration : and they  
“ sent the letter home without my knowledge by the same fleet which  
“ conveyed myself. Nor did I ever see it until it was recently printed  
by order of the Honourable the House of Commons.

“ The second remark I would make refers to the charge of ‘ disre-  
“ spect ’ which is preferred against me, in the Letter alluded to, for  
“ addressing Government at all on the subject; and to which they fre-  
“ quently revert with lively sensibility. I am not at all anxious about  
“ self-justification in this matter, except as the honour of religion may  
“ be concerned ; and I hope little personal feeling will be visible in  
“ these Remarks. But in regard to the charge in question, I only



“ request that the Bengal Government will look back to the transac-  
 “ tion, and survey the *nature* of the subject, and the circumstances in  
 “ which I stood. Let them say whether I had any personal interest in  
 “ the cause at issue. Did I address Government for my own advan-  
 “ tage? Was it to recommend myself to the favour of the Court of  
 “ Directors when I returned home? No. It was not my own cause,  
 “ but that of Revealed Religion which I maintained. Christianity had  
 “ been dishonoured. Its teachers were oppressed and silenced; and  
 “ there was nobody to appear for the truth. I stood, for a moment  
 “ the Representative of ‘ Him who is higher than the highest.’ And is  
 “ this to be denominated disrespect; especially when the words of my  
 “ address are perfectly respectful? I think that, in the judgment of  
 “ candour and of enlightened minds, it will be thought that I barely did  
 “ my duty. The public voice in the settlement of Calcutta was cer-  
 “ tainly in my favour; for the proceedings against the missionaries  
 “ were very generally condemned.” *Buch. Remarks, Apol.* pp. 96, 97.

When I was appointed a Chaplain for Bengal in 1796, I received a  
 public charge from the Court of Directors on the occasion. I was  
 desired to attend the Court in my clerical robes; and the Chairman,  
 Sir Stephen Lushington, addressed me on the importance of my office,  
 and on the duties imposed on a minister of religion in India. His  
 speech, which was evidently composed with much care, occupied  
 about a quarter of an hour or more in the delivery. The venerable  
 Baronet observed, that French principles were sapping the foundations  
 of Christianity and social order; and he earnestly inculcated on me  
 the duty of defending and promoting the principles of the Christian  
 Religion, by every proper means. I was much affected by the solemn-  
 ity of the occasion, and by the energy and feeling with which the  
 address was delivered; and the subject of the charge itself made a great  
 impression on my mind, particularly when meditating on it afterwards,  
 during my voyage. I trust that my whole life in India has been one  
 continued act of obedience to that charge. If the public have received  
 any useful information, or the cause of truth any support from my  
 writings, it has been owing, in a great degree, to that admonitory  
 address, delivered to me soon after my leaving College, and entering on  
 the ministerial office. I doubt not that some of the members of the

Honourable Court have the circumstance in their recollection. I well remember a gentleman who was then, and is now, a Director, coming into the Waiting Room, after I had withdrawn from the Court, and telling me that the Directors had been congratulating their Chairman on his 'excellent sermon.'

It will be satisfactory to the public to see that my endeavours to promote Christianity in India (in any degree that these may have been approved) originated in an especial manner with the East India Company itself.

*Apology &c. by Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. pp. 119, 120.*

"Dr Buchanan did not act like a man who wished to deceive the public, and to obtain their assent to a false proposition; for he published that very work which states most fully and particularly all the great circumstances of Hindn enormity, while he yet resided in Bengal, and the book was in circulation there two or three years before he quitted that country. He himself presented to the Supreme Government of India a copy of this work, I mean his memoir in favour of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for India; by which he drew as much attention to the subject as he could, and at least manifested his desire that the real truth should be ascertained. And here in justice to Dr. Buchanan I must observe, that notwithstanding the unjust and illiberal aspersions which have been thrown out in a general way against him, I have never yet heard him distinctly charged with any specific mistatement of any fact which he has brought forward."

*Wilberforce, in the Debates on this subject—June 1813.*

NOTE 52, page 254, line 1.

*He says, and proves, that frequent are these things;*

*Plain references, placed on record brings;*

*Referred to note 47.*

NOTE 53, page 254, line 3.

*Speaks of the possible to quash such scenes,*

*And names the Brahmans to appoint the means.*

That the abolition is practicable has been demonstrated: and that too, by the most rational and lenient measures; and these means have been pointed out by the Brahmins themselves.\*

Had Marquis Wellesley remained in India, and been permitted to complete his salutary plans for the improvement of that distant Empire, (for he did not finish one half of the civil and political regulations which he had in view and had actually commenced) the Female Sacrifice would probably have been by this time nearly abolished.†

*Chris. Res. Asia.* page 40.

In reference to Colonel Walker's abolition of infanticide, Mr. Wilberforce thus proceeds in his speech on christianizing India:

“ In like manner might another horrid practice, that of burning women on the funeral pile of their husbands be put a stop to. Whatever difficulties may exist, I feel confident, that had Lord Wellesley continued in India but one year longer, the frequency of such scenes would have been diminished.”

Further on Mr. W. proceeds as follows.

“ I am not a little struck, Sir, with the great resemblance which the objections to this measure bear to those formerly used against the abolition of the Slave Trade. But, Sir, I trust we shall live to see the day when all, with equal exultation, will triumph in the success of the measure we are now considering. We were told, that the abolition of the Slave Trade would be productive of numerous evils. We were told by West Indians, that the slaves would confound emancipation with abolition, and that insurrections must follow. We were told by men who had passed a life time in Africa, that the Slave Trade was a source of happiness to that country. We were told by almost the whole body of West Indians, by naval and military commanders who had resided there, that the slaves in those

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\* See them detailed in memoir on the expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India, and the ultimate civilization of the natives by their conversion to christianity. By Rev. C. Buchanan, page 49,

† Ibid. page 47.

“ islands were as happy as the day was long, and far happier than the  
 “ lower classes in this country, for they were dancing all night. How  
 “ had these assertions and predictions been made good? In every  
 “ instance, it appeared that those who made them had formed er-  
 “ roneous ideas on the subject; and it is somewhat remarkable that  
 “ since the passing of the Abolition Act, as if providentially to take  
 “ away even the colour of a pretext for maligning that measure, no in-  
 “ surrection of any kind had occurred. Scarcely ever before has so  
 “ long a period passed without an insurrection in one or other of our  
 “ colonies as has elapsed since that measure was carried. So, I trust,  
 “ it will be with the assertions and predictions which are employed on  
 “ the present occasion.”

NOTE 54, page 255, line 1.

*And with exhaustless course he travelled o'er*

*Peninsulaen land from shore to shore;*

“ As contradictory accounts were given by different writers con-  
 “ cerning the real state of the numerous tribes in India, both of  
 “ Christians and Natives, the author conceived the design of devoting  
 “ the last year or two of his residence in the East, to purposes of local  
 “ examination and inquiry. With this view, he travelled through the  
 “ Peninsula of India by land, from Calcutta to Cape Comorin, a conti-  
 “ nent extending through fourteen degrees of latitude, and visited  
 “ Ceylon thrice. And he soon discovered that a person may reside all  
 “ his life in Bengal, and yet know almost as little of other countries in  
 “ India, for instance, of Travancore, Ceylon, Goa, or Madura, of their  
 “ manners, customs, habits, and religion, as if he had never left England.  
 “ The principal objects of this tour, were to investigate the state of  
 “ Superstition at the most celebrated Temples of the Hindoos; to  
 “ examine the churches and libraries of the Romish, Syrian, and Protes-  
 “ tant Christians, to ascertain the present state and recent history of  
 “ the Eastern Jews; and to discover what persons might be fit instru-  
 “ ments for the promotion of learning in their respective countries, and  
 “ for maintaining a future correspondence on the subject of disseminating  
 “ the Scriptures in India. In pursuance of these objects the author  
 “ visited Cuttack, &c.”

After this tour, the author returned to Calcutta, where he remained about three quarters of a year longer: and then visited the Jews, and the Syrian Christians, in Malabar and Travancore, a second time before his return to England. *Introd. Chris. Res.* pp. 6, 7, 8.

NOTE 55, page 255, line 5.

*What has been done by missionary zeal*

Independent of the rich fruits of their labours in the best cause hundreds of thousands of natives having been converted to Christianity, the public are much indebted to their abilities for general intelligence concerning the natives of India. Ziegenbalg, and his fellow missionaries, first gave the only satisfactory account of the manners and religion of the South of India. It was to be expected that the present missionaries in Bengal would give the most particular account of the North. In every heathen nation the missionaries are generally best qualified to delineate the character of the inhabitants: both in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres the *religious* men have described the country and manners of the people. *Buch. Apol. Pref.* page 17.

NOTE 56, page 255, line 13.

*Say, what could such afford intelligent*

*Of Hindoo systems, manners, morals, bent,*

*Were they in settlement, &c.*

The *commercial* men in the East know, in general, very little on these subjects. Resident generally in towns or on the sea-coast, and occupied by foreign avocations, they rarely penetrate into the interior, to investigate under a meridian sun the manners and customs of the people. As to the literary men, again, who merely consult books, their advantages of information are confessedly very far inferior to those of the missionaries. Of this general ignorance of English residents in India concerning native scenes, we have lately had some remarkable examples in the evidence delivered at the bar of the House of Commons. Gentlemen who had occupied high official situations in that country betrayed a defect of information respecting the state of the natives, and the progress of Christianity in different provinces, which has been contemplated by many with utter astonishment. The circumstance, however, may be accounted for in some degree, by the following consideration. India is

not less than three thousand miles in extent. Now the Shetland Islands are only seven hundred miles from London; but a merchant in London knows very little about the manners and customs of the *Shetland Isles*. Thus it is in Hindostan. A merchant in Bengal knows in general very little of what is passing seven hundred miles from that province. But, if the question respects a distance of two thousand or three thousand miles, it is much if he have a map of the country. In the time of Governor Hastings the life and acts of the illustrious Swartz, his contemporary, and of his learned predecessors and their transactions at the Courts of Tanjore and Mysore, and the progress of Christianity in the southern regions and Ceylon, were all of them circumstances nearly as much unknown in Bengal, as the transactions of the Catholic missionaries at the Court of Pekin, or the state of Christianity in the interior of China.

The great extent of Hindostan in longitude and latitude may also account, in some degree, for the discrepancy of relations concerning the Hindoo people; for in the nations between Ceylon and Cabul, there are as great differences in manners, customs, and religion, as in those between the Shetland Isles and Constantinople. Our nation has lately wondered at the flattering account given of the Hindoos at the bar of the House of Commons, by some eloquent advocates for the continuance of their existing state. But the above consideration, of the great extent of the Indian Continent, may suggest the possibility, that, in some favoured region, a people may exist differing in certain respects from the Hindoos in general. *Buch. Apol. Pref.* pp. 17—20.

NOTE 57, page 255, line 9.

*To superficial glance*

*Of those whose sordid eye looks out askance*

*With jealous watchfulness and fear, lest aught*

*Of public good their private ends should thwart.*

In consequence of the inquiries, sanctioned by the Marquis Wellesley, into the history and literature of the Syrian Christians at Travancore, some ancient manuscripts were announced, and also certain 'Brass Tablets' of great antiquity, containing the privileges of these ancient Christians, asserting their rights of nobility, and declaring withal that they had a King. Your Lordship can hardly conceive the appre-



hensions which were excited by this discovery, in the minds of those who have been lately alarmed by the Prophecies. Even at the first, it was accounted an ominous mission to go "to rake up the ashes of "Christianity" in the very midst of the Hindoos. But when it was announced that there were "glowing embers," nothing less seemed to be expected than that all Hindostan would shortly be "in a flame." For if it was true that Christianity once flourished in Hindostan, it followed that it might flourish again. It was devoutly wished "that these Christian Tablets might sink to the bottom of the sea," and even the curiosity of the Hindoo Antiquaries was quenched in this horror of Christianity.\*

That your Lordship may be assured that this alarm was real, and not fictitious, it is only necessary to add, that when the article of literary intelligence published in the Bombay Gazette, containing the account of these ancient Christians,† and of these "brass plates" (which account was certainly interesting to the Christian world in general, and to men of letters in particular) arrived at Calcutta, it was suppressed, by authority, as something dangerous to the state; and the Bishop of Llandaff's Letter on the Civilization of India,‡ had nearly shared the same fate. *Buch. Mem. Apol.* pp. 86, 87.

NOTE 58, page 257, line 8.

*The truths of revelation pure erect;*

*Minds covered with gross darkness radiate;*

"To give the Christian Scriptures to the inhabitants of Asia, is indeed "a work which every man, who believes these Scriptures to be from "God will approve. In Hindostan alone, there is a great variety of "religions; and there are some tribes which have no certain cast or "religion at all. To render the revealed religion accessible to men who

\* These brass tablets are now deposited in the public library of the University of Cambridge.

† It had been previously published in the Bombay Gazette, by which means it reached Europe. It was published afterwards in England by the late Bishop of London.

‡ See Christian Researches, at conclusion.

“ ‘desire’ it; to open its eternal sanctions, and display its pure morals  
 “ to those who ‘seek a religion,’ is to fulfil the sacred duty of a  
 “ Christian people, and accords well with the humane and generous  
 “ spirit of the English nation.”

Par. 11 “*Chris. Institution.*” *Buch. Mem.* note page 68.

It is to be hoped for the credit of British India that the next generation of gentlemen returning from that country will not expose themselves to the severe and pointed remark of Lord Milton, the son of Earl Fitzwilliam in his speech in the House of Commons. “I want no more,” said he, “to convince me of the necessity of the religious improvement of India, than the sentiments which have been uttered this evening by gentlemen returned from that quarter.”

*Debate of the 17th June 1814.*

NOTE 59, page 257, line 15 ;

*Still urging on their parent kingdom heed*

*To give the teaching which they so much need ;*

“ It is an object of earnest desire, that, at this era of Christian  
 “ investigation, the East India Company will vindicate the honour of  
 “ the nation, and of their own government in India, by directing that  
 “ the College of Fort William shall patronize as it formerly did,  
 “ translations of the Scriptures in the various languages of the East;  
 “ and particularly, that the *Insular* languages cultivated by their Pro-  
 “ fessor, the late Dr. Leydon (into each of which he has translated the  
 “ Gospel of St Matthew) may not be permitted to sink again into obli-  
 “ vion for want of encouragement. The College of Fort William  
 “ expends a monthly sum at this time under sanction of the Court of  
 “ Directors, for translations from the mythology of Brahma (witness  
 “ the fabulous Ramayuna, &c.) ; but nothing is given that we have heard  
 “ of, for the honour of Christ.” *Note in Buch. Apol.* page 94.

“ I do not know whether your Lordship has been informed that there  
 “ are two Roman Catholic missions in Bengal, and the provinces adja-  
 “ cent. They have existed for a long period of time and have been,  
 “ tolerated by the Mahomedan, Hindoo, Seik, Nepaul, and Tibet  
 “ Governments. They have preached and published what they pleased,  
 “ without any official restriction that we have ever heard of ; and they  
 “ now continue to follow their functions under the protection of the



“ English Government, while the Protestant Missionaries are restrained  
 “ and their theology is subjected to an official licence.

*Buch. Mem. Apol. page 82.*

“ If instruction” says Mr. Wilberforce, “ can be given to our native  
 “ subjects without danger, as I have proved it can, I need not detain you  
 “ with shewing that it *ought* to be given. It is politically necessary to the  
 “ security of India, which at present we do not hold by a very secure  
 “ tenure. By becoming Christians, the natives will become attached in  
 “ heart to the British, to whom they will have been indebted for the  
 “ greatest of all obligations—a knowledge of the Gospel. This I regard  
 “ as an indisputable consequence; and if so, never was a duty so clear,  
 “ so strong, so imperious, so irresistible as that which calls upon us to  
 “ instruct the people of India. To the performance of this great duty,  
 “ we ought to suffer nothing to operate as a bar. And shall this House  
 “ then endeavour to prevent the Government from doing that which  
 “ we propose, namely, to permit instruction to be given? Can it be,  
 “ Sir, that it is in a British House of Commons that I am forced to enter  
 “ into this length of argument on such a subject, and that too in a session  
 “ of Parliament, when a claim on the part of the Catholics to equality  
 “ of rights with ourselves, has been favourably considered, and refused  
 “ at last, on your part I am sure, Sir, and on that of the House, with  
 “ pain? Is it at such a period as this that we are to reject this claim  
 “ which has been preferred on behalf of the natives of India? Shall we  
 “ refuse to permit the endeavour to improve them? &c.

“ Would it not accord with the dictates of the soundest wisdom to allow  
 “ Christian Schools to be established where the children of poor Mahomedans  
 “ may find their vindictive views subdued? The good effects of this  
 “ would be felt before one generation pass away. The adult Hindoo  
 “ will hardly depart from his idol, or the Mahomedan from his Prophet  
 “ in his old age, but his children, when left destitute, may be brought  
 “ up Christians if the British Parliament please.” *Buch. Memoir.*

NOTE 60, page 258, line 13.

*Bearing fair promise o'er Atlantic wave*

*But finding for their principles a grave.*

It was a phrase of Mr Burke's, that Christians seemed to become unbaptized when they got to India.

NOTE 61, page 260, line 1.

*Responsibility's attached, as fit,  
To ill we do—to good that we omit;  
And to withhold utility's broad plan  
For narrow cause, is perfidy in man.*

“ The annual waste of human life, from the causes that have been  
“ mentioned, in the territories under the dominion of the Honourable  
“ the East-India Company, is a subject of appalling contemplation.  
“ Every friend of humanity must be often putting the question; Is this  
“ scene to continue for ever? Can there be no melioration of human  
“ existence in India? Are there no means of mitigating the anguish of  
“ reflection in England, when we consider that the desolations of  
“ Juggernaut exist under our government? Yes, we answer, there  
“ are means. We have seen with what avidity the Holy Scriptures  
“ are received by the pilgrims. These pilgrims come from every part  
“ of India: some from Cabul, a distance of 1600 miles, and some from  
“ Samarchand. They are the representatives of a population, amount-  
“ ing, as we have seen, to ‘ two hundred millions.’ They are of every  
“ caste, and many of them of no caste at all. The Bible is, by the  
“ inscrutable Providence of God, at hand: it has been translated into  
“ the languages of India. Would it not then be worthy of the East-  
“ India Company to order ten thousand copies to be distributed annually  
“ at Juggernaut, in any manner that prudence would justify, and ex-  
“ perience direct, as a sacred return for the revenue we derive from  
“ it, if it should be thought right that that revenue should still be con-  
“ tinued? The Scriptures would thus be carried to the extremities of  
“ India and the East. Is it possible that the shadow of an objection  
“ should arise against such a measure, innoxious, as it is humane and  
“ heavenly in its tendency? Are we afraid, that ‘ the wretches who  
“ come to lay their bones within the precincts of Juggernaut’ would  
“ mutiny and take away our dominion? Would not the consequence be  
“ rather, that, ‘ the blessing of Him that was ready to perish’ would  
“ rest upon you?” *The close of Dr. Buchanan’s first Letter to the Court of  
Directors. Apol. pp. 42—44.*

NOTE 62, page 260, line 11.

*Then let the legions of petitions—each  
Marbled with names a legion—*

About nine hundred petitions signed probably by nearly half a million of persons of intelligence and respectability, sufficiently testify the deep interest which the thinking part of the British population feel in a question so intimately involving the honour of God, and the happiness of our fellow-men. *Chris. Obs. May 1813, p. 107.*

NOTE 63, page 265, line 3.

*One missionary sowed the fertile seed.—*

Aware that there are persons who will question our right to interfere with the faith or the regulations of other nations—I would simply reply, What right had St. Paul (who I shall take it for granted, according to the learned theory of the present Bishop of St. David's, first preached the Gospel in Britain)—what right had He to visit this country when the thick film of Pagan darkness involved the minds of its inhabitants? What right had he, to oppose himself to the horrid customs and savage manners of our ancestors, to throw down by his doctrines their altars stained with the blood of human sacrifices, and to regenerate the code of their morals, disgraced by the permission of every crime which can brutalize and degrade human nature? What right had he to plant by such a procedure, the seminal principle of all our subsequent glory and prosperity as a nation, our boasted liberty, our admirable code of law, the whole inimitable frame and constitution of our government in Church and State?

Extract from the speech of John Scandrett Harford Esq. Jun. at the formation of the Bristol Church Miss. Soc., *June 25, 1813.*

Mr. Stephen in the debate of the House last June on this subject takes occasion to ask “Were it conceived that the professors of the Druidical  
“religion in this country were less bigotted in their superstitions  
“than the Hindus? In the propagation of Christianity throughout the  
“North of Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries, had any other  
“means than the ordinary human means been resorted to? He would  
“call upon Gentlemen to look also to the instances of Greece and of  
“Rome; to the testimony of Dr Robertson on this subject; and would  
“finally point out to them what that eminent and respected individual

“ Dr. Paley had written on this very topic of the conversion of the  
 “ Hindus.” (Mr. Stephen read the extracts from Dr. Paley’s Evidences  
 of Christianity, in which it was shown that there existed in Europe,  
 in the early ages, the same blind and indignant contempt and hatred  
 for Christianity as it was now said existed in India; there was also  
 the same disgusting idolatry, and the same fanatical adherence to the  
 ancient modes of worship. All these, however, were gradually over-  
 come, and the blessings of Christianity were finally established upon  
 a foundation never to be shaken; and these blessings, by the same  
 means and the same perseverance, would doubtless, he argued, be at  
 length conferred upon the populace of the widely extended regions  
 of Hindostan.)

NOTE 64, page 266, line 15.

*Let Christian knowledge be exported ere*

*There can be need of British form of prayer—*

And the Gospel must first be published among all nations.

Mark xiii. 10.

NOTE 65, page 269, line 5.

*But broad Philanthropy is wide awake—*

\* \* \* \* \*

*It never will solicitude repress*

*Until consummated this work to bless.*

“ From the anxiety which pervades all parts of the kingdom to ad-  
 “ minister to the comfort and improvement of our fellow-subjects in the  
 “ Eastern Hemisphere, it will be felt, that the present is a call which  
 “ ought not in prudence to be resisted. Let no man think that the  
 “ Petitions which have loaded the table of this House, have been produ-  
 “ ced by a burst of momentary enthusiasm, or that the zeal which  
 “ actuates the Petitioners will soon be expended. No, Sir, it will be  
 “ found to be steady as the light of Heaven. While the sun and moon  
 “ continue to shine in the firmament, so long will this object be pursued  
 “ with unabating ardour, *until the great work be accomplished.* Unless  
 “ Gentlemen wish that the whole country should ring from one end of  
 “ it to the other with loud and reiterated calls for the adoption of this  
 “ measure, they will now accede to it; for the earnestness of those who

“ now raise their voices in its favour will never be repressed until the  
 “ sacred and holy cause prevail, until that consummation which they  
 “ so devoutly seek be completely attained.”

*Conclusion of Wilberforce's splendid speech on this subject in June 1813.*

NOTE 66, page 271, line 15.

*In pious spirit to thy memory dear*

The name of Swartz will carry with it sufficient apology for the introduction in this place of the inscription on his monument at Madras, which was dictated by the Court of Directors. “ It forms of itself a full reply to all the vague declamation respecting impracticability, danger, pledged faith, fanaticism, &c. &c. to which of late our ears have been so much accustomed.”

### SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of the REV. FREDERICK CHRISTIAN SWARTZ

Whose life was one continued effort to imitate the example of his

BLESSED MASTER.

Employed as a Protestant Missionary from the Government of  
 DENMARK,

And in the same character by the Society in ENGLAND for the  
 Promotion of Christian Knowledge,

He, during a period of Fifty Years, “ went about doing Good ;”

Manifesting, in respect to himself, the most entire abstraction  
 from temporal views,

But embracing every opportunity of promoting both the temporal  
 and eternal welfare of others.

In him RELIGION appeared not with a gloomy aspect  
 or forbidding mien,

But with a graceful form, and placid dignity.

Among the many fruits of his indefatigable labours was  
 the erection of the CHURCH at TANJORE.

The savings from a small salary were, for many years, devoted  
 to the pious work,

And the remainder of the expence supplied by Individuals,  
 at his solicitation.

The Christian Seminaries at RAMNADPORAM, and in

The **TINNEVELLY** province were established by him.

Beloved and honoured by Europeans,  
He was, if possible, held in still deeper reverence by the Natives  
of this country, of every degree, and every sect ;  
And their unbounded confidence in his Integrity and Truth  
Was, on many occasions, rendered highly beneficial  
to the public service.

The **POOR** and the **INJURED**

Looked up to him as an unfailing friend and advocate ;

The **GREAT** and **POWERFUL**

Concurred in yielding him the highest homage ever paid on this  
Quarter of the Globe to European virtue.

The late **HYDER ALLY CAWN**

In the midst of a bloody and vindictive war with the **CARNATIC**  
Sent orders to his Officers, “ to permit the venerable **FATHER SWARTZ**  
to pass unmolested, and show him respect and kindness,  
For he is a Holy Man, and means no harm to my Government.”

The late **TULJAJA, RAJAH OF TANJORE,**

When on his death-bed, desired to entrust to his protecting care

His adopted Son **SERFOGEE**, the present Rajah,

With the administration of all affairs of his Country.

On a spot of ground granted to him by the same Prince  
two miles east of **TANJORE,**

He built a House for his Residence, and made it an

**ORPHAN ASYLUM.**

Here the last 20 years of his life were spent in the Education and  
religious Instruction of Children,

Particularly those of indigent parents—whom he gratuitously  
maintained and instructed ;

And here on the 13th of February, 1798,  
Surrounded by his infant flock, and in the presence of several of  
his disconsolate brethren,

Entreating them to continue to make **RELIGION**  
the first object of their care,

And imploring with his last breath the Divine Blessing  
on their Labours,

He closed his truly Christian Career, in the 72d year of his age.



## THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY

Anxious to perpetuate the memory of such transcendent worth,  
 And gratefully sensible of the Public Benefits which resulted  
 from its influence,  
 Caused this Monument to be erected, Ann. Dom. 1807.

With the reviewer of the Christian Observer, we may here, while the tear is just fallen as a tribute of sensibility to so much truly apostolic faith and love, ask—"Who could suppose that after this, it would ever have been made a question, whether Christian Missionaries should be permitted to reside in India!!"

The following passage was extracted from a letter of the above venerated character to repel the assertions of Mr. Montgomery Campbell on a former occasion, and was laid for that purpose on the table of the House of Commons in the Debates of last June on this subject. "Assertions are in this country hazarded on very slight authority indeed. Representations are made, so little founded in fact, so distorted and coloured, and placed in a light so different from that in which they originally stood, that it is very difficult to recognize them." This letter which refutes so many of the statements of the opponents of this measure was circulated at Madras, and in the neighbourhood where Mr. Swartz resided, without ever having been contradicted. It bore indeed as many internal marks of simplicity and integrity, as any production he (Mr. William Smith) had ever seen. It was dated Tanjore, Feb. 19, 1794, and was written with the express intention that it should be made public, and at a time when Mr. Swartz was stretched on the bed of sickness.

NOTE 67, page 274, line 17.

*Making it murder, and the verdict death,*

*To stop by various ways, their children's breath.*

The humanity and intrepid spirit of the Marquiss Wellesley abolished this most criminal practice which was considered by the Hindoos as a religious rite, and consecrated by custom, I mean the Sacrifice of Children. His Lordship had been informed that it had been a custom of the Hindoos to sacrifice children in consequence of vows, by drowning them, or exposing them to sharks and crocodiles, and that twenty three

persons had perished at Saugor in one month (Jan. 1801,) many of whom were sacrificed in this manner. He immediately instituted an inquiry into the principle of this ancient atrocity; heard what Natives and Europeans had to say upon the subject; and then passed a law, "declaring the practice to be murder, punishable by death." The law is entitled, "A Regulation for preventing the Sacrifice of Children at Saugor and other places; passed by the Governor General in Council on the 20th of August 1802!" The purpose of this regulation was completely effected. Not a murmur was heard on the subject: nor had any attempt of the kind come to our knowledge since. It is impossible to calculate the number of human lives that have been saved during the last eight years by this humane law of Marquis Wellesley. Now it is well known that it is as easy to prevent the sacrifice of women as the sacrifice of children. Has this fact ever been denied by any man who is competent to offer a judgment on the subject? *Christ. Res.* pp. 41, 42.

NOTE 68, page 277, line 12.

*Sure but to mockery it can belong*

*To talk of fear of giving the best good*

"Mr. Smith adverted to various inconsistencies which had marked the conduct of the opponents of this measure. He had even heard the alarm of danger from attempting to *persuade* the Hindus to become Christians sounded by men who had not scrupled to seize the idol, and the ear of Juggernaut, for the sake of securing some paltry tribute. He would call on the house to let their fears operate where they *ought* to operate; namely, to deter them from injuring, not from benefiting, their Eastern subjects. There had been no fear of the prejudices of the natives when our pockets were to be filled, or our dominions extended. We had placed our feet without fear on the necks of the native princes. We had crushed their power and overturned their thrones, and seated ourselves in their place without the expression of a single apprehension; and now we trembled at the idea of making to them the offer of the greatest blessing which we could bestow on them. Let us not show fear in the cause in which, above all others, we should show courage; while we display rashness when forbearance would have better become us."

*Debates on Christianizing India, June 1813.*



NOTE 69, page 291, line 5.

*“Go, teach all nations,” is the high behest.*

No exception is made by this high authority to the sixty millions of human beings under British influence in India.

NOTE 70, page 296, line 17.

*Talent would thus go down as Hindoo cast.*

What Englishman, who knows to appreciate the blessing of being such, will not respond to the words of Mr. Wilberforce when speaking on this subject? “For my own part I cannot so far divest myself of all  
“my English feelings, as not to feel that the very distinction of *cast* is  
“an outrage against the rights of our common nature. Is it to be  
“tolerated that there should be a community in the British dominions,  
“in which the bulk of the lowest orders are no more capable of rising  
“out of their degraded state, than the inferior animals can rise to the  
“level of the human species; a set of people not only not protected  
“in their degradation, but with laws made against them, and which are  
“more harsh, more cruel, more severe, in proportion as the people are  
“low and degraded? When money is lent at interest, a person of the  
“lower class is to pay double what those of the higher classes are to  
“pay; and so it is in every particular, always unjust, always tyrannical. Is this a condition in which you would be content to leave these  
“people?”

## NOTES TO BOOK SIXTH.

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NOTE 71, page 343, line 19.

*One mean to clear the vision, is to trace  
The causes and effects on human race ;  
To see the whole of matter that combines—  
Through all the pores of nature intertwines—  
Producing all we love, and all we see  
Of beauty, usefulness, and harmony.*

“ Many worthy men entertain indeed strong prejudices against these pursuits ; but let it be recollected that reflective understandings are naturally metaphysical. It happens, we believe, to almost every man of a vigorous intellect, at some period of his life, and generally very early, to feel considerable curiosity respecting the nature of his faculties, and the modes of exercising them ; to arrest the progress of his thoughts, for the purpose of contemplating them more accurately ; to consider with some anxiety the manner of his existence ; what it is he means when he speaks of his ideas, thoughts, sentiments ; what life is ; what is death ; what time ; what eternity ; what space, and matter, and motion. Good men who discern, or who fancy they discern, the danger attending such speculations, may warn the young and inquisitive : but it is *impossible* for those who have a glimpse of light to rest *contentedly in darkness* ; and surely it is more rational fairly to ascertain, by a well-directed course of inquiry, what can be known respecting these things, and what must remain hidden, than to suffer the mind to run out into every sort of vagrant theory, or sink, after a few excursions, into that senseless scepticism which is really the refuge of indolence, not the resting place of manly thought and candid investigation.”

*Rev. Stewart's Phil. Essays. Chris. Obs. Sept. 1812, page 591.*

NOTE 72, page 344, line 9.

*Hushed be the voice of censure ! biassed mind  
Tow'rd subjects metaphysical, refined,  
Can never sceptical be deemed — unjust  
To highest objects of its faith and trust,  
Except by those who do not chouse to think,  
And from fair harmless disquisition shrink.*

“ What is meant by scepticism? If that word is used to denote a  
“ habit of mind slow and cautious in forming its conclusions, suffici-  
“ ently distrustful of itself to be desirous of knowing what can be  
“ argued against the inferences which it inclines to adopt, and even so  
“ far diffident of its performances as to be perfectly willing, upon the  
“ appearance of new lights, to re-examine those positions which had  
“ been adopted upon no slight investigation: if this, or any thing like  
“ this meaning, belongs to the word scepticism, we cannot hesitate to  
“ say, that those who object to the metaphysical studies on such grounds  
“ pass upon them in the form of a censure a very high eulogium. There  
“ is hardly any habit more pernicious, not merely in scientific re-  
“ searches, but daily and hourly in every department of life, than that  
“ loose indolent way which men have of jumping upon their conclu-  
“ sions in all sorts of subjects, and accepting almost without examina-  
“ tion, sentiments and maxims of the most extensive practical import.  
“ If on the other hand by scepticism is intended a disposition of mind  
“ unfavourable to the cordial reception of the truths of religion, upon  
“ what evidence is it asserted, that metaphysical studies have the ten-  
“ dency imputed to them?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Galileo was sent to a dungeon in his old age, not for any specula-  
“ tions on mind, but for the discoveries he had made respecting the  
“ constitution of nature. So late as the days of Sir Thomas Brown,  
“ that learned and eloquent writer informs us, that the physicians had  
“ long been generally supposed to entertain opinions unfavourable to  
“ the truth of Christianity; and he published his *Religio Medici* to  
“ rescue himself from the imputation which attached to his profession.  
“ And in our own time the greatest Naturalist in Italy professed  
“ Atheism. It may therefore perhaps be fairly said that in respect of  
“ any supposed tendency to scepticism, the evidence of history is full

“ as strong against natural philosophy as against metaphysics ; yet who  
 “ ever dreamed of proscribing the natural sciences ? Let us at least be  
 “ just, and either condemn the researches of Galileo and Newton, or  
 “ acknowledge that neither the philosophy of mind nor the philosophy  
 “ of nature have any natural alliance with scepticism, though sceptics  
 “ may occasionally be found among the students of both.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The end of all knowledge is to enable us better to understand the  
 “ will of God, and more perfectly to obey it. Unsanctified by these  
 “ principles, &c. &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ In the pursuits of learning, if we would be wise to any purpose,  
 “ the glory of God must be our great aim ; the advancement of practi-  
 “ cal holiness in our own hearts, and in the world, an object continually  
 “ present to our thoughts. Directed towards such ends the value of  
 “ learning is unquestionable, and is indeed now doubted only by weak  
 “ and ignorant enthusiasts. Different pursuits may be suited to different  
 “ understandings and conditions of life ; some studies may be in their  
 “ nature more practically profitable than others : but in the circle of  
 “ useful sciences we cannot hesitate to include the philosophy of the  
 “ human mind : we see many reasons for expecting advantages to result  
 “ from its cultivation, and none of any real moment for proscribing it.

*Review of Stewart's Phil. Essays. Chris. Obs. Sept. 1812, pp. 595, 596.*

NOTE 73, page 354, line 17.

*That bright Millenium rises—*

The Millenium, according to Dr. Whitby, is a glorious state of the Church commencing after the fall of Antichrist ; and the subsequent conversion of the Jews to the Christian faith in which it shall flourish in peace and plenty, in righteousness and holiness, and in a pious offspring, for a thousand years, under the undisturbed, though not personal government of Christ, over both Jews and Gentiles, which shall then be united in one Millenium—compounded of mille a thousand and annus a year ; a term, literally signifying a thousand years ; chiefly used for the term of our Saviour's expected second appearance, and reign on earth.

NOTE 74, page 368, line 1.

*As that of sending into every land*

*The Bible, in the tongue they understand.*

Dr. H. More who wrote on the prophecies above a hundred years since, has this remarkable passage :

As soon as there appears a polity of truly evangelical, or apostolic Christians, not superstitious, nor idolatrous, nor persecutive, nor bloody, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the true disciples of Christ, but such as *join heartily* with one another in the plain points of religion, and make no other *fundamentals* than the undoubted meaning of the word of God requires, and leave men free in the rest ; that as soon, I say, as such a polity as this is *in being*, the 42 months of the beast may be said to expire as to the *entireness* of his reign, because there is that set on foot which will *certainly* be his ruin.

NOTE 75, page 368, line 17.

*Kept by Omnipotence whose own they are*

Josiah in the eighteenth year of his reign (anno 631 before Christ), laid his commands upon Hilkiah the High Priest, to see the money collected for the repairing the Temple properly laid out in the doing of the work. The High Priest in pursuance of this order took a general view of the house to see what was necessary to be done, and while he was thus examining every place, he found the authentic copy of the Law of Moses. This ought to have been laid up on the side of the Ark of the Covenant in the most Holy Place, but it was taken out thence, and hid elsewhere in the time of Manasseh, as it is conjectured, that it might not be destroyed by him in the time of his iniquity. This book Hilkiah sent to the King by Shaphan the Scribe, who on his delivering of it to the King, did by his command read some part of it to him. The book of the law being found in the 15th year of Josiah's reign, its seclusion must have been 72 years, or thereabouts.

*Prideaux's Connec. part I. pp. 45, 46.*

In the time of Josiah, through the impiety of the two preceding reigns of Manasseh, and Ammon, the Book of the Law was so destroyed and lost, that besides that copy of it, which Hilkiah found in the temple, there was then none other to be had. For the surprize which Hilkiah is said to be in at the finding of it, and the grief which Josiah expressed

at the hearing of it read, do plainly show, that neither of them had ever seen it before. And if the King and the High Priest, who were both men of eminent piety, were without this part of Holy Scripture, it can scarce be thought that any one else then had it. But so religious a prince as King Josiah could not leave this long unremedied. By his order, copies were forthwith written out from this original, and search being made for all the other parts of Holy Scripture, both in the colleges of the sons of the prophets, and all other places where they could be found, care was taken for transcripts to be made out of these also, and thenceforth copies of the whole became multiplied among the people, all those who were desirous of knowing the law of their God either writing them out themselves, or procuring others to do it for them. So that, though within a few years after, the Holy City and Temple were destroyed, and the authentic copy of the law, which was laid up before the Lord, was burnt and consumed with them, yet by this time many copies both of the law and the prophets, and all the other sacred writings, were got into private hands, who carried them with them into their captivity. That Daniel had a copy of the Holy Scriptures with him in Babylon is certain; for he quotes the law, and also makes mention of the Prophecies of the Prophet Jeremiah, which he could not do had he never seen them. And in the sixth chapter of Ezra, it is said, that on the finishing of the temple in the sixth year of Darius, the Priests and the Levites were settled in their respective functions, according as it is written in the law of Moses: but how could they do this, according to the written law, if they had not copies of that law then among them? And this was nearly 60 years before Ezra came to Jerusalem. And further in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, when the people called for the law of Moses to have it read to them, they did not pray Ezra to get anew dictated to him, but that he should bring forth the book of the law of Moses which the Lord had commanded to Israel; which plainly shows that the book was then well known to have been extant. *Prid. Connec.* part I. book 5.

## FINIS.

## ERRATA.

- Page 61, line 2, for *me* read *we*.  
75, 18, the words *With such*, defective in some copies.  
91, 1, for *dose* read *doze*.  
115, 14, for *good* read *goad*.  
185, 4, for *short* read *shoot*.  
188, 14, for *and the* read *aid the*.  
238, 4, insert *is* after *this*.  
282, 15, for *drudger* read *drudges*.  
.. 17, for *insanity* read *inanity*.  
432, 23, for *ear* read *car*.







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